July 13, 1940

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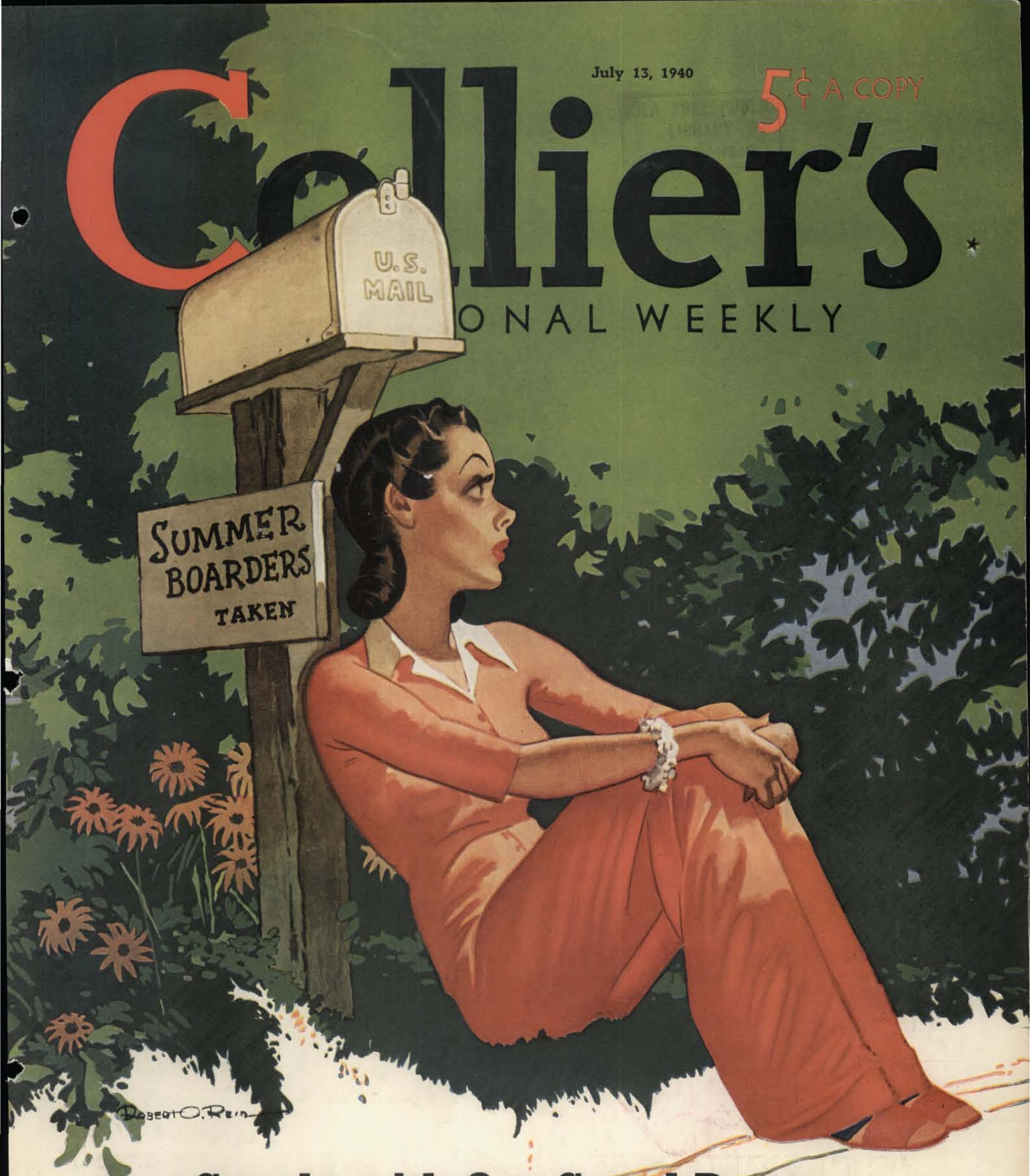
Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY



Caught with Our Guard Down

By Walter Davenport

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ULY 13, 1940

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SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

"Highballs, Cocktails, Take Your Bow!
Melding Makes You 'Smoothies' Now"

Groom your taste for better things with better spirits . . . SCHENLEY Black Label or Red Label light-bodied whiskies. They're unexcelled because we "meld"... an improved and exclusive blending method ... that creates better spirits by permitting their weight reduction without flavor destruction. Buy the best.

Better Taste

SCHENLEY *Light-Bodied* WHISKIES

SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72½% grain neutral spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY and 90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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Trade in Your Old-Car Worries

ON A BRAND NEW GRAND NEW PLYMOUTH

NEW SIGHTS, SCENES, adventures await you on the open road...and it's more fun for you behind the wheel of a new Plymouth!

THE WHOLE FAMILY will enjoy Plymouth's new beauty...its spacious comfort...the restful smoothness of Plymouth's Luxury Ride.

July's the Month to Get Out and Go...Forget about tires, brakes, overhauls, upkeep—Get this Luxurious Car so Economical to Run!

JUST DOWN THE HIGHWAY, maybe ten miles, maybe a hundred, there's a clear, cool stream you'd love to fish...a mountain trail you've been eager to explore...or just the right spot for a picnic.

Get more fun out of life! Put aside your old-car worries...travel in a glorious new Plymouth!

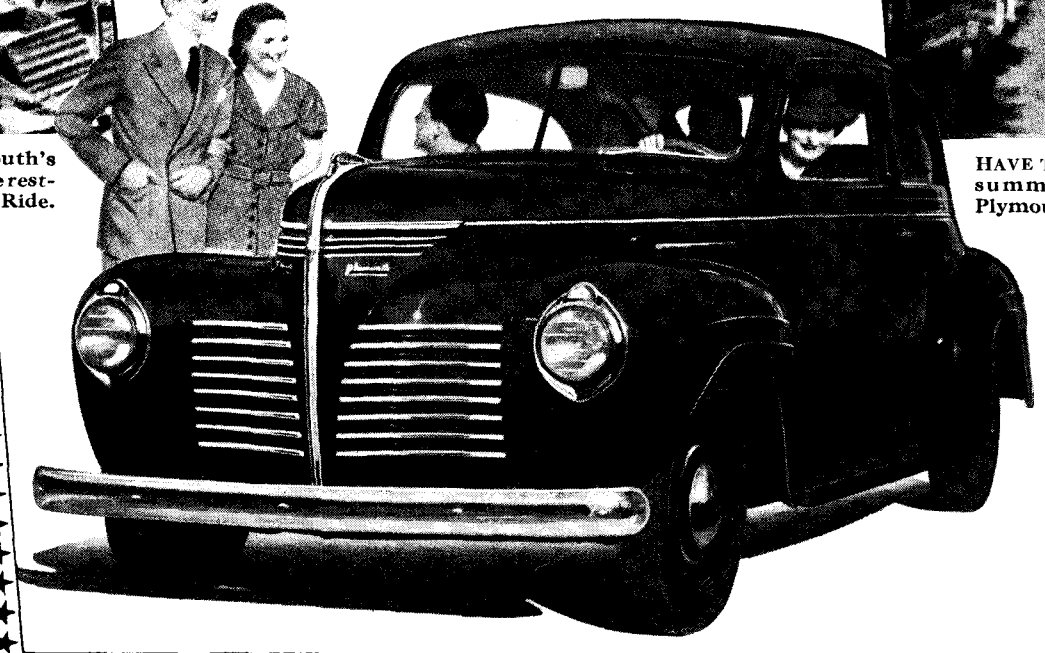
Touch the accelerator, and let Plymouth's big *Superfinished* engine whisk you along, swiftly, silently—with the smoothness of Floating Power engine mountings. Enjoy the velvet control of double-action hydraulic brakes...the comfort of coiled Amola Steel springs (standard on all models).

Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is the longest of "All 3" low-priced cars. And with all its finer quality, this car is remarkably thrifty. So trade now! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

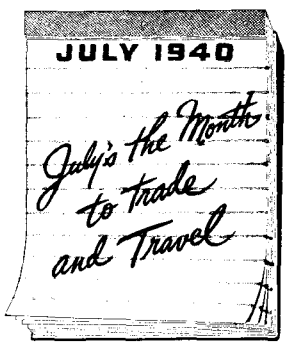
TRADE BEFORE YOU TRAVEL this summer. Turn in your present car right now...your Plymouth dealer can give you a better deal.

HAVE THE TIME of your life this summer! Remember, a new Plymouth is very *easy to buy!*



GREAT *July Selections* OF BETTER USED CARS

Right now, your Dodge, De Soto, or Chrysler dealer can give you a good trade on a better used car. These dealers are offering wide selections of high-grade, dependable used cars, all ready for July travel. Wherever you go this summer, you'll travel more enjoyably if you're in a car that you know is 100 per cent right. Come in today.



GET A GOOD JULY TRADE-IN ON A New PLYMOUTH

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JULY 13, 1940

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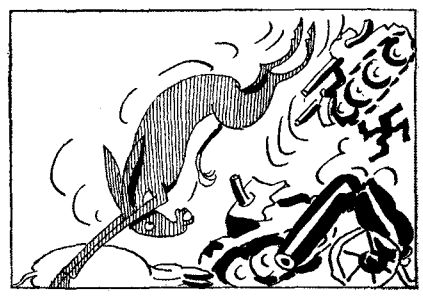
COVER ROBERT O. REID

ANY WEEK

WE'VE been listening lately to the Communists, starting with the acceptance speeches of the Messrs. Browder and Ford, their candidates for President and Vice President. Somehow we doubt that these two self-confessed redeemers of mankind will be successful in the coming elections. And yet the point is that we were never very much interested in what they had to say until we heard all this bellowing about denying them the air. Alas, we've found Mr. Browder and Mr. Ford pretty dull going, quite as dull, in fact, as those who would deny them the right to demonstrate how uninteresting they can be when aroused. Therefore we shall not accept Mr. Dumont D. Aschipe's invitation to join his True American Blues, a violent movement pledged to "the extirpation and ruthless extermination of un-American Reds." There's too much extirpation and extermination going on already. Mr. Aschipe writes from Buffalo, New York, that "We Blues reserve the right to suspect the loyalty of all who refuse to join us in suppressing the Reds." But we think that gentlemen like Mr. Browder and Mr. Ford are valuable. Without their dismal exhortations how would we know how lifeless life would be under their management? We wonder, too, who would pay for the handouts they offer us for our vote. We have listened to eighteen or twenty Communists, always hopeful that at least one of them would suggest that we go to work. But work wouldn't be necessary. We would be educated, fed, housed, warmed, cured, transported and entertained free of charge. Babies would cost us nothing and old age would be Nirvana whilst the years between would be a cultural and well-fed ease. What we really intended to say was "Nuts."



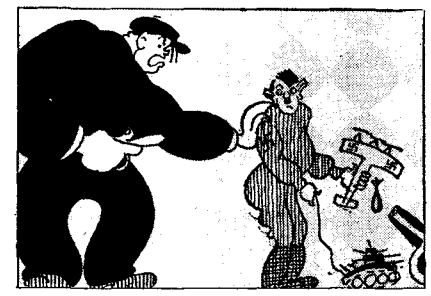
OF MORE substantial stuff are the thoughts of Mr. Toby Wolff of Bismarck, North Dakota. For twelve years Mr. Wolff was Sergeant Wolff, United States Army. And he assures us that he'd still be Sergeant Wolff were it not for Nettie. Nettie finally broke seven of Mr. Wolff's ribs, ending his days as a soldier but not, happily, as an otherwise useful citizen. "That mule," writes Mr. Wolff, "finally met her match. It was a freight train. But if she was around today this problem of what to do for the Allies would be solved. All we'd have to do is send Nettie to France and turn her loose on a blitzkrieg. I'm not trying to be funny. In one afternoon I saw her ruin two field guns, a rolling kitchen, a company street, two lieutenants and four other animals. She was shot several times, fell into a granite quarry and ate twenty heads of cabbage all in one day. The freight train got her when she was asleep on the tracks."

THERE are other evidences that things are not what they used to be. And the answer is not "Thank God." For example, Mr. A. J. Sitton of Pyote, Texas, having seen our mention of that Missouri oasis Ye Olde Rumme Shoppe, is reminded of the pleasant place that Mr. Wills Key used to run in Berlin, Oklahoma. The sign over the door attracted Mr. Sitton—The Road to Ruin. "I entered," says Mr. Sitton, "partook of one glass of the house's specialty and discovered to my amazement that I was in a revolutionary frame of mind. Thus inspired, I became embroiled with a gentleman whose whiskers indicated that he was carrying at least three dollars of some barber's money. I started the revolution on him. Two minutes later (but what a two minutes, son!) the revolution was over. Regaining consciousness, I made three resolves which I have never broken—never take another drink, stay out of revolutions and never, never again to speak out of turn to a farmer."

WE HAVE a letter from Mr. Eugene H. McManus, chief of police in Columbia, Pennsylvania. Mr. McManus' hearty approval is not given to Frank Gervasi's recent article about Signor Muti, who has done a variety of special political killings for his boss, Benito Mussolini. Mr. McManus fears that this "glorification of Muti" may have a deleterious effect upon the impressionable youth of the country. While we disagree with Mr. McManus that Mr. Gervasi "glorified" Signor Muti and agree that mobsters have been overromanticized, it is the chief's last sentence that gives us hope. "If you must praise mobsters," says he, "the least you can do, it seems to me, is to have them American."

BUT LESS understandable is a complaint received from Mr. Cornelius F. Fachalle of Atlanta, Georgia. Doubtless Mr. Fachalle has a reason for his assault upon us but we don't think we're being unreasonable in regretting that he doesn't tell us what it is. "Why I read your rotten magazine I don't know except it is that I ain't got any more brains than you have," chides Mr. Fachalle. "You used to be a guide post, now you're a hitching post. I used to be able to read what you print and forget it. Now you ain't fit for even a Republican to read. I have sent a marked copy to Congressman Dies. If you ain't in jail soon, there's something crooked somewhere."

WE'RE inclined to agree with Dr. Stevens L. Wethwinn of Washington, D. C., that there is too much "anti" in Democracy's military annals and manuals. "Too many antis," writes he, "and too many Aunties writing them. We spend millions for antitank guns, antiaircraft guns, antigas respirators, antififth-column snoops, antitorpedo gadgets, antipropaganda propaganda and so on. Only Hitler, may his end be swift and distressing, fights positively. The best defense against such as he is more tanks, more planes, more bombs, more torpedoes, more gas, better fifth columnists working the other side of the street, more energetic and cleverer propaganda. How about putting Hitler on the anti side? How much proof do we need that the only thing a thug respects is a tougher guy. Let's get rid of Anti."



IF YOU have a few moments to spare and feel in the humor for a good deed you might look up something for Mrs. Lauretta Dozy of Ann Arbor, Michigan. "What has become of the Marines?" demands Mrs. Dozy. "They're building up the Regular Army, calling out the National Guard and they're talking about building two big navies. But neither in my newspaper nor over my radio have I heard a word about the Marines landing anywhere getting anything under control. And what has happened to Secretary Ickes? Not a word lately about Mr. Ickes. Has he gone the way of that Florida Canal, Passamaquoddy, that hundred-mile belt of trees from Canada to Mexico and those transient camps for the great American Hobo? Anyway what's happened to the Marines?"

WITH some sadness we note a report from Mr. Ed Kullop of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Kullop tells us that "one of the best restless minds of the National Youth Congress has deserted and gone over to the economic royalists." Mr. Kullop assures us that "this young fellow was a true revolutionary, one of the loudest hissers on the White House lawn during the Youth Congress' meeting in Washington last fall. His chances of becoming president of the Congress next year were excellent. But the poor dope has resigned and taken a job in a factory."

THE dirty scab. . . . W. D.

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"IS IT FOR ME?"

You kind of hope it is—for a lot of good news and good times come your way by telephone.

Maybe it's a date for Sister Sue. Or a golf call for Dad. Or Bill asking if Jimmie can go to the movies. Or Grandma calling Mother to find out if things are all right.

And everything is more likely to be all right when there's a telephone in the home. In many, many ways, it is a real friend of the family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.

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Voted most likely to succeed

IN college how bright the future looked ... but today he's just called Old John, a low pay hack in a fourth rate firm. "How come?" you naturally ask.

For every man who plunges headlong down the rickety steps to failure through a big mistake, there are dozens who go the route because of some small trait of character or a personal fault irritating to others.

That was Johnson's trouble. One little fault* cost him his best job after he was several years out of school. After that, he went from one small job to another until he hit bottom.

A Big Handicap

If you want to get ahead ... if you want to be welcome to those you do business with, guard against halitosis* (bad breath). At its worst it may keep you out of things, impair your contacts, jeopardize your business relations. Merely its presence can stamp you as a careless and objectionable person.

And remember, anyone may have halitosis. You might be offending at this very moment without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about it.

Why Gamble?

Take the sensible and delightful precaution regularly followed by so many men who are "going places." Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before appointments. Its antiseptic and deodorant effect is simply amazing.

Halts Mouth Fermentation Odors

Some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are due to systemic conditions. But usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and quickly overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend. Keep this wonderful antiseptic and deodorant in home and office, and carry it with you when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before all engagements, use LISTERINE to combat halitosis (BAD BREATH)

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In some parts of China, weight instead of price of food fluctuates with market conditions. For example, a housewife always pays the same price for rice, but she gets a "big pound" when it is plentiful and "a little pound" when it is scarce.—*By Frederick Farran, Oceanport, New Jersey.*

About half of the population of the world does not kiss or shake hands when meeting or leaving relatives and friends.—*By Ruth Tag, Paterson, New Jersey.*

More than 150,000 men and women in the United States are seeking wives and husbands through matrimonial magazines, bureaus and clubs.

Such places as old city warehouses, factories, breweries, churches and hotels provide housing for more than 40,000,000 egg-laying chickens in tiers of individual cages equipped with feed, water and egg-transportation troughs. For instance, a $1,000,000 Florida hotel that failed a short time ago is now a "chicken coop" with 60,000 caged hens.

When witnesses are sworn in the law courts of Germany, all other persons in the room, including the judges, likewise rise and raise their right hand.—*By Alice Phebe Ward, City Island, New York.*

An expert in jujitsu, the Japanese art of self-defense without weapons, can successfully take on and disable, at one time, as many as twelve untrained men.

The identity of the chief of the British Secret Service is officially known to three men only—the king, the head of the treasury and the diplomatic adviser to the cabinet.

Of the 3,500,000 aliens who live in the United States and still owe allegiance to the country of their birth, about 1,500,000 are Germans, Russians and Italians.

So many quadroons, octoroons and quintroons, or persons who are, respectively, one fourth, one eighth and one sixteenth Negro, are so white in appearance that about one thousand a month pass "the color line" surreptitiously and become members of white society.

Men who do considerable smelling, such as perfume mixers, frequently revive their tired olfactory nerve by sniffing gum camphor, while those who do much tasting, such as wine testers, usually cleanse their palates by eating cheese.

A new make of outdoor eyeglass blocks out all reflected glare and permits the wearer to control the brilliance of the view. A second and movable lens gradually decreases the transmission of light upon being rotated over the axis of the stationary lens. In other words, these "adjustable sunglasses" can be regulated to suit any pair of eyes in any degree of brightness.

Horses have been known to die from seasickness, female apes have grieved themselves to death over the loss of a baby and human beings have developed such intense melancholia from homesickness that it has proved fatal.

Several phonograph companies now make recordings of trios, quartets and quintets in which the part of one instrument is omitted so that the amateur musician may accompany it. Similar records of famous arias, carrying only the accompaniment, are available for singers.

Under normal and comparable conditions, a woman's heart beats from five to seven per cent faster than that of a man.—*By Alice Luckstone, New York, New York.*

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Snapshots of our Fair Vacation— What a Trip!

We got off to a great start! Took Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct Route"—can't beat that!

Washington saw us first! You get a free stop-over. How do you like our White House pose?

Real Patriots, we folks —before the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia; another free stop-over.

Hello, World's Fair! You glide right to the gate on the Pennsylvania's "Direct Route"—great!

Saw Railroads on Parade —and what a show! Wish we could pilot one of those swell new engines!

Those Foreign Buildings —round-the-world in a mile! We're going to have a lot of fun with these shots.

Looked Pretty Tiny in this "snap" against the trylon and perisphere —but this Fair is a big place!

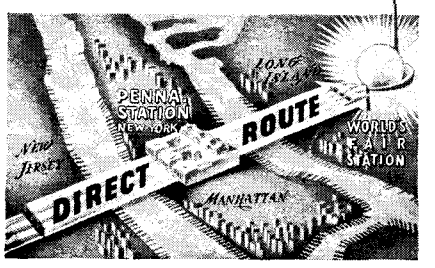
This Night Life gets you! Fountains playing in color . . . fireworks . . . man! you're in Fairyland.

Make *your* vacation days Fair days! And go as America goes . . . by Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct Route." Avoid all highway and driving worries. Relax in a private room of your own on the *Luxury Fleet*, where you enjoy the newest Pullman appointments . . . or in a soft reclining seat in a cool air-conditioned Luxury Coach. Either way costs you little, as fares are so low. From Chicago you can ride the de luxe all-coach *Trail Blazer*—that's a real pre-Fair thrill! The "Direct Route" goes through historic Philadelphia, so you can stop off and see the many patriotic shrines. Or you can go via Washington and return by Niagara Falls at *no extra cost*, if traveling from the mid-West. So consult your nearest ticket or travel agent now about a trip to the Fair over the Pennsylvania —and *be sure* to ask him about the new low all-expense tours!

Look into new Easy Payment Plan for purchasing Railroad Tickets

Here's the way Straight to the Gate!

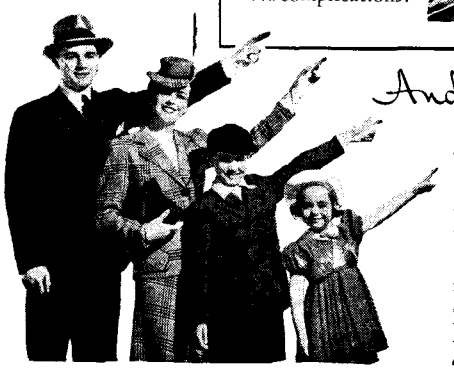
As your Pennsylvania Railroad train glides into Pennsylvania Station, New York, merely step to a waiting electric train...in 10 minutes, for 10 cents, you're at the Fair. No complications!



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN WEST AND EAST... DIRECT ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR... STATION ON FAIR GROUNDS

See The Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco, too! Take a Grand Circle Tour. Coast to coast . . . from your home station and back again . . . $90 in Coaches, $135 in Pullmans, plus reduced Pullman charge. And be sure to see Pennsylvania Railroad's "Magic Movies" at the San Francisco Fair.



And here's how little it costs

Examples of Coach Fares to New York

	One-Way	*Round-Trip*
From Chicago	$18.20	$27.25
From Cleveland	$11.45	$17.15
From St. Louis	$21.15	$31.75
From Cincinnati	$15.05	$22.55

Round-Trip Tickets good 60 Days

STILL LOWER FARES on week-end Excursions from Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati and intermediate points; also on 1-day and week-end Excursions from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and nearby points. Practically all trains carry coaches.

ASK ABOUT LOW PULLMAN FARES

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The loneliest town in America

THIS IS A LOVELY LITTLE TOWN, quiet, comfortable, not unlike many other restful spots throughout the U. S. A.

Happy, neighborly people live there. Children laugh. Dogs play in the streets. Birds sing.

But if it is not *your* home town and you happen to get into an automobile accident there, it can be, for you, the loneliest town in America.

You can be detained there, alone and troubled, with no friend to talk to or vouch for you, until many aggravating matters are cleared up. You may be deprived of the use of your car, temporarily or perhaps permanently. You may be required to make a deposit with the authorities of the state and it may be necessary for you to send home for more money. You can, in short, be made to feel like an unwanted stranger in a foreign land.

If you have automobile liability insurance in The Travelers, the town drops its cloak of loneliness. In such insurance you have the key to friendly assistance no matter how far you are from home, for you will find a Travelers representative within easy reach, anywhere you are in this country or in Canada. He will come to your aid promptly, whenever, wherever you have an accident. The moment he arrives, he takes over your responsibilities and arranges it so that you can continue your journey in peace and comfort.

Call in your Travelers agent or insurance broker today. Get his experienced counsel on the forms and amounts of automobile insurance that you should have.

New features such as the Classification Rating Plan and Safe Driver Rewards make such insurance surprisingly economical to own.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 13, 1940

The Wounded Don't Cry

By Quentin Reynolds

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Collier's correspondent in France radios a poignant, unforgettable story of the wounded and of the selfless men and women who cared for them

AT FIRST it is hard to watch men die but after a while you get quite accustomed to it. Actually they make it easier for you because they die very quietly. The wounded don't cry. In a way it is harder to watch a city die. It was a middle-aged city still in the prime of life and it died very gallantly but not at all quietly. Perhaps the story of the life and death of this city and of the manner in which it was killed might be worth the telling.

It was an ordinary French city, proud of its beautiful cathedral and of its home for the aged. It boasted a little, too, of a large school for boys which was on top of a hill overlooking the city. The censor will not let me name the city for you but that doesn't matter now because after all the city is dead. The city was very close to the front, so close that the sounds were brought directly to it from the front.

I met the city at ten o'clock one night. I had come to it sitting in the front seat of an ambulance. The city was very beautiful at night but perhaps that was because nearly a third of it was in flames. The Germans had been bombing it all day and, quite by chance no doubt, they had scored a direct hit on the home for the aged. They had also scored a direct hit on a hospital in the center of the town, which was unfortunate because the hospital had been full of badly wounded. The school for boys on top of the hill had been turned into a front-line hospital and we brought our wounded there.

The two ambulance drivers happened to be Americans. One was a tall, lean, tanned man with very blue eyes—Jack James, a terrific man. His partner was a slightly built, wiry man who needed a shave badly and who looked very tired. Well, he hadn't slept for some time. His name was Bob Montgomery and he used to live in Hollywood and act in pictures. Often he would wear a white tie in pictures. He looked very much at home in a white tie. Here at the top of the small hill in the midst of 2,000 badly wounded he looked very much at home too. He and James were a good pair.

Now orders had been given for the ambulances to move the wounded out of this hospital to the railroad station. There was a train there to take the wounded south. Twenty American ambulances did the work. They worked nearly all night loading up, then in pitch-darkness crawling down the winding road to the station and afterward returning for more.

I stayed at the hospital. I went into the operating room and it was very busy. There were two surgeons and three operating tables. A surgeon would look at the wound and then nod to an assistant. The wounded man would be put on the table and an ether cone would be placed over his face. Then his clothes would be ripped off and the surgeons would work quickly, deftly. Each surgeon had three assistants who weren't doctors at all.

A French artilleryman was on the table waiting and he was smiling gently and talking very fast. "It was good. It was good." The captain caught my questioning eye and he smiled. "Ten to one we got. There were only a few of us with our seventy-fives. The tanks came at us and we fired and fired and we destroyed those tanks as fast as they came to us. Each of our seventy-fives got ten tanks before they got us. The general had said, Hold your place or die. We did. Only I am left, but each of us got ten tanks."

Then this captain raised his hand to his lips and kissed it. "I tasted Boche blood," he said quietly, and then he laughed much too loudly and repeated, "I tasted Boche blood." He kept laughing and the surgeon put a needle into the fleshy part of his arm and then the surgeon shook his head and motioned to the orderlies to take the captain off the table. It was a pity the surgeon couldn't have done anything for this man but the surgeon knew what he was doing.

Both surgeons had been doing this ten hours now and they looked tired. Everything about them was tired except their hands, which were quick and fine and sure. They had run out of rubber gloves and they worked barehanded, occasionally dipping their hands into a pail of disinfectant. This operating room had been a playroom when the hospital had been a school for boys. There were pictures painted on the wall.

And the Surgeons Work On

They brought in a huge Senegalese. They lifted him to the table and his eyes glanced at the wall to his left. Mickey Mouse was playing on that wall and near him was Popeye the Sailor eating a can of spinach. I caught the eye of the big Senegalese and grinned and he grinned back. Then I looked down at his leg which the doctor was examining and I stopped grinning. It wasn't a pretty wound. It was just above the ankle. The surgeon felt of the thigh and nodded. It was firm there. Then he took a pot of iodine and swabbed the man's thigh with it and at first I didn't understand. They started to tie the hands of the black man to the table and he didn't like that. They do that because often the wounded get delirious as they are getting the ether and they thrash their arms around. But he let down quietly enough and they put the ether cone on his face. Then the doctor reached for something and he held the man's thigh with one hand and I walked to the next table.

I stayed there an hour, and it wasn't morbid curiosity because no one in his right mind would be curious about the reactions of men in a first-line operating room. I was there because this was my trade. I mean my trade is to find out everything it is possible to find out about war: How men react when they are hurt and how surgeons react when they have to work without sleep.

One by one, men were brought in and then a little later brought out again and not once was there a sound in the room except for the crisp directions from the surgeons and, of course, the sound of the guns, if you count that as a sound.

I left when they brought two women in who had been hurt in the bombing of the home for the aged. Both were very old but neither said anything. The wounded don't cry, not even the civilian wounded. But I left.

Outside the night was heavy with darkness. Except, of course, for the

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They brought in a huge Senegalese and his eyes glanced at the wall. Mickey Mouse was playing there

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The Gag Man

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Tom Berens and his ex-wife. He couldn't breathe in the aura of glamor

He saw her suddenly, standing there. She was tall, in an ermine wrap, and her eyelids were still mysterious

THIS fellow Tom Berens—you know, Mona Karrow's ex-husband—had lived in his house all winter before he met even his next-door neighbor.

He was standing at the foot of his garden one evening watching a cold February sunset, lemon-yellow with a bright gold bar, behind the hill. The thickets, which for months had been hard and bare against the snow, were smoky now with the first dimness of approaching spring. Hearing a footfall, he turned sharply just as a man walked out of the fir plantation on the other side of the stone wall. He stopped, as if he, too, were startled, and for a moment stood in the darkness of the branches. Then he strolled over to the wall.

"Soon be planting time," he said. He was middle-aged, a big man whose shoulders looked thin under his shabby Norfolk jacket. He was smoking a blackened old brier pipe and the ends of his gray mustache were faintly pointed.

"Oh, yes," Tom said.

The man bent over and picked up a clod, which he crumbled slowly between his long, delicate-looking fingers. It was still crisp with frost. "You a gardener?" he said.

"No," Tom said. "I'm going to try it, though, this spring."

The man dropped the loose earth from his hand and said: "Really?"

"This was my first winter in the country," Tom said. "I've always lived in the city. But I—I thought I'd try gardening this spring." He didn't say that it would be something to fill his empty days, nor that it seemed to be what people did here in this Connecticut countryside—the kind of people he wanted to be, people living quietly and with dignity in the country.

"Ah. Mmm," the man said. "My name's Vibart. I have this place here." He jerked his head back over his shoulder, toward the house which was somewhere beyond the trees.

"Mine's Berens," Tom said, and watched the man's eyes. There was no flicker of recognition at the name, only a cool, evaluating glance as they shook hands. With relief, with an almost childish relief, Tom suddenly felt very friendly toward the man.

"Well, p'raps I can give you some pointers," Vibart said. He glanced at his wrist watch. "It's too late now, but drop over some afternoon and I'll show you how I winter my bulbs. Root cellar south of the house—there's a path."

"Oh. Thank you," Tom said. "I'd like to."

"And look here," Vibart said. "Soon as the frost is out, I'll come over for a day. Help you get things started, anyway." He nodded abruptly and walked away, into the fir plantation.

ON HIS way back to his house, Tom still had the same pleased little glow of friendliness. He didn't know anything about Vibart, except that he had heard somewhere during the winter that the family next door had announced the engagement of a daughter to some man in New York. Then later he'd heard that the engagement had been broken—some sort of scandal, he hadn't paid any attention. But he liked Vibart, and he liked him especially because of the look that had not come into his eyes when he heard the name "Berens."

It was a look that was as familiar as a bunion to Tom; in its primary and crudest form, he had seen it first in Hollywood, after the divorce, and after that it had been almost as bad in New York. And even up here, in Connecticut, people—especially women—looked at him that way when he went into the village after his mail. He had overheard too many scraps of such low-voiced conversations not to know what they said to one another after he had passed: "Why, don't you know who that is? My dear! It's Mona Karrow's ex-husband. . . ." But the worst was what he had heard one pleasant-faced woman whisper to another: "They say he was a Hollywood gag man before she married him. . . ."

The fire was burning brightly, with the primrose colors of spring, on the hearth in his library. Tom walked over to the desk, where his new play, what was done of it, was strewn in a disorderly scatter of papers. He picked up the page he had been writing, but tossed it down again without reading any of it. He had a heavy sort of feeling about this play—some very soggy doubts, touched with the sickness of defiance. It was dark, ugly writing; probably he had swung too far toward bitter grimness, out of overcorrection. But there wasn't a gag in it, not a damn' one. He'd show them. . . .

Gag man. They didn't remember his first play, the one that had taken him to Hollywood. Six years ago; and that play hadn't had any gags in it, either. It was serious, in the way that people are serious only when they first start writing, before they begin to make a living out of it. And hardly anybody realized how thoughtlessly easy it is for a serious young man to become a village wit in Hollywood, where nearly everyone spends too much time in cafés and other people's houses. Because he thinks he ought to say something, he makes a timid nifty about something or other, and people laugh, and maybe it's printed in one of the leading thirty-two gossip columns—and after that he has a reputation to support. Then, he finds that he can make a very nice living by needling innumerable "funny" scenes. And when people begin to laugh automatically at everything he says, he hasn't common sense enough left to get out quick and try to get his old job back on the city desk of the Tacoma Ledger. . . . Moon Duck, his Chinaman, appeared in the library doorway to mention that dinner was ready.

IT WAS nearly a month before he saw his neighbor, Vibart, again. It was a blowy March day. Swinging a thick Malacca stick, he had trudged up a torn and muddy country road to a high pasture where a sort of informal horse show, an annual neighborhood event, was going on.

Vibart was standing beside a high white rail, smoking his pipe and with his hands in the pockets of an old tweed ulster that looked at if it had been wet with the rains of many springtimes. Facing him, rocking back on his heels to peer up into that remote, thin face with its slightly twisted mustaches, was a dumpy little man nervously fingering a flower in his lapel: Major W. M. Schauer, the excessively wealthy but rather new country gentleman whose interest in horses had made him the chief patron of this annual gentleman's show.

Tom pulled his upper lip down over a grin of fellow feeling and waited until the major strode horsily away, swishing plump knees with a riding crop. Then Tom started to go forward with a deliberately casual "Hello, Mr. Vibart." But he stopped suddenly, in mid-step, almost in mid-breath. Because a girl had turned to Vibart and said in a clear voice: "You know, Dad. That colt of Prell's. Shows his conquistador strain." A girl who had been standing a little way apart, her hands shoved deep into the pockets of a brown polo coat, a pointed old felt hat with a pheasant's feather in it pulled low over her eyes.

"Conquistador. Yes," Vibart said, turning. He saw Tom and nodded.

"Hello, Berens," he said.

The girl turned too, and looked at Tom

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He fought deliberately, emptying his revolver to good effect before they had him fast

Dusk to Daybreak

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Freedom comes, but only for a brief interlude, to a man who has spent his lifetime in search of it

THEY caught General Moreno at dusk, neatly wiping out his cavalry escort with a blast of rifle fire from ambush and laying hands upon him after he had freed himself from his stricken horse. At that he fought deliberately, emptying his revolver to good effect before they had him fast. But then it was not dignified to struggle further. He submitted composedly when the raiding party gagged him in preparation for the dash back through the lines of his own troops.

He was composed as he was rushed through the deepening darkness toward the lines and the headquarters of his enemy, the dictator. He even found himself taking note, from sheer habit, that Viznega had placed one battery very badly behind that hill crest, and that Cervera's system of outposts was at this one point inadequate.

All of which was futile, but the result of habit. He had, however, no habits to guide him when he was brought bound into the presence of the man against whom he had fought in open rebellion for so many years. The interview was typical both of the dictator and of General Moreno. It was very brief. General Moreno composedly refused to make the craven submission which, in published and publicized form, might have weakened the revolutionary cause a little, but would merely have delayed his own fate by days.

He took the expected sentence of death without emotion, and without any sign of unease he accompanied his guards to the cell in which he was to wait for sunrise. There they released his arms. He thanked them politely and waited, standing, for them to leave him.

WHEN he was alone he flexed his muscles, cramped by the hours of their fettering. Then he lighted a cigarette and sat down comfortably on the cot in his death cell. He was grateful that at least they had given him cigarettes. He had several hours yet, and it occurred to him as an amusingly ironic fact that these next few hours would be the only ones in years when he was really free. Free of the demands of duty as he conceived it and of the requirement that he make innumerable decisions, whose importance now seemed to have been considerably exaggerated.

He looked at his watch. Not anxiously. It was simply interesting to reflect that he had six—seven and a half hours of absolute freedom from any conceivable demands. Freedom. It was quaint. He had fancied, all these years, that he was fighting for freedom. And all the while that he fought for freedom he was not himself free. He was bound in chains as confining as the utmost tyranny could impose. And now that he was caught and was to be shot in a relatively few hours he felt an expansive leisure, a restful liberation from all obligations to be omniscient or indomitable or persuasive or stern. He had no longer to accomplish the almost impossible with the wholly inadequate, on pain of defeat for his followers with all its consequences. He was—to be brief about it—as free as any man can be in a stone cell some six feet by ten and with only a little over seven hours to live.

The cigarette smoke was soothing. He understood, suddenly, the enjoyment with which he had seen other men smoke even at the last instant with their hands tied behind their backs—even sometimes after the blindfold had been put on and they were waiting for the firing squad's volley. They had nothing more to worry about. They did not have to think or plan. They had literally nothing to do but enjoy themselves, to savor the feel of living—and

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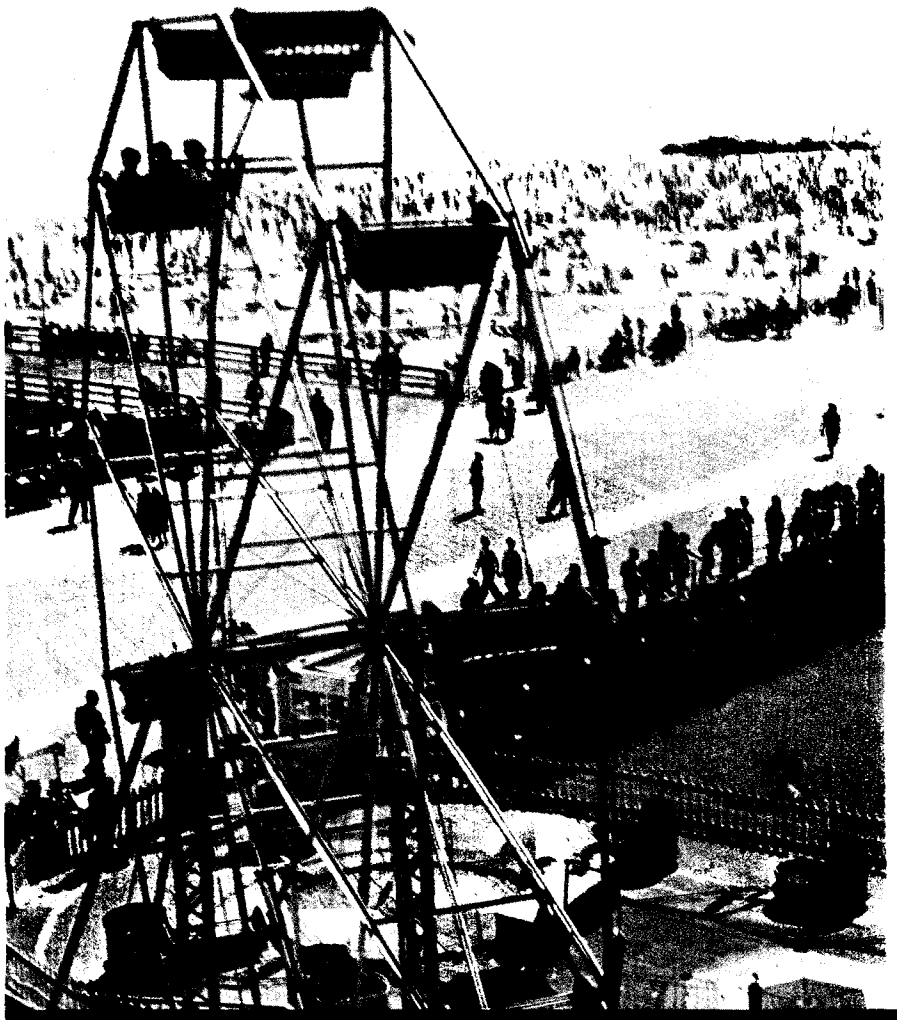


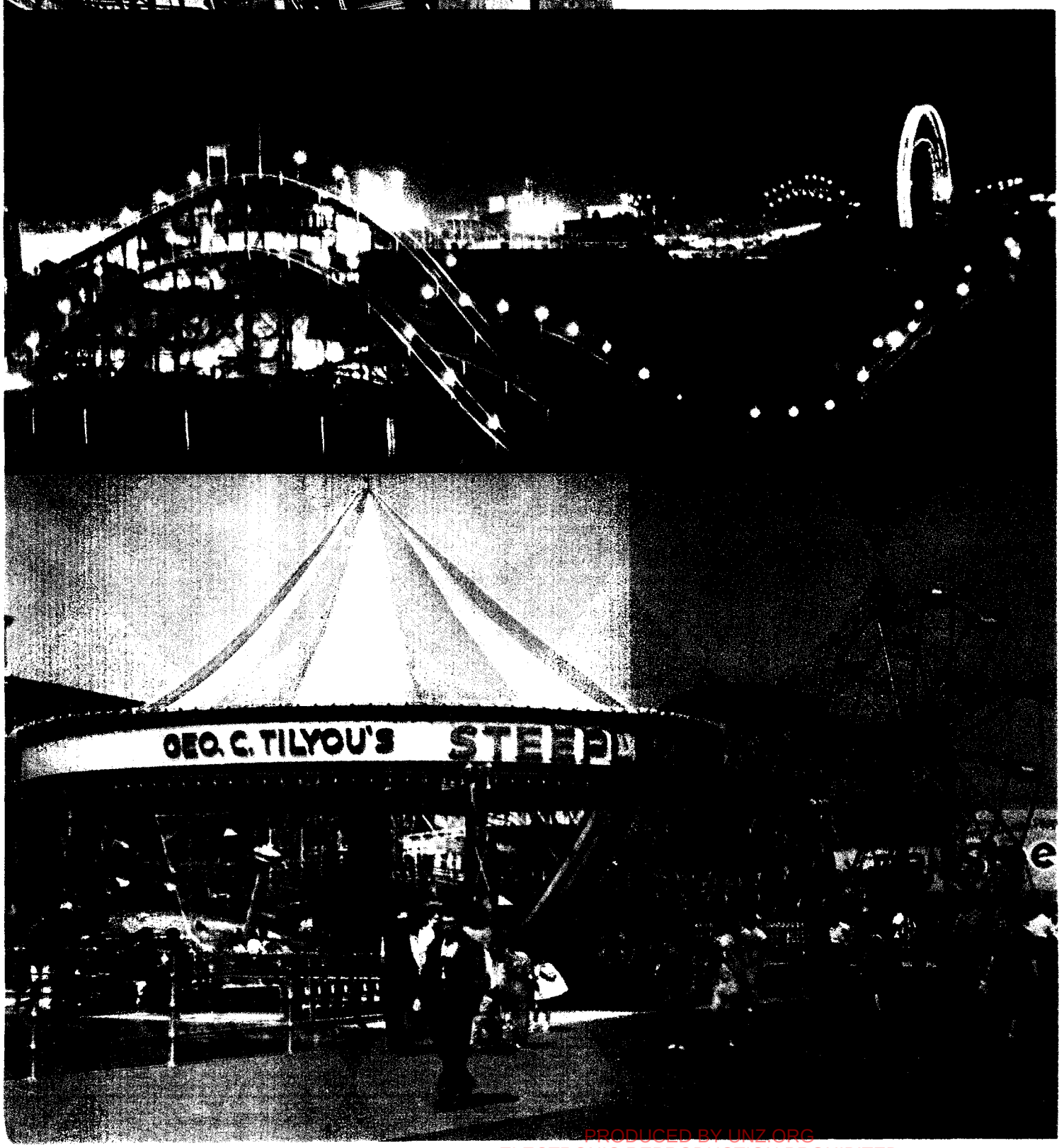
Nickel Empire

By C. M. Black

Every summer millions of dollars pour into gay, noisy Coney Island, the biggest, gaudiest amusement park in the world, where it's fun to be fooled and a nickel is money

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Part of the 3½-mile boardwalk and the beach at Coney Island. As many as 1,000,000 people may visit them on a summer Sunday. Below, the Island at night, with steep roller coasters and the giant Wonder Wheel dominating



CONEY ISLAND operates on the well-known theory of salesmanship that people like to be fooled—if it doesn't cost them too much. Last summer 300,000 people visited the Nickel Empire every day, and on such gala occasions as July Fourth and Memorial Day a million men, women, children and dogs came to the two-mile strip of sand that has been the world's largest amusement park for more than fifty years.

Last summer a city editor sent a young, conscientious reporter to Coney Island to get a story. "Take your wife," he said, "go on every ride in the place. Eat your heads off and write a piece about what happened. And be sure," he added, "to keep track of your expenses."

The reporter and his wife enjoyed the assignment. They went for a swim, visited Steeplechase, threw hoops over china dolls, rode the roller coasters and munched happily on hot dogs and beer the while. Back at the office the reporter wrote his story and then itemized his expense account. It came to $5.50. That is part of Coney Island's charm. A nickel goes a long way on Surf Avenue. Visitors coming to New York for the first time may forget to see the Metropolitan Museum, the Polo Grounds, the Hayden Planetarium and the new LaGuardia Airport, but they never forget to see Coney Island.

Coney was once the greatest gambling place in the East, and three-card-monte men plied their persuasive trade there, splitting profits with neighboring politicians, spiritual ancestors of the modern racketeer of today. Today not a card is turned and the only wheel that spins is the Ferris wheel.

Once upon a time Coney Island featured the ultimate in undraped entertainment. Today not a strip tease or even a seminude show is allowed—not by law but by edict of the concession owners themselves. That is the strange contradictory two-mile-long strip of sand which is Coney Island.

Playground for the Millions

Suppose we take a walk down Surf Avenue, the Island's Main Street, where we find seven hundred of the nine hundred assorted amusements at Coney Island. It's noisy and it's crowded but it's alive. There are barkers and kids yelling, merry-go-rounds whirling, and the calliopes that call attention to them are singing their shrill songs. In back of Surf Avenue, running parallel to it, is the Bowery. Properly, the Bowery isn't a street at all, but an alley ten blocks long, and its only traffic is people. Old people, young people, fat people, thin people; sailors on leave; whole families out for a day's fun. In back of the Bowery is the Atlantic Ocean, two miles of which belong absolutely to the Nickel Empire.

The boardwalk, thronged with half a million people on a warm Sunday, runs all the way from Sea Gate to Brighton Beach—a distance of three and a half miles. This year it's bigger and better than ever. Robert Moses, the genius who builds highways, beaches and parks for New York on practically a moment's notice, took a week off last winter to rebuild and enlarge the boardwalk. Like everything else at Coney Island, it's the biggest in the world.

Between the boardwalk and the Bowery is the Wonder Wheel—you guessed it—it's the largest. You get into a swinging compartment and are hoisted

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Steeplechase Park provides a vast number of thrills on one admission

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Light in the Window

By Octavus Roy Cohen

SHE was tall and blond, and against another background—that of a glittering night club, for instance—you might have said that she was beautiful. But the patch of sunlight that filtered in over the roofs of adjoining tenements was not merciful. It showed that she was no longer young, and that she was hard.

The heavy-set man in the faded red club chair stretched his legs comfortably, and in doing so, flipped back his coat so that she could see the police badge on his vest. His words were friendly enough, but his manner was unyielding. He said, again, "It doesn't matter to me if you play or not, Rita. But what's the percentage in not stringin' along with me?"

She said sharply: "I'm not ratting on Eddie—and that's final."

"But you know where he is."

"That's your idea."

"Sure, it's my idea. You were his gal friend, weren't you?"

"Suppose I was, that don't prove anything."

"I never said it did. I'm only asking where it gets you. I'm asking why you stick to a guy you'll never see again. Eddie's got a murder rap hanging over him. He may tie up with some dame somewhere, sometime—but it'll never be you. You're out of the picture from now on—because you'll be watched, which makes you bad medicine for him. Besides, it don't seem reasonable you'd still be crazy about a guy that bumped somebody off—for dough."

"He said he didn't do it."

Steve Mason said flatly, "He did it, all right. I saw the shooting myself. That's why I'm so anxious to pick him up."

She said, "I don't wonder. You drift along in time to see a man murdered and a satchel of money grabbed. But the guy gets away. Smart dick you are."

Steve nodded placidly. "Have your fun, Rita. I've learned to take it. The boys been ribbing me plenty down at headquarters. The chief has been giving me hell. I've got everything it takes to convict Eddie—except Eddie. I want that lad—plenty. I'd be sitting pretty if I could nab him. Which is half the reason I'm talking turkey to you. The other half is the dough. I could use five thousand dollars. And from what I see here"—his hard eyes swept the room—"you could use the same amount."

She said, "You're wasting your time."

But Mason wasn't so sure about that. So he kept plugging.

"He was your sweetie. So what? He wasn't the first, and he wouldn't have been the last."

"Skip it. I was crazy about Eddie."

"Yeh . . . *was*. That was before he killed somebody."

She seated herself and leaned forward. The gray-green eyes were hard and calculating. She said, "I ain't having any—but I'm curious. What's your idea?"

"You can get in touch with him . . . no, never mind denying it. Call it a guess if you want, but let it ride that way for a minute. So you do. You tell him you got to see him, you tell him it's safe. He comes to see you and I pick him up."

"And then?"

"My own testimony would convict him. I seen him do that shooting. And the chances are a hundred to one he'd have the gun on him."

She gave a short, derisive laugh. "How'd you figure that one out?"

"Easy. Eddie'd come to see you, but he'd come heeled. And I'm playing the hunch that he's still got the gun he used on that messenger. If I'm wrong, we've still got him hooked. If I'm right, a ballistics test will clinch it. I get the ten thousand reward, and give you half." He puffed deeply. "It adds up fine."

She said, "I'd feel pretty lousy, doing something like that."

His eyes bored into her. "If I was you—I'd do it." He rose and shrugged into his coat. "I'll be drifting, Rita. If five thousand cold cash don't mean anything to you . . ."

"But it does!" she broke out suddenly. "I've scrimped and suffered and half-starved for so long. Damn it, you've got no right putting me on the spot this way. You got the cards all stacked against me."

"Uh-huh," he agreed mildly. "I'm trying to deal myself the winning hand. Only I'm cutting you in. So for the last time: "Is it Yes or No?"

She walked to the window and looked down on the shabby vista of family washing, garbage barrels, unkempt housewives and ill-clad, noisy children. She hated the whole thing. No decent clothes. None of the things a girl wants—especially a girl who was created to look pretty and to have fun. She snapped around suddenly and said:

"I'm playing it your way. What do I do now?"

Steve Mason was too smart to show his elation. His voice remained calm and unemotional. He said: "Get in touch with Eddie. Tell him you got to see him—here."

WITH Eddie's arms around her, this way, she could look straight into his eyes. Just the same height, they were, which made him kind of short for a man. Short and slender. You couldn't feel his arms around you, and see those eyes of his, and believe he'd ever killed anybody. You couldn't believe anything about Eddie that wasn't all right.

Steve Mason knew what she was thinking. He knew women could go blah all of a sudden: change their minds and do crazy things. So he stepped out of the kitchenette and grabbed Eddie. He said, "Jig's up, kid—so take it easy."

Eddie backed away. He put his hands up defensively, and Steve Mason acted. He said, "No, you don't . . . " and he swung. His fist caught Eddie high on the forehead and Eddie went down. Hard.

Steve was on top of him, there on the floor. Eddie couldn't do anything about it, but he tried. They wrestled around, and Rita screamed, and then something clicked and when Steve got up, there were cuffs on Eddie's wrists.

"Get tough with me," grunted Steve. "I'll show you. . . ."

There was a banging on the door and Rita opened it. Three men barged in, and Steve said, "Hello, boys. What gives?"

The other three plain-clothesmen looked at him and said that was just exactly what they wanted to know, too.

"This is Eddie Gregor." Steve explained. "He's the guy I saw bump off that messenger a couple months back."

Detective-sergeant Wallen said yes, he guessed it was—and all the time Eddie was trembling and Rita was standing there tense and rigid.

Wallen said, "You sure this is the guy, Steve?"

"Positive. I saw him do the shooting and run away. I been laying for him." He even smiled a little. "Why don't you search him?"

THEY searched him. Wallen himself found the gun. He held it in the palm of his hand and showed it to the others.

"That'll be the clincher," exulted Steve Mason. "I'm betting that's the gun that killed the messenger."

Wallen nodded. "I think you got something there, Steve." He shook his head slowly. "There's only one hitch. We got this gun off Eddie, *but it don't belong there.*"

"How about talking some sense," suggested Steve.

"All right. Try to answer this one. Me and the boys brought Eddie right to this door. We frisked him thorough. He didn't have any gun on him. Now we find one. What does that mean to you?"

Steve Mason felt cold inside. He said, in a voice that was not too assured, "What is this: a gag?"

"No-o. I wouldn't call it that. But since we're all sure that a test will prove that this gun killed the messenger, we got to ask where it came from. Eddie didn't have it when he came in here, and—"

Rita said, "That's why Mason slugged Eddie and jumped him. He planted the gun when they were wrestling around on the floor."

"Nice figuring," said Detective-sergeant Wallen. "In fact, you've played a neat game all 'round, Rita. We know that Steve saw the shooting because he said he did. That plants him at the scene. Now we've tied him up with the gun—and cleared Eddie at the same time. . . . And you and Eddie—you've got a neat slice of coin coming."

They took the cuffs off Eddie, and he put his arms around Rita. He didn't look like anybody you might have suspected of murder, because he was crying and he didn't care who noticed. Sergeant Wallen said: "Look, Rita—you played it straight across the board, and you won. But what made you so sure Steve Mason would try to plant the gun on Eddie?"

Her eyes flicked Steve Mason. "He just the same as told me so," she explained, "when he wanted to bet that Eddie would have the gun with him. I've had a tough time, Sergeant, but right along I've managed to think straight when it concerned Eddie. You see, the trouble with Steve is that he knows a lot of things . . . but he's awful dumb about a woman in love."

"You've got no right putting me on the spot," she said. "You got the cards all stacked"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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Girl from Home

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HEIER

A small-town boy finds what makes a big-town romance—a pretty girl

HUGH BARLOW walked across his room in the Hotel Randon—once, twice—and then stopped at the writing desk. On the green blotter his notebook was opened to a page on which was written: "Dora Appleby—AShland 6-3246." He picked it up, looked at it, chucked it down. He stretched and walked to the window.

Already the sun, at eight o'clock in the morning, was so hot he could feel its reflected waves from the red tin roof of the short buildings two floors below him. A July haze dulled the line of buildings down Eighth Avenue. From across the Hudson River the wind carried the oily smell of factory metal.

Hugh Barlow looked out on the city. "Hi, New York!" he said.

Last night from the Chicago plane he had seen the World's Fair on flat Long Island. Two men and their wives clicked tongues over the color arrangement of the Fair. "What *will* they think of next!" Hugh Barlow said to the stewardess, "How are the crowds? Still packing them in?" People from his country in Iowa made him feel solid with the city idea—made him feel that his twice-yearly business trips to the city admitted him into the ways of the city. The stewardess said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Barlow," and looked at him as a woman looks at a fine horse. Last night the telephone operator in the hotel remembered his voice and said so with warmth. That was when he was calling Ed Manton's home.

Manton had purred in his thick voice that he was damn' glad to hear from Hugh Barlow. "Come around to the office at four tomorrow—something big is stirring for you, old man."

The third time Hugh walked across the green rug of the hotel room, he picked up the notebook and brought it to the telephone on the table beside his bed. He sat down on the edge of the mattress, and lifted the phone.

Four days ago in Clinton, Iowa, he had stood in Martin Appleby's drugstore and promised the little gray man that he would look up Dora, Martin's only daughter who had gone to the city two years before. "You won't forget this time, will you, Hugh? Just call her up and see how she's getting on, will you?" And Hugh remembered that he had thought then, as he listened to Martin talk, that he'd call her up, find out how she was and let it go at that. Why should he waste his time with a home-town girl while he was in New York?

He heard the brisk, airy voice of a girl say in a hurry, "Hello!"

"Dora. This is Hugh Barlow, you remember, from Clinton? I'm in town on business and—"

"Why, Hugh Barlow!" The voice changed, became intimate. "Of course I remember. I'm so glad to hear from you."

Her voice now helped him to remember her—the little blond head busy with high-school things—the sudden way of looking around to catch you looking at her. She had hero-worshiped him as the great football player and she wrote about him in the school paper.

Hugh recognized a catch in her conversation which told him that she was afraid of being too enthusiastic. So she added more carefully, "Why don't you drop around this afternoon—if you're not too rushed?"

AS HE heard her words, Hugh let his mind pick its way to a decision he knew he had already made when he first heard her voice vibrate in the darkness of the receiver against his ear. But, after he hung up, he didn't think about her again until about four o'clock that afternoon when he was in Ed Manton's office. He had called on Johnson Carr & Company in the Graybar Building and had kidded with Donald Streeter, the sales manager. Hugh had bought, on October delivery, about ten thousand dollars' worth of glassware and chinaware for his people, Ericson & Livermore—the BIG store of Clinton. He had lunched with Dunlop's man at the Brayton and had defended old man Ericson's conservative policy. Hugh Barlow put loyalty above everything.

The reason Hugh remembered Dora was a chromium paperweight in the shape of the Trylon and Perisphere on Manton's desk. Before he had started talking to her that morning, he had thought that maybe he would take her to the Fair, which he hadn't seen yet, and in that way kill two birds with one stone.

Manton sat on the edge of his desk, swinging his round, short-shinned legs, his gray eyes studying Hugh. Finally he said, "Look, Hugh, I mentioned last night on the phone about something big. Remember? Well, it came about this way." He smoothed down the light gray vest of his suit, which fitted tightly over his stomach. Then he looked at Hugh Barlow.

He began talking. He pushed his words slowly, feeling his way, as a man works gently toward a skittish horse. He told Hugh Barlow that he and Connett, the head of L. J. Connett Company, had watched him grow into a man who knew his way around—who had lost the wide-eyed glimmer of the Midwesterner. "Hugh," Manton said, "things are breaking pretty good for Connett & Company."

It took Manton ten minutes by the clock on his desk to get to the point. And then it came as gently as a sleepy dog poking its nose into your hand.

"So," Manton concluded, "we're holding out a block of stock for you. It's sort of in recognition of our three years' association."

The two men regarded each other silently for a minute. Then Manton said casually, "It's about five thousand dollars in stock."

Hugh whistled. He looked at Manton. Manton said, "Well?"

Hugh Barlow said, without thinking, said instinctively, as he might act if he saw a man about to beat a dog, "No, thanks, I guess not, Ed."

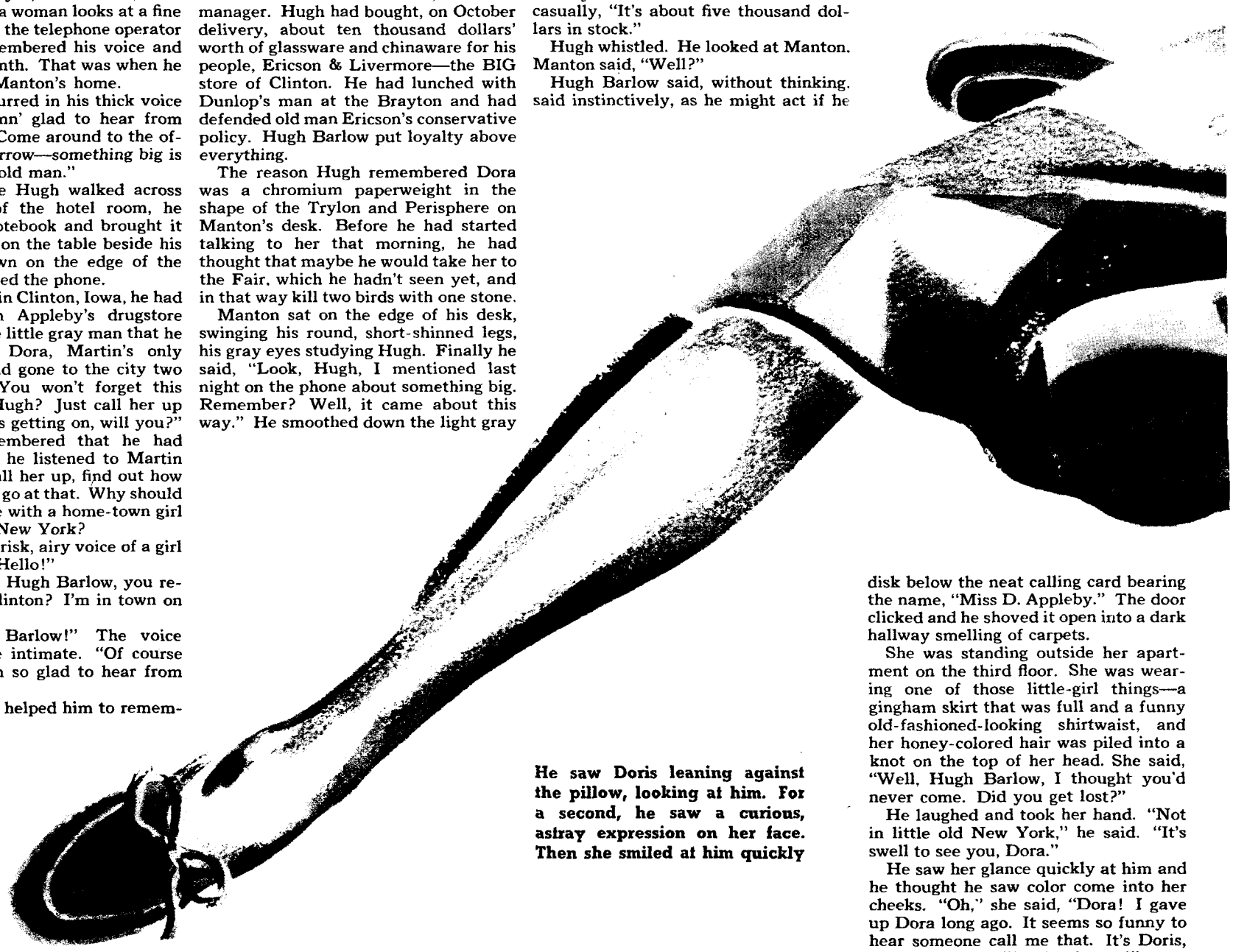
Manton's eyebrows went up. "Don't be a fool, Hugh," he said gently. And then, "Of course, you could register the stock in some name other than yours. Leaves you free to serve Ericson—without prejudice."

"That's right," Hugh said, "but I guess I'm sort of funny that way. It was sure nice of you and Connett to think of me."

"Suit yourself," Manton said. "No hard feelings, heh, Hugh?"

They went down to the bar in the Comando and drank Scotch. Manton told Barlow that the L. J. Connett Company had a swell exhibit at the World's Fair. "Run out tomorrow at eleven. L. J. will be there with me. I'll have a couple of passes left for you at your hotel." Hugh said, "Good—I'd like to do that." They went to work on an order for immediate delivery to the Ericson & Livermore Co., in Clinton, Iowa. It was a solid, well-balanced order—typical of Hugh Barlow's usual orders.

An hour later, Hugh Barlow, one hundred and eighty pounds, solid, sunburned, long-striding, left the bar of the Comando. He walked to the East 36th Street address and pushed the little pearl disk below the neat calling card bearing the name, "Miss D. Appleby." The door clicked and he shoved it open into a dark hallway smelling of carpets.



He saw Doris leaning against the pillow, looking at him. For a second, he saw a curious, astray expression on her face. Then she smiled at him quickly

She was standing outside her apartment on the third floor. She was wearing one of those little-girl things—a gingham skirt that was full and a funny old-fashioned-looking shirtwaist, and her honey-colored hair was piled into a knot on the top of her head. She said, "Well, Hugh Barlow, I thought you'd never come. Did you get lost?"

He laughed and took her hand. "Not in little old New York," he said. "It's swell to see you, Dora."

He saw her glance quickly at him and he thought he saw color come into her cheeks. "Oh," she said, "Dora! I gave up Dora long ago. It seems so funny to hear someone call me that. It's Doris, now. Don't you like that better?"

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Hugh said he thought he did, but Dora was all right out in Clinton.

She smiled. She looked pretty when she smiled.

"Come in," she said, "I have cocktails waiting. You do drink cocktails?"

HE MUST have shown his surprise, for Doris put her hand on his arm and said, "You're the same Hugh Barlow, aren't you? Always thinking I am just a kid. That's because I was two classes below you in High."

It was a small room with lots of things in it. Fragile, useless things—easily knocked over. Aluminum and glass figurines, colored leather chairs, a coffee table with woven grass coasters. There was a smell of cigarette smoke and powder.

Hugh said politely, "You have a nice place here, Doris."

"I like it . . . What'll you have to drink, Hugh?"

For the first time he noticed the three glasses set out on the coffee table. He said, "I'd better stick to Scotch. I've been absorbing it pretty steadily this afternoon talking business."

Doris stepped into the kitchenette.

On the wall over the sofa Hugh saw a striking photograph of Doris—one of those with a very black background, very white flesh, curiously lighted from below. He went over to the wall and looked closely at the picture. "Who's the candid camera around here?" he asked.

"That?" Doris came out with a tall glass tinkling on the tray. "Wade Sturgess did it. Do you like it?"

"Sure. It's all right."

"Wade's one of the best of the younger

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SARRA

When Bill DeLancey was carried off to Arizona on a stretcher five years ago no one expected to see him in a baseball uniform again. But he's back and we hope he stays

IF THE audience will kindly refrain from breaking down in maudlin gulps of sentimentality, we will tell you the story of Bill DeLancey, the man who came back. This is not an ordinary comeback — some player who was shunted off to the Nebraska State League and then recalled in time to win the world series for the Yankees. DeLancey is the first man in history who ever conquered a lung disease and returned to active service in the big leagues.

His previous period of servitude in the prison camp of the St. Louis Cardinals ended in 1935 when he blew up with a loud report and was lugged off to Arizona on a shutter. This is no mere form of rhetoric; he was on a stretcher when he landed in Phoenix. He stayed in bed the next eight months without putting foot to the floor. Some specialists say he had tuberculosis; others maintain that it was a bad case of pleurisy. In any event it was pleurisy of such virulent nature that he had to be tapped and drained every second day for the next four years.

This spring, when he reported to the Cards camp at St. Petersburgh, only Pepper Martin and Joe Medwick remained of the fabulous 1934 Gas House Gang that licked Detroit in a tumultuous seven-game series in the world classic and almost chased the Tigers into Lake Michigan in the deciding game. DeLancey was a first-year wonder on that outfit—a player who came up from Columbus and became first-string catcher almost immediately, something unknown in major-league annals. He handled the shots of Dizzy Dean, Paul Dean and Wild Bill Hallahan, whanged the apple for a season record of .317 and was accounted the find of the year.

Along about the middle of the 1935 season, he began to feel woozy. His pep was gone, he couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep. But he pushed himself through the season and it was only when he was fooling around in a post-season game with a bunch of kids at Westville, Illinois, the home town of his wife, that the blow fell. It was a hot day, Bill was pitching and it went to sixteen innings. He became overheated, caught cold and it developed into pneumonia.

"Everybody thinks that game did it," says Bill, "but I know now it had been coming on for months. If it hadn't been that, something else would have smacked me."

The newspapers toyed around with the idea that Bill would be on hand for spring training in 1936 but instead he was resting on the back of his neck in Phoenix and the outlook was dark. One lucky break was the fact that Branch Rickey, general manager of the Cardinal chain, had been through the mill with tuberculosis himself. On one of his trips west he stopped in to see DeLancey. "Don't you say a word," he admonished Bill. "I'll do all the talking."

A Break for Bill

So Rickey sat on the edge of DeLancey's bed and talked for five hours straight, relating his own story, discussing baseball, letting fall advice about life. "Never gave me a bit of hope," says Bill. "Just sorta let it drop that if somebody could do it, maybe somebody else could."

The Cards were not paying anything toward Bill's keep and medical expenses and the $10,000 he had saved from his salary and world series cut was going fast, so it was something of a break for him when St. Louis took over the club at Albuquerque in the Arizona-Texas League and put DeLancey in as manager. That was two years after he reached Phoenix and, in the meantime, he had bought himself a little ranch and was raising chickens and growing grapefruit. He was able to be halfway active but the pleurisy and the tappings went on and he was as much surprised as the next one when the baseball offer came.

Albuquerque turned out to be a great town. In his last year there, 1939, the home admissions were 110,000 in a town of 35,000 population, an entirely remarkable record. What gave Bill hope about himself, however, was that he could keep up with the road trips of the club. In the circuit were Tucson, Bisbee and El Paso. The shortest jump was to El Paso, three hundred miles away. From Albuquerque to Tucson was a mere jaunt of five hundred miles, taken in a bus with the Southwest sun beating down.

"Three hundred and fourteen in the shade," reports DeLancey. "I knew if I lived through that, I could stand anything."

DeLancey ran a temperature steadily that first year but only missed one night on the coaching lines. He occasionally took batting practice with the team in 1937, but it was August in 1938 before he shoved his nose into a box score. He slammed one up against the fence and drove in two runs at El Paso, winning the game. It would have been a triple but he barely walked down to first base. After that he did a few more stints as a pinch hitter but otherwise confined his occasional appearances to work on the mound after a game was beyond recall. It was a stunt by Bill, intended for clowning purposes exclusively.

His greatest discovery at Albuquerque was Bobby Sturgeon, who was picked up by DeLancey at the Sacramento camp at the age of fifteen and was later sold by the Cards to the Chicago Cubs for a reported $35,000. Lake, who is now with DeLancey on the St. Louis club, was another find.

On the Road Back

When the 1939 season ended he still had thoughts only for his managing job in Albuquerque. Rickey would come by at intervals but he never said anything about the big leagues. Then, during the winter, Bill saw an item in the papers that said the Cardinals were considering bringing him back for a tryout. There had been stories of this kind every year since he had left but DeLancey decided this time he'd try to get in shape for a comeback. He set himself a regimen of training. For two weeks he walked ten miles every day. It was tough at first but it got easier. Encouraged by this, Bill started running two miles every day. On the second day, he collapsed and was barely able to get back home.

"I thought that was the end," he says. "I lost my nerve completely."

He was in bed for ten days and was kept from writing Rickey that he couldn't come back only by the fact that Rickey had never urged him to come on. Eventually he regained his confidence and started training again. Then he wrote Rickey, asking for a chance.

"I'd been hoping you'd do that," answered Rickey. "I've talked it over with Sam Breadon and he says all right."

The hardest thing he encountered at training camp were the sympathetic looks of his teammates. Most of the rookies had never heard of him and the old-timers had to be shown before they would believe he could do it. Because they were afraid if they talked about his case it would only make it worse for him, they said nothing about it.

"That really made it tough," says DeLancey.

The first day out, tragedy overtook him when the middle finger of his throwing hand was stove in by a pitch. A thing like that wouldn't happen to a ballplayer once in a lifetime. In his anxiety to look good, he got his meat hand in ahead of the glove.

"Couldn't have done anything dumber if I tried," says Bill sorrowfully. "I could barely throw as far as the pitcher's box; when I tried to hit, I couldn't hold the bat."

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Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE Caleb Thatcher, of Wallisport, Massachusetts, is fighting on the Loyalist side in Spain, he and his closest friend, Bert Hendricks, have a narrow escape when a Nazi fifth columnist—one Heinemann—betrays their unit to the enemy. They vow that, if they ever have the chance, they will kill Heinemann.

Long after the war ends, Caleb returns to Wallisport. There he presently falls in love with Hope Shaler, who is engaged to John Gabriel, the wealthy head of a machine-tool company which is feverishly filling war orders for overseas. Jealous of Caleb, and regarding him as a dangerous "Red," Gabriel decides to get rid of him.

The opportunity comes (so he thinks) shortly after Bert Hendricks comes to Wallisport for a labor union. Seeing Bert and Caleb together frequently, he suspects that they are deep in a Communist conspiracy. Then, when one of his factory buildings is burned, he accuses Hendricks of incendiarism. But before the police can arrest Caleb's friend, Caleb (assisted by Hope) enables him to make his getaway.

Meanwhile, Natalie Gabriel (the widow of John's brother) has become infatuated with Greg Ashburn, a British industrial spy, who has inveigled her into giving him copies of important secret documents entrusted to John by Washington. . . .

Bert Hendricks is murdered. The authorities say that he has been drowned. But, having learned that Heinemann has come to Massachusetts, Caleb knows that the police are wrong—he feels certain that Heinemann has killed his friend. He feels sure, furthermore, that the Nazi has burned Gabriel's building, and that he is now on the trail of Greg Ashburn.

But when, accompanied by Hope (to whom he has told everything) he calls on John Gabriel and informs him of his suspicions, *his convictions,* Gabriel refuses to believe him. A serious quarrel ensues. Hope takes Caleb's side. She and John exchange sharp words. After which, realizing that she has fallen in love with Caleb, she breaks her engagement. . . .

Feeling sure that Greg Ashburn is in peril, Caleb tells the Englishman of Heinemann's presence, warns him to be careful. Then, alone with Hope, he discusses the situation with her. Hope knows that he may be murdered if he stays in Wallisport. She urges him to go away with her. But Caleb refuses to run away to safety. And Hope guesses the truth: *Caleb Thatcher is going to kill a man!*

VIII

THE undertaker's chapel was hideous in its good taste, and exactly twenty people were there. Caleb was with the pallbearers—had he been to Boston?—and except for Hope and Aunt Elinor the others must be from the union. The service was mercifully brief, three cars followed the hearse to the cemetery, and with Aunt Elinor's hand on her arm Hope stood beside the grave and watched the coffin lowered into it.

She reached blindly for Caleb when he came up and his hand steadied her. He said to Aunt Elinor, "Will you drive her car home if I walk her for a while?" Aunt Elinor would be glad to, and they turned away from the grave, strolling slowly down the exquisitely landscaped hillside where Wallisport would call it defiant of Caleb to bury Bert. Hope said, "I'm all right," and in a way she was, for agitation had become the normal thing. Caleb said, "Sure, but you

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In the unalloyed horror of that moment, nothing was clearer than that she really desired that kiss

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Caught with Our Guard Down

By Walter Davenport

Even the Army regulars, looking down their noses at the National Guard amateurs, have to admit they are two thirds of our "Initial Protective Force." In double-quick time they'll be ready and willing to fight, too—but with what nobody knows. They have only a handful of guns and equipment and in the whole Guard there is but one honestly mechanized unit. Even Holland was better fixed for defense

DOWN Main Street again comes the National Guard. They're pale, perhaps, but it's sunlight they lack, not valor. They're on the scrawny side, but wait a few weeks. Their hats seem too big and their uniforms too small, but that's because they don't know how to wear them. After a month or so in camp they'll mend all that. They are short of the stride and shy of the swing that marks the old soldier, but what do you want? They're clerks and salesmen, bakers and bookkeepers; they're boys out of high school and bellhops and what not.

They're what the brass-and-leather General Staff of the United States Army solemnly calls sixty per cent of our Initial Protective Force. And in that youthfully awkward column stumping down Main Street there are kids who don't know a right flank from a right turn. Give them time, give them time and they'll tell Hitler how to run a blitzkrieg.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they'll be on their way to a Texas town to live by the bugle, to sleep under canvas, to learn discipline by the numbers, how to kill by machinery. Suddenly they're men. That queer something that gets into a man when the uniform's on has straightened their backs and squared their shoulders. Already their eyes are clearer because they're looking toward something they never believed they'd see. You see for yourself—the kid from the farm, the factory, the WPA. A new and resolute glower on his clerkish face, a pack on his back, a couple of beers in his belly, a Testament and four chocolate bars in his pockets. Well, he's ready to march off to war or whatever.

He's less prepared than his old man who marched off like this in 1917. Almost half a million guys like the old man went off then in the National Guard. Two out of every five divisions we sent to France to make the world safe for democracy were militia kids like this. The overwhelming majority of them saw active service in the actual firing line with what the General Staff's writers of militarese call "some expenditure of personnel." Of the nearly forty thousand Yanks killed outright, they furnished a third.

And when they marched off twenty-three years ago they were unprepared—soft as flounders, underarmed, innocently proud of antique weapons and blissfully ignorant of anything better. The kids on Main Street now, the kids who may be jerked tomorrow out of their jobs and classrooms to be hammered into warrior men, are even less prepared. In the past few months even the General Staff has been throwing away their textbooks—almost throwing up their hands. When the old man went to war it was all man power. Napoleon stuff. But war has become wheels and gears, wings and gasoline, bombs and shells that make the First World War little-boy stuff.

And don't forget—out of those armory warehouses of amateur soldiers is coming sixty per cent of our Initial Protective Force. They've got to be good. What we're going to arm these militiamen with nobody knows. There are 251,000 of them, men and officers. Starting this minute, eastern daylight saving time, it will take a year and maybe two to equip these militiamen that they might be something more than a wide-open target for an up-to-date enemy. Maybe they don't know it and you may be sure they don't give a damn. It would take that long to fix up our regulars with weapons that would give the invader pause. And if the day should come when the General Staff's M-Day mobilization of all the country's youth is the law of the land—heaven knows what we'll do. That would mean 4,800,000 more kids to arm. And ten million more to come. And in all our Initial Protective Force today—the militia you see there on Main Street and the regulars scattered far and wide in Army posts—there's but one honestly mechanized fighting unit. It's a mere brigade, a third of a division. Even Holland was better off than that.

There are eighteen divisions of this National Guard of ours. They're scattered helter-skelter from Walla Walla to Key West. Later on we'll sketch out for you what they're lacking. But for the moment be satisfied with the hollow voice of General Marshall, the Army's Chief of Staff. "National Guard Divisions are now tied immobile to the ground. They cannot maneuver as divisions. They cannot take the field as such. And yet they are a part of the Initial Protective Force which we must be able to move in an emergency."

Tomorrow They'll Be Heroes

Yesterday the regulars looked down their military noses at these Main Street grenadiers. Yesterday, before the fear began to sour your stomach, you laughed as you talked of tin soldiers and postgraduate boy scouts. You'll not laugh now. You'll be loading them with gifts and food and knitting them woollies and writing them mash notes. And the regulars will be telling the editors what remarkable lads these tenderfeet are.

What was it that the valorous Mussolini called them? Oh, yes—"Playboys who specialize in picnics." And not that Little Caesar was altogether wrong. For years they drilled but forty-eight periods a year exclusive of summer encampments. As often as not the periods were less than an hour each. Of late they've been drilling sixty hours a year and their summer picnics lasted three weeks instead of two.

If the dauntless Duce wants a real laugh he should know that each militiaman costs the federal government the crushing sum of $206 a year—in peacetime. With this they give him two uniforms—one for summer and the other for the winter. It arms him with such weapons as the Army may have to spare, leaving him virtually unarmed. It pays a part of his expenses when he's on maneuvers with the regulars, making the regulars laugh or curse as the mood is on them.

Certain states contribute more or less generously to the militia's maintenance, but others starve him. The National Guard Bureau of the General Staff refuses to specify, but high among the reasons why they've not been able to drag the militia off the lower rungs of the efficiency ladder is the persistent refusal of states to co-operate with the Army chieftains. Regular Army officers are detailed to the Guard as drill and tactics instructors. They report increasing wonder that the amateurs survive the discouragement poured upon them by their state governments. And yet there are hundreds of instances where the militia spirit has been so keen that individual members have paid their own expenses of membership. In times like these, however, the lads get smiles. New Jersey, for example, has just appropriated an extra $425,000 to mend the seat of its militia's britches.

Tradition is about the only thing that has held the National Guard together anyway. In the less populous states it is numerically unimpressive. Delaware, for example, has but 900 militiamen. They'd be shuffled into the 44th Division along with some from New Jersey, some Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers. Ne-

INTERNATIONAL

The National Guard goes over the top, each man armed to the teeth with an old-style Army rifle and earnest if awkward determination. Below, a little entertainment as the 245th Coast Artillery, N. G., takes the subway to Fort Hancock

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INTERNATIONAL

Here the 245th Coast Artillery gets down to serious business, with work clothes replacing uniforms as they prepare to load one of the big coast-defense guns at Fort Hancock, N. J.

INTERNATIONAL

Battery C of the 16th U. S. Field Artillery brings up its guns—with horses

vada's contribution at the moment is 291 and they'll struggle along in the 45th Division. North Dakota has 1,300 men for the 34th Division and New Mexico offers a thousand to the 45th. The big contributors are New York, Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Texas, Michigan and Wisconsin, which is as it should be.

Any time Mr. Roosevelt wants them and if Congress lets him he has only to issue the order. The General Staff has their training camps selected. It's going to cost a lot of money to mobilize them and the General Staff wants it understood that any such turnout can't be blamed on them. Merely to provide the uniforms the Guard would need to clothe them for active service would cost $5,000,000, and that doesn't include overcoats or blankets. Before the militiamen got to camp that five million dollars would look like the kitty in a high-school poker game. For about a billion dollars the National Guard could be put into fairly adequate fighting shape. And after that the real expense would start. A real war today would cost us about ten times what we had to pay for our part in that 1918 shenanigan.

Here's Where You'll Go

But if you're mobilized, lads, here's where you'll go for hardening. The 26th and the 43d Divisions (Massachusetts and Connecticut) will go to Camp Jackson, South Carolina. The 27th and 44th (New York, New Jersey, Delaware and increments from Pennsylvania and Maryland) to Camp McClellan, Alabama, and Chickamauga, Georgia. The 28th and 29th (Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland) to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, and Fort Eustis, Virginia. The 30th and 31st (Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana) to Fort Benning, Georgia, and Camp Blanding, Florida. The 37th and 38th (Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and West Virginia) to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and Fort Knox, Kentucky. The 32d and 33d (Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois) to San Antonio, Texas, and Fort Clark, Texas. The 34th and 35th (the Dakotas, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas) to Fort Huachuca, Arizona, and Fort Bliss, Texas.

The 36th and 45th (Texas, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona) to Camp Hulen and the San Antonio area, Texas. The 40th and 41st (California, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana) to Camp Merriam and Camp Lewis, California.

And if that happens, you militiamen may as well reconcile yourselves to a lot of changes. You'll probably be triangularized—if there's time. You're going to lose quite a few of your officers, particularly the older line officers who can't take it physically, to make room for sprightly young field marshals from the Reserve Officers' Training Schools and the Citizens' Military Training Schools. There are 60,000 or so of these gentlemen. However, the great majority of this officer material will be saved against the day of conscription—M-Day. But there'll be no Officers' Training Schools as there were in 1917 and 1918. If you go in as a private your chances of emerging a field marshal will be slim and you ought to be glad of it.

You'll get no favors even if Uncle Dan's your congressman. The chances are high that the United States will follow desperate England's example and draft everything in sight from money to monkey wrenches.

What kind of fighting the National Guard will be asked to do will depend on where the fight's held. If the Fighting Ghost of Berchtesgaden gets away with what he's mapped out for himself in Europe and doesn't emerge punch drunk, he may decide to pursue his luck on this side of the Atlantic. As the General Staff and almost everybody else knows, there's no telling what evil tidings Mr. Hitler may have on his mind. He'll probably pay no attention to this bit of advice but we hope he'll be satisfied where he is and be glad it's no worse.

It gets you nowhere in particular to enumerate the equipment shortcomings of the National Guard. If they're mobilized you'll see. If you were to

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"When you report this conversation to him tell him I do not fear him any longer," she said

Occupation : Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

ROLF BLAERCHEN and Paul Lesser start a night club, the Krokodil, in Berlin. They employ Carola Dirling, a singer, and Karl Dietrich, a comedian, whose appeal to the public is so strong that the venture is soon a success.

Blaerchen, a Nazi, and Lesser both fall in love with Carola. Lesser wins her, marries her. Then, sent to Warsaw on a mysterious "government" mission, he writes to her and tells her that he does not trust Blaerchen—that he fears he is to be murdered. A short time later, Carola is notified that he has been killed in an automobile accident. She leaves Berlin at once—at about the same time that Karl Dietrich, who has offended the Nazis with his jibes at certain officials, is arrested and sent to a concentration camp.

Three years later, Carola is in Rome when she is approached by a Nazi agent, who informs her that Blaerchen (now a power in the German Foreign Office) has a job for her. He tells her brutally that she must return to Berlin, or else—

Realizing that she will be in peril if she remains in pro-Nazi Italy, she goes to Berlin, reports to Blaerchen, who asks her to lunch with him the following day. Then, at the Krokodil, she encounters Karl Dietrich. Karl, who has just been released from the concentration camp, does not tell her of his misfortunes. They agree to meet for luncheon two days later.

The next day, Blaerchen (now exceedingly prosperous) sends a car for her. She is driven to his beautiful country estate (taken from some wealthy exile) near Berlin. There he greets her, makes clumsy advances. Carola, on guard, asks for information concerning her job. Blaerchen smiles, makes a cryptic reference to "Occupation: Widow." Carola is puzzled. Blaerchen will tell her little other than that she will be expected to accept every invitation she receives, meet all the people she can. And he insists on showing her the estate.

Sizing up her host, as they walk along, Carola thinks that his might be the attitude of an employer; or it might, also, be that of a man who has caught something pleasant and desirable in a clever trap!

II

IN THE late afternoon, after lunch with Blaerchen, Carola sat in her apartment, glad to be alone, freed from the need for pretense. Winter darkness was coming swiftly. As the light dimmed in her deep-set eyes, uneasiness settled on her like a shrinking garment. It tightened as she recalled Blaerchen's vagueness about her work, the touch of his hand, the casually assumed intimacy in his voice. For the hundredth time she told herself that she had had no choice in Rome but to return, that attempting to discover the truth about Paul's death was a real and worthwhile objective. If that were so, then she could endure this cold, lonely and frightening Berlin.

Yet, on every side she was closed in: leaving Blaerchen this afternoon, she had left like a prisoner reaching out and, for the first time, touching the nearness of cold stone walls. The careful thoughtfulness of the man who met her at the train on the first morning might well have been a warden's meticulous attention to a new arrival. Even Blaerchen's order not to see Karl was an instance of restraint. Carola would have liked to see him, to offer sympathy and any help that she could. If he had come out of the concentration camp with hatred, then she might find him a friend when she needed a friend. Yet it would be unwise to disobey Blaerchen. She wrote Karl at once and broke the luncheon engagement.

To shake off her mood she changed from the black crepe dress to her gray flannel suit. In the mirror she looked so young, but with unhappiness set so firmly on her face that she laughed and applied a powder puff viciously as if that would change her expression. Then she put on a little black hat, moving it to an impudent angle and revealing a line of golden hair.

A gray tweed coat completed her boyish appearance. Hands in her pockets, she swaggered a few steps before her mirror. After all, the sense of constant constraint could be the product of loneliness in a lonely city. Nobody was hindering her from going out whenever she wished, from going wherever she chose. To prove it to herself, she left the apartment hurriedly. Fear, so real a few minutes before, seemed ridiculous in the cold, clear air outside.

As she came to the street she saw a man standing near the doorway. Her fears returned with the premonition that he was there to watch her. She walked along for a hundred feet, then looked back. The man was following. She stood still, frightened, but not convinced that an imagined danger could be so quickly real. Then the man turned around. A moment later a large, stout woman came from a doorway and joined him. They walked off in an opposite direction, like any respectable middle-aged German couple taking the air.

That, Carola told herself firmly, was enough imagination for the day! She walked on, insisting to herself that she could be less worried if she made the effort.

On Kurfürstendamm the cold east wind of winter moved the crowds quickly. Music from the cafés floated lightly on the street; that was as it used to be, in this gayest part of Berlin. The absence of traffic noises, the scarcity of automobiles because of gasoline rationing, the way that passers-by pulled even tighter their thin coats around them—this was something new, this was part of wartime Berlin.

As Carola passed Café Buda she remembered the time when Paul and Blaerchen and Karl, too, used to gather around the large table in the rear. If Karl was visiting any of his old haunts he would be sure to come here. If she were to happen on him by accident, Blaerchen could not criticize her for that. She entered the café. At first glance nothing had changed; the past three years and the war months might well have been stopped at the door. The same little orchestra was playing the same music, the same sort of people were at the tables, the same sound of conversation splattered on all sides, and the same stout proprietor, Herr Hoynig, was standing near the door, a cross between a brooding hen and a traffic policeman.

Then Carola saw one thing changed: the large table at the rear was occupied by strangers.

Hoynig came to her at once: "Fräulein Dirling! It's like old times seeing you here."

"*Danke schoen!*" She smiled as she followed him to a table. War rations had not cut into his waistline. She lis-

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tened to his chatter, then asked casually, "Do any of my old friends come here?"

"Very seldom," Hoynig said sadly.

"You haven't seen Karl Dietrich, for instance?" The question sounded as if she were making conversation.

Hoynig frowned and hesitated. "No, he doesn't come here."

It was just as well not to find him. Hoynig's manner was suspicious and he would probably have reported any such meeting. She had to remind herself that in this Berlin one could not be too careful; any café employee might be working for the Gestapo. As she sat drinking very bad imitation coffee, she wondered whether the feeling of restraint was just the inevitable reflection of a whole nation in restraint. Eighty million people and scarcely two who trusted each other!

THE little orchestra turned from a waltz to a tango, one of those old German tangos played by two violins and an accordion, that were popular in 1930. People could bathe in nostalgia in that music.

"Fräulein Dirling?"

Carola turned nervously. She saw a strongly built woman, in her late twenties, with a dark, almost tropical face. She wore black. Around her neck soft silver fox made her face look stouter.

"I am Senta Mainescu. You'll excuse my speaking to you?"

"Won't you sit down?"

"I scarcely believed my eyes! I used to see you so often at the Krokodil and I heard you had left Berlin."

"I have recently returned," Carola said cautiously. Trust no one! There was something unusual in this woman's eagerness.

"It's just by chance that we never met before," Senta said. "I used to know so many of your friends at the Krokodil." She named a half-dozen entertainers. "And I knew Rolf Blaerchen, too."

Carola did not comment on that although she felt that she was supposed to. The woman spoke German with an unfamiliar accent that Carola could not place. "You aren't German?"

"I'm Rumanian." Then she continued, "Your departure from Berlin was a loss. We missed your singing."

"Thank you very much."

"I knew of your husband's death. I felt so sorry. If you'll pardon me, you never remarried?"

"No." Carola was annoyed at that curiosity.

"I don't suppose you'll return to the Krokodil?"

"No." Carola was more annoyed.

"The whole crowd is broken up," Senta said regretfully. "I don't see any of them any more. Do you?"

"No, none of them." Carola buttoned her coat, ready to leave. She would answer no more questions.

Then, like a lonely woman, Mlle. Mainescu said, "I'd love to talk to you about old times. May I call on you some day?"

"Some day," Carola said vaguely.

The woman insisted on having her address and telephone number.

Carola walked home slowly.

WHEN Blaerchen phoned the next morning, as he always did, Carola said, "I met a friend of yours yesterday, a Rumanian woman named Mainescu."

"Really!" He sounded as if he were pleased.

"She spoke of wanting to call."

"See her, by all means! She's charming!" There was something peculiar in his voice, as if he were trying to stifle sudden laughter. "By all means, see her!"

She began to tidy her apartment, trying to bring some air of intimacy into cold furnished rooms. The echo of Blaerchen's laughter remained — unpleasant, sardonic laughter.

The doorbell rang. A large, round-faced woman asked for her, in the accent of Bavarian speech. "Gut Tag," she said loudly. "My name is Maria Kunkle. I was told you needed a maid and housekeeper."

"Who told you?"

Maria handed a letter to Carola. It read: "I thought you might like someone to do chores for you. You will find Maria most competent. I suggest you employ her." The note was signed by Blaerchen.

Here was living proof of her fear—someone to watch every move, to listen to every telephone call, to report every word overheard. At least, there was no place here for her to sleep. The woman stood confidently, watching Carola reread the note.

"Very well," Carola nodded. "Put your things in the kitchen." . . .

After changing to a uniform, Maria said, "You have a ration card?" Then, briskly, "I'll attend to all the buying. I will get butter, coffee, meat—!"

"Where?" Carola was astounded.

"I have my secrets."

Perhaps that was why Blaerchen had sent her! Such things could not be found in stores by people without connections.

MARIA acted at once like a person taking charge. She asked for instructions, and began to rearrange the kitchen. Carola watched her, all her fears alive again. The woman had a peculiar gait—waddling best described it.

When Carola returned in the afternoon from a walk, Maria was in the living room, smiling. "Look!" In one corner of the room was a small piano.

"Where did that come from?"

An opened envelope and card were on a table. The card was signed "Rolf Blaerchen." The piano did not interest Carola at the moment. She asked coldly, "Do you usually open letters addressed to your employers?"

"No, Fräulein," Maria said, surprised, "but I thought there might be some mistake. You didn't say anything to me about expecting a piano." She pointed to it. "Now you can sing, Fräulein."

Carola turned away, not answering.

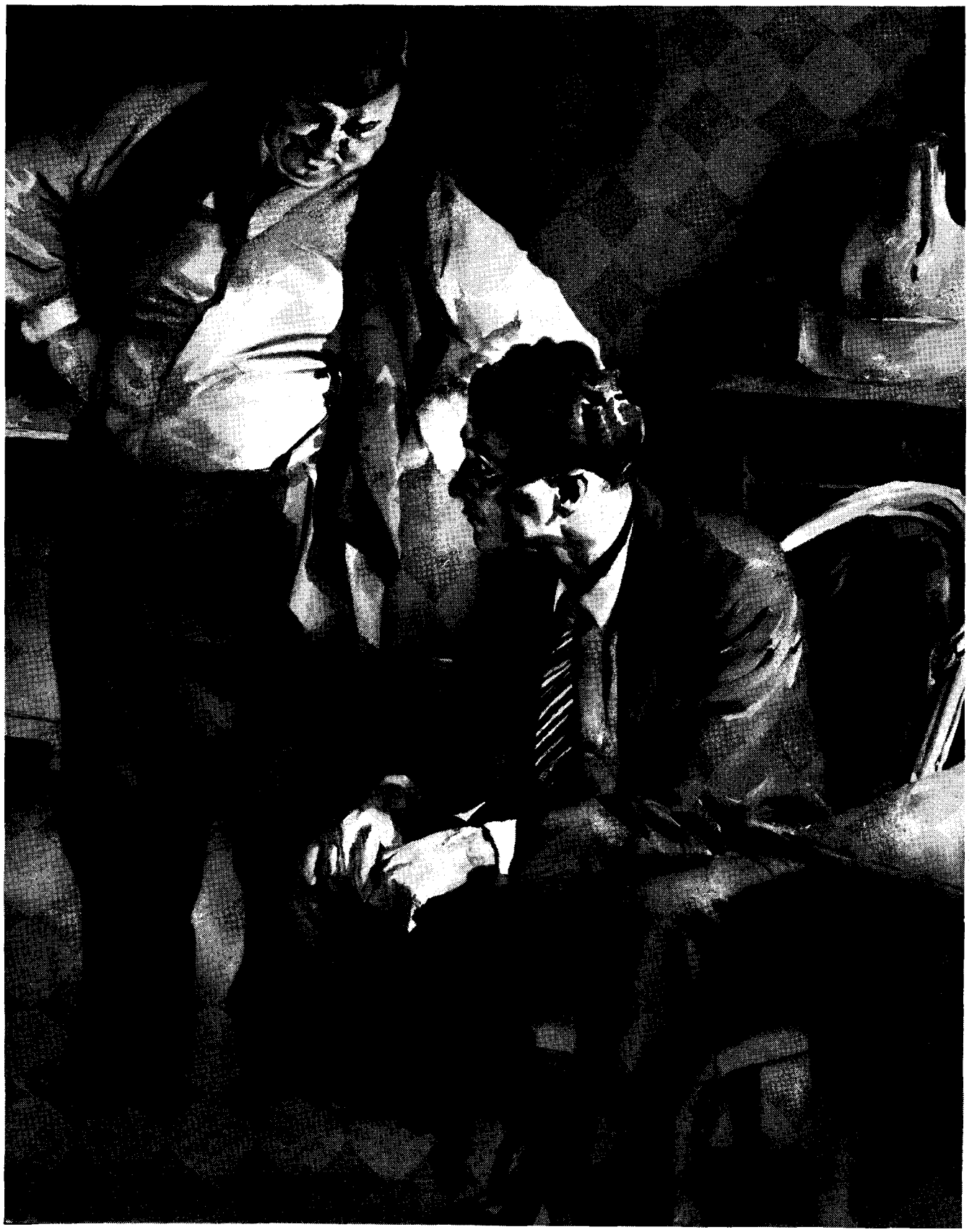
"I heard you sing once," Maria said pleasantly. "My husband brought me to hear you. My husband—his name is Fritz Kunkle—said, 'It's our fifth wedding anniversary,' he said, 'and we'll celebrate.' So he said the best place was the Krokodil and he took me there."

Carola was suspicious of the woman's attempt to be friendly.

"My husband's in the army now, but not at the front," Maria smiled. "He's a cook in a barracks at Cologne."

The telephone interrupted her and

(Continued on page 38)



"Look here, Dietrich," Kreitz said, "I don't want any dirty tricks from you, understand?"

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These Our Rulers

By John T. Flynn

Sin on a mass-production basis threatens to bog down even Chicago's traditionally lusty appetites. Here's the whole unsavory picture of its gambling, vice and labor racketeering over which there sits approvingly the political machine that not only makes it possible but thrives healthily on it

ONE bright day, about a year after Mayor Edward J. Kelly received the scrolls of office as Burgomaster of Chicago, a Daily News reporter went to him with the disturbing tidings that the News had found a nest of horse-betting parlors—of all places—in Chicago. Well, you could have knocked Brother Kelly over with a feather. What? Gambling in Chicago? He would not have been more astonished if he had been told that Adolf Hitler's blitz-bombers had just landed behind the lines of Democratic headquarters over in the Morrison Hotel.

"Gambling in Chicago!" exclaimed the mayor to the reporter. "I am surprised there is any gambling in Chicago." Then with a sharper tone he cried: "And I will not countenance it."

It was not long before this that Mayor Kelly, talking to the American Legion, had said with pride: "We have purged the city of gangsters, hoodlums and racketeers. The underworld, realizing that we mean business, has moved to other places."

And now here was the mayor's own City Hall literally encircled by gambling spots; the Hall itself set like a sapphire in a cluster of bookie joints. And no one had even breathed a word of it to the mayor.

And so the question arises—do these official gentlemen in Chicago know what is going on? Or are they just giving us what Mr. Dennis Cooney—the Duke of Madison Street—calls the old razz-matazz.

The visitor to Chicago is not there very long before he becomes aware of a mysterious, shadowy power that everyone speaks about, seems to know about, but actually is unable to describe save in the foggiest terms. It is that invisible, sinister organism known as the Syndicate. Frequently it is referred to as the Capone gang. But that is not satisfactory, for Mr. Capone has not been in Chicago for eight years. It is, however, made up of the men who were what might be called department heads of the old Capone mob—but how changed! It does not ride the highways, throw pineapples, spray machine-gun bullets, bomb homes, murder cops. It doesn't have to.

They Streamlined the Rackets

By the time Kelly became mayor the old gang wars were over. There reigned in Chicago what might be called the Pax Caponeum. That is to say, by a process of elimination nobody was left to contest the supremacy of the Capone mob. The elimination involved some 550 murders in ten years.

Of course the Capones did not do all the killing. There were a number of gangs. They blazed away at one another for ten years, cutting down the competition, eliminating unfair trade practices, delimiting spheres of influence, slowly, but surely, introducing order into that great basic industry of vice in Chicago. By 1933, when the dry era ended, peace had descended on the city—all of the Capone rivals were in heaven or in jail or in other towns or were bums.

Today the Capones are men of different mold. There is gray hair at the temples. Some are bald. An air of sobriety and, in cases, respectability encompasses them. Some of them go to church. They do not appear at first nights or in gaudy night clubs in evening clothes surrounded by bodyguards in Tuxedos. They go to the office during the day; at night they go to their homes, sit in their slippers, read the afternoon papers and wonder what this dreadful world is coming to.

They are in business—all sorts of business. They will sell you firewater or groceries for your home or your bar. They will organize and operate your labor union. They will sell you a drink, a set of dice, a fresh didie for the baby, a bookie bet or a girl.

They have streamlined the racket. It is now a well-organized department store of vice—commercial vice. And they now enjoy the most cordial relationships with powerful figures in the great Kelly-Nash machine. That great party is organized to fight for "Roosevelt and Humanity," as it proclaims, and Humanity has to have its fun. All work and no fun makes Humanity a dull boy.

The machine furnishes the work to fifty or sixty thousand of Humanity and the Syndicate furnishes fun to the balance.

The great problem of Chicago is this invisible alliance between the rulers of the Upper and the Under World.

The Police Do Some Shooting

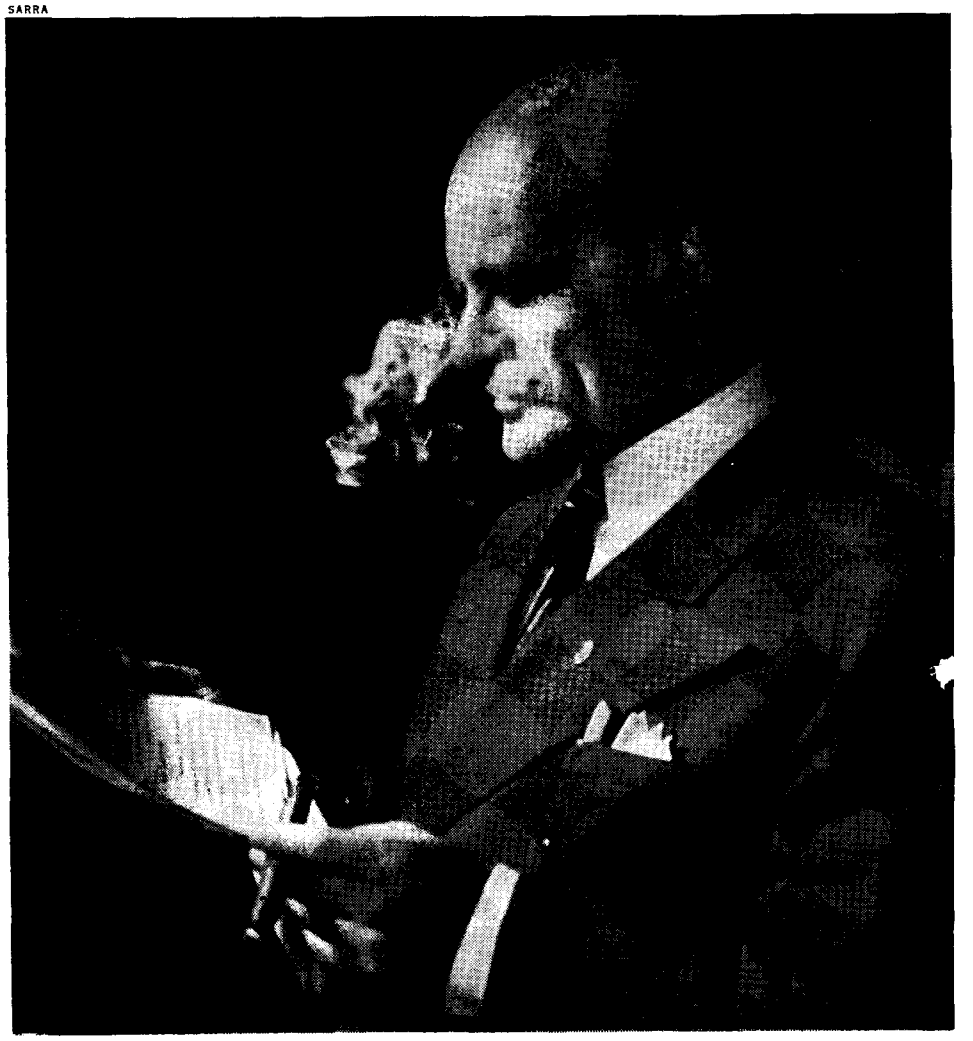
On December 19, 1932, Detective Sergeant Harry Lang, accompanied by two other officers, walked into the headquarters of the Capone gang at 221 N. LaSalle Street. Capone was in jail, but Frank Nitti, his cousin, known as the Enforcer, was looked upon as the generalissimo of the Syndicate. Nitti had not long before finished serving a sentence in Leavenworth. It was afternoon and Nitti was in the LaSalle Street G.H.Q. when Detective Lang walked in. Lang was the bodyguard of Mayor Anton Cermak. He was sent there by the mayor, he said later, to arrest Nitti, because the mayor believed that Nitti had imported Louis (Little New York) Campagna to kill him. Whatever happened, Lang blazed away at Nitti. His bullet brought the gangster to his knees. Nitti was taken to a hospital, fatally shot, it was supposed. Lang, with a bullet wound in his finger, was also sent to a hospital. Lang said he had fired in self-defense because the gang boss resisted arrest. Nitti recovered and was indicted.

This incident was taken at first as merely one phase of an effort by Mayor Anton Cermak to rid Chicago of the gangsters. There does not seem to be any doubt that Cermak had told various persons he was going to drive the Greaseballs out of Cook County. "Greaseballs" was a term of disparagement applied by the underworld to the Capones. But along that restless whispering gallery—the Loop—certain wise persons began to ask questions. Was Cermak driving the gangs out of Chicago, or just pushing the Capones out to make room for more favored operators?

In good time Nitti was brought to court for trial. The witnesses against him were Lang and his fellow officers. It looked like another ride for the Enforcer. Then swiftly the trial exploded in the most extraordinary manner. The prisoner became the accuser; the accuser became the prisoner. Very quickly it developed that Nitti was unarmed the day he was shot. One of Lang's fellow raiding officers testified that "only one gun was fired and that was Lang's." Then who shot Lang in the finger? "He must have shot himself," said this officer. This knocked the prosecutor back on his heels. When Lang, the accuser, took the stand, he said he had shot Nitti in self-defense and then refused to answer any more questions on the ground that *he might incriminate himself*. That bowled the prosecutor over so completely that he dropped the case against Nitti. The Grand Jury then indicted

Horse players studying form charts in a bookie parlor. There are over 100 such places surrounding the Chicago City Hall

SARRA



Jake Arvey, No. 3 Kelly-Nash boss. Police Captain Thomas Harrison explained a $10,000 mortgage on his expensive home by saying it had been arranged for him by Arvey

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CHICAGO TIMES

Owners of the political machine that has engulfed Chicago are County Chairman Pat Nash and Mayor Edward F. Kelly

Lang for assault with intent to kill. He was tried and convicted. But he got a new trial and numerous continuances until the case was allowed to die. He was dismissed from the force.

Chicago is used to assassinations. But here was a new one—the police assassinating a gangster. The man biting the dog. And why? Why did the mayor's personal bodyguard want to kill Nitti? Lang was one of the closest men to the mayor and, though a mere detective sergeant, lived in luxury, packed a heavy roll of "frogskins" and, it is said, handled some of the mayor's most intimate money transactions.

Strange stories floated around Chicago. One was that Mayor Cermak was loosening the grip of the Capone mob on the gambling racket on the North Side as a starter in order to put the area under the "protection" of Ted Newberry, a former Capone lieutenant. Another was that Newberry had paid Lang to rub out Nitti.

Along the whispering gallery the wise guys said that the Capones would have to get Newberry. Certainly somebody did three weeks later. His body was found beside the road. And three weeks after that, the whole city of Chicago was making a martyr's holiday over the body of Anton Cermak, slain in Miami by an assassin's bullet intended for President Roosevelt. The wise guys said Zangara, the assassin, was a Capone stooge. But the evidence is all against that.

However, that was the last chapter in the local war against the Capone Syndicate. The new Kelly-Nash machine rose to power. The booze era closed. One by one the Capone gang filtered back into Chicago. And very soon order prevailed in the Loop—the Pax Caponeum was over all.

The precise and intricate relationship of the invisible powers that rule gambling in Chicago are a little confused. The Capone Syndicate is supreme in the Loop and, of course, in Cicero and other outlying places. But there is another syndicate—the Johnson-Skidmore Syndicate. The exact mechanism through which these two machines mesh is not at all clear. But between them both this gambling racket is the richest prize in Chicago.

Mr. Johnson Gets Along

Consider Mr. William R. Johnson. He is perhaps Chicago's premier gambling magnate. Quiet, with that tranquil dignity of the Monte Carlo croupier, with a touch even of the spiritual in his countenance, he is the precise opposite of the brash mobster-businessman of the Guzik type or the meaty, Tammany ward-leader type of his partner, Billy Skidmore, the eminent junkman. Mr. Johnson's home is the lovely Glen Ellyn estate where he lives in the style of a rich English squire. He operates twenty-six gambling rendezvous, some of them palaces like, for instance, the vast Bon-Air Club in an adjoining county.

Mr. Johnson enjoys a high reputation in Chicago. The only thing against his name is his profession, his tax evasion and the fix. But heavens! When was large-scale tax evasion and a bit of bribery a mortal sin in Chicago? And as for gambling, what is wrong with gambling?

And he made, last year, according to our Uncle Sam's auditors, over $900,000. Which is a tidy profit for a purely local enterprise. He has been indicted by the government—and various others with him—for assisting him in evading another $1,877,000 in income taxes.

The government says that Mr. Johnson operated twenty-six places, many of them run by managers who posed as the owners. They made income-tax returns as such, thus getting the benefit of a very much lower rate than if the profits of all the places were lumped and returned as a single income. Millions flow through the hands of these men—checks by the thousands, many of them involving transactions never intended for the light of day. And so, says Uncle Sam, they maintained a currency exchange—a sort of bank—through which these checks could clear more or less anonymously. It's business—big business, business involving millions—and business very strictly against the laws of Illinois and Chicago.

There is in Chicago a section that all the world knows as the Loop. It is that small collection of blocks that lie, generally speaking, within the arms of the old elevated structure that circles around them. It is the very heart of the city—including its big banks, the Board of Trade, the great stores, the big downtown hotels, the great skyscrapers, bars, theaters, night clubs—only a patch on that vast metropolis, but hot with its most highly concentrated energies. There in that Loop is where the Syndicate—the dreaded Capone Camorra—holds sway. And in that little group of city blocks I counted some 110 bookie joints, gambling spots and betting commissioners.

You've Got to See Skidmore

In the Loop these places were operated by such distinguished Capone generals as Jack Guzik, Frank (Chew Tobacco) Ryan, Hymie (Loud Mouth) Levin, Harry (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, Frank Diamond, (Capone's brother-in-law), Charles and Rocco Fishetti, his cousins, Louis (Little New York) Campagna, Eddie (Dutch) Vogel, slot-machine czar, Rocky de Grazio and their colleagues in the Syndicate.

Throughout the city, outside the Loop, there were some eight hundred more bookie joints operated by so-called "independents."

Now, obviously, this is no small business. The take is enormous. And it is utterly and flagrantly against the law. And the big question is—who permits it? To come to the point, in short, who is protecting them?

Of course there is Mr. Billy Skidmore. Like Moe Rosenberg, Skid runs a junk yard out on Kedzie Avenue. If you wish to open a bookie joint in Chicago—or a policy wheel, or a crap, blackjack and roulette parlor—you select your loca-

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Nickel Empire

Continued from page 12

high above the Island up into the blue sky and it's thrilling because there's nothing much between you and the ground and that's the cue for your gal to tighten her grip on your arm and for you to soothe her with brave, manly words. Of course it's as safe as a baby's cradle.

Now the Wonder Wheel in many ways is a symbol. It is the first bit of America immigrants see when they come to this country. Even from Ambrose Lightship eighteen miles out to sea you can see the Wonder Wheel, before you see the land line and long before you see the skyscrapers of New York. It dominates Coney Island, and it's a brave sight silhouetted against the dawn.

But let's pass the big wheel and walk down Surf Avenue to Steeplechase, where a visitor can buy a fifty-cent combination ticket for each member of his family, enter the gate and emerge a bit dazed and with aching feet eight hours later without having had to spend another cent. It is a big place, five acres of hardwood floor under a high-vaulted ceiling of glass and steel.

Steeplechase is owned by the first family of Coney Island, the Tilyous. It was built back in 1898 by George C. Tilyou whose father, a French Huguenot, was one of the Island's earliest pioneers.

By 1907 his Steeplechase was nationally known. There was nothing subtle about the fun at Steeplechase. A clown touched you with an electric wand, a floor began billowing under your startled feet, a puff of cold air sent your hat sailing or your skirts flying—that's Steeplechase fun, 1900 and 1940 vintage. There are all sorts of rides just as there were in 1907 when the big fire came to destroy the whole enterprise.

The Fence Stayed Green

Frank Tilyou is one of the three sons of George Tilyou now running the business. Frank likes to tell of how his father refused to accept the doleful verdict that he was ruined by the fire that came just two days before a big holiday. Tilyou kept men working for two days and two nights building a flimsy fence around the still smoldering structure. Then he put up signs that read, "Ten cents to see the greatest fire ruin in history." He did a tremendous business.

Then the sprawling gaudiness of the brand-new Steeplechase emerged. It took a year to build. Workmen were just ready to paint the outside fence, the last part of the job. It was March 17, 1908. Tilyou had told them to paint it blue. Then he went into the apartment in back of his office to be greeted by an unaccustomed wail.

"It's a boy," the doctor said smiling.

Tilyou stuck his head out the window and yelled, "Change that blue to green." Because young Frank arrived unexpectedly on St. Patrick's Day, the fence around Steeplechase is a bright green. Frank, Ed and George Jr. now run Steeplechase and it is their proud boast that there is always at least one Tilyou in the building.

Luna Park, Coney Island's other big amusement center, also fronts on Surf Avenue. Founded by Frederic Thompson and Elmer S. Dundy in 1903, it covers 50 acres. Once this whole area was seething with boisterous crowds bent on having fun, but the past three years found Luna Park only a shadow of its former self. Gone were the gay throngs, the noise and excitement. But this summer a completely streamlined and reconditioned park awaits you behind its glittering façade.

Once more people will be standing in line to ride down Coney Island's only Chute the Chutes, the speedy toboggan that spills you into Luna Park lake. And with all the other "thrillers" in operation and new entertainment novelties the old carnival spirit and past popularity of Luna ought to be restored.

Feltman's is the place where you can get a hamburger and a gardenia for a dime. In Coney Island parlance, it might be added, a gardenia is a large slice of onion. Feltman's, perhaps quite truthfully advertised as the world's largest restaurant, was founded upon three things: shrewd German common sense, an act of God and a frankfurter. The common sense and the frankfurter were brought to Coney Island by a German baker named Charles Feltman in 1860. He opened a restaurant on a plot 200x150. One fine day a storm arose and when it had subsided some days later, Feltman discovered that an additional 1,200 feet of land had been piled onto this plot by the obliging sea.

Charles Feltman must have been quite a man. He came to this country in 1856 as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel. Finally he gravitated to Coney Island. At that time the Island was not for the masses. Politicians, theatrical personages, underworld leaders went to the Island to relax at very high prices. Champagne was the standard Coney Island drink, and it was ten dollars a quart. Beer was fifteen cents a glass and even clams and oysters (without pearls) were expensive. Charley Feltman opened a small shack where he specialized in clam bakes and ten-cent beer. When the unmoneyed masses discovered Coney Island, Feltman's profited and soon skyrocketed to a point where it had 1,200 employees and could serve 8,000 at one sitting.

Soul-shattering rides are as common as sand at Coney Island. The roller coaster with the biggest "dip" is the Cyclone, owned and operated by George Kister and Chris Fuerst. Fuerst, who builds roller coasters, is a comparative newcomer to the Island. He arrived in 1906. Kister, a real veteran, has been there forty years.

Thrills Without Danger

"Our Cyclone is a thrilling ride," Fuerst says, "but it's a safe ride. We've never had an accident. Come along, I'll show you why."

The cars that whirl up and down the roller coaster weigh more than a thousand pounds. Their center of gravity is very low and they are heavily weighted at the bottom. After inspecting the cars it is easy to believe that they can shoot around curves at sixty miles an hour without being derailed. Safety is an important consideration at Coney Island. One accident will ruin a concession forever. The Cyclone and the other rides, for instance, are inspected each morning by employees of the concession owners and weekly by New York City inspectors.

There's Sam Wagner who has been running the World Circus Side Show for thirty-five years. He's a little unhappy now and he shakes his head dolefully as he tells you that "Coney Island isn't what it used to be. Back in the 1920's his exhibition of freaks would draw 20,000 daily. Today only a mere 10,000 troop in to see the Spider Boy, the Man with the Revolving Head, Fat Girl Laurello and the two famous pinheads (microcephalic idiots) Pipo and Zipo. But Sam can still keep the wolf away from the sand with 10,000 people paying ten cents each.

Coney Island visitors insist upon being fooled, oddly enough. This is especially true of the freak shows. Even such a fine dyed-in-the-wool attraction as the Dog-Faced Boy lost his public after four years. The next year he changed his name and dyed his whiskers. He immediately regained his popularity.

Entertainers at the various shows are all proud of the Coney Island theatrical tradition and each of them hopes that one day he or she will find the fame that so many did. They'll tell you of how Jimmy Durante used to play ragtime at the old College Inn and that he was as funny as he is now. Ted Lewis played in a band there once and Irving Berlin was a singing waiter at the Inn. Vincent Lopez got his start at Coney Island and Gallagher and Shean were an obscure act in Henderson's Music Hall. George Price was a kid star at the Island and Eva Tanguay once sang there for her supper, going on just before Marie Dressler.

Only the real old-timers will remember the Island's most famous hotel, the Coney Island House, a hostelry built 110 years ago on a sandbar. It was destroyed by fire many years ago but its register was saved and now it is in the Brooklyn Museum, mute testimony to the days when the Island was a fashionable watering place, long before it was the Nickel Empire. P. T. Barnum took Jenny Lind to dinner there the night she arrived from Sweden. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay dined there (July 11, 1850) and their names stand out boldly on the register. John C. Calhoun spent a week at the hotel and Washington Irving visited the hostelry just before he died. General Sam Houston was a visitor and he wrote of the "ocean breaking in musical cadences beneath touch of summer breezes." Herman Melville, who wrote Moby Dick, is also on the register.

It's a Big Business

But that was the Coney Island of another age. Today, on hot Sundays, Coney Island outdraws the greatest show on earth by three or four to one. By now all doubts are settled and we know that there never was a show like the World's Fair. But on a good Sunday the Fair will attract perhaps 300,000 visitors and Coney Island will play host to a million. During the summer twenty-five million of us will stream joyously into the Nickel Empire and we'll leave about thirty-five million dollars behind us.

We'll see the two largest amusement parks in the world, sixty bathhouses where half a million people can dress, seventy "ball" games, thirteen carrousels, eleven roller coasters, five tunnel rides, two wax works including the famous Eden Musee, six penny arcades, twenty shooting galleries, three freak shows, 200 eating establishments—in all more than 500 separate, comparatively small, business enterprises. If we lose a couple of our youngsters, we won't have to worry. Eighty-seven lifeguards and platoons of police are on the job looking for lambs that have strayed from their flock. Last year they returned 3,000 children of the 3,000 who were reported lost.

Yet here's a sobering thought. "No one from Coney Island was ever buried in Potter's Field," some veteran concessionaire will tell you. "For sixty years we've taken care of our own. Only two nights ago one of the freaks died and we took up a collection. We'll all be at the funeral tomorrow over at St. Andrews Church."

That's Coney Island—a nickel away from Times Square.

"It just went 'pip!' " FRANK BEAVEN

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Orchids to the hostess who discovers this really superb mayonnaise!

A superb blend of choice ingredients including Fresh Lemon Juice

NEXT TIME you want a bowlful of really elegant mayonnaise, delicately rich in flavor, beautifully smooth in texture, let Kraft make it for you! Your food shop carries a *kitchen-fresh* supply of this unusual mayonnaise of true "home-made" goodness.

Taste a little Kraft Mayonnaise, critically, just on the tip of a spoon. "What fine eggs Kraft must use"—you'll say. "What excellent salad oil and vinegar! And don't I taste, just faintly and delicately, the fresh delightful piquancy of real lemon juice?"

Everywhere women are saying that Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise is a real find. Everywhere dealers report that their most fastidious customers come back for more . . . again and again! Won't *you* try a jar . . . soon?

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KRAFT *Mayonnaise*

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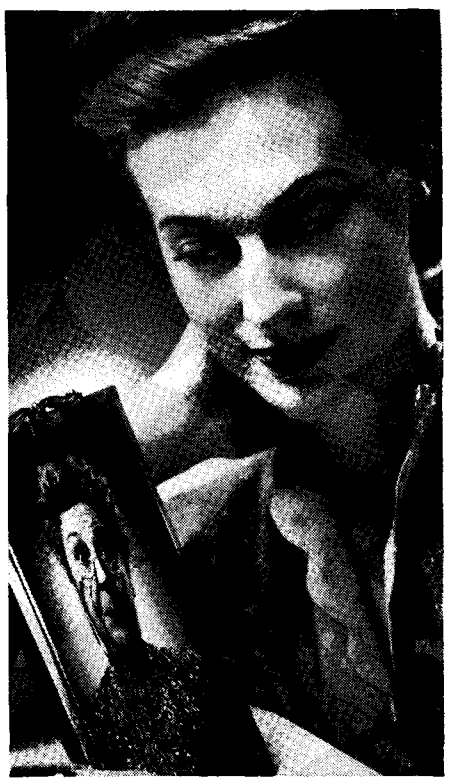
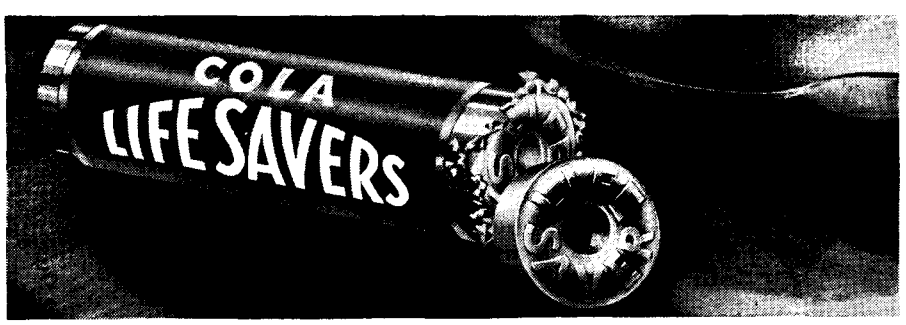


A girl with sweet breath seldom turns into a sour old maid. Keep yours sweet with PEP-O-MINTS.

Newest and one of the nicest of all LIFE SAVERS flavors is COLA. It's refreshing, zippy, wonderfully delicious.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

The Gag Man

Continued from page 10

as he came up. He had been watching her, and he was surprised that her eyes, seen unexpectedly, were sad. The little permanent crinkle of laughter at their corners went with the tilt of her chin and then you noticed the queer, deep look in her eyes.

"My daughter, Mr. Berens," Vibart said. "Didn't know you were interested in horses."

"Well, I've b-been thinking of getting a couple this spring," Tom said. That was true, anyway.

"Really?" the girl said. "Too bad Prell's colt isn't up for sale. But the Denmans have a pair: a pretty good heavyweight hunter, six years old, and a ladies' mare."

"I don't need a ladies' horse," Tom said. "I'm alone. And the hunter sounds too big."

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't know," the girl said. "But you'll be able to find what you want. Somewhere."

"Probably. Thanks," Tom said.

Vibart was looking at them, judiciously letting a thread of smoke dribble cut under his mustache. "Don't quarrel about horses," he said. "Pick something else—"

"We aren't quarreling," the girl said. "I'm coping. For the neighbors."

"Horses still surprise me," Tom said. "I come from Tacoma, Washington. I learned to ride in Hollywood." The girl didn't pay any visible attention to his defiance. "What I mean is," he tried lamely to get out of it, "they still have what the chess books call 'the vaulting movement.' You know, you start in one direction and then it's suddenly two squares to one side. Or the other way. However you start, it's always a jerk, one way or the other. Horses. Mmm. It's always a surprise."

"Chess," Vibart said, looking at him with sudden interest. "You play?"

"Not well," Tom said.

"We'll have a game some time," Vibart said. "Marjorie, Mr. Berens is our next-door neighbor, you know."

The girl looked at him with a new expression. "Oh," she said. "You're . . ."

"Yes," Tom said.

"Buying horses," Vibart said absentmindedly. "Marjorie can help you. She's a good judge." He nodded and moved off, toward a cluster of people around a dancing bay colt.

"Are you showing any of your horses today?" Tom asked the girl.

"We haven't any, just now," she said. "We used to, but we're awfully broke at the moment."

"Oh, well," Tom said, "it's a holy condition, advised by many spiritual teachers."

SHE strolled away, and after a while Tom went home again. On the way, he had an idea for a new play, a really good one—or rather, he thought of a character around which he would construct a play, which is the way that such ideas usually come. He wasn't any too clear about the character, just yet, either, except for an impression given by the way a pheasant's feather was thrust into an old felt hat; but as he pushed into a drawer the gloomy litter of papers he had been tinkering with, he thought of the title for the new play. He would call it The Wildwood Tree. He didn't know why yet, but it seemed the right title.

He had the first act nearly done before he saw the girl again. It was an April morning, and he was still so new at being a country gentleman that the singing of so many birds in his trees sounded like the too-enthusiastic sound effects of an amateur stage manager. And when he came to the fence, he saw her kneeling beside the deep brown earth of a tulip border.

"Good morning," he said, quite casually.

She looked up and nodded absentmindedly.

"Hello," she said. "Have you got your horses yet?"

"No," he said. "I took your father seriously."

She watched him calmly, her trowel upraised in one gloved hand.

"I mean," he hurried lamely, "he told me you'd help me—that is, I've been rather waiting around, thinking that perhaps you'd—"

"Oh," she said. "I'm sorry. I hadn't understood. I will."

"Will you really?" he said.

"Of course. This afternoon if you wish."

ON THE way back to the house he thought: "Gosh, I didn't know they raised real ladies any more," and he thought of several lovely professional aristocrats who could profitably trade a few ermine wraps for his glimpse of a lady with muddy knees and a trowel in her hand. And he was ready at two o'clock, when she swung her long legs over the fence and came striding across his lawn, carrying a really battered old crop.

Three hours later, as they emerged from a stable into an evening of blue dusk starred by the dim constellations of dogwood, he owned two horses. But they were curiously unimportant—although they were large and alarmingly real enough—in comparison with other things he had acquired that afternoon. The remembrance of a shining head moving competently through the stable gloom, and of a voice speaking crisply through the restless, muffled noises of clomping hoofs, and the deep, nervous breathing of horses. Those, and a picture he would never forget: the girl had a great, bright chestnut hunter sailing in a living arc across the windy spring sky above him, while he stood at the fence with the trainer. . . .

The stable had a cupola, with a clock-face dim as the ghost of a moon. He glanced back at it as they started down the long slope of turf toward his car, wondering if he could ask her to stop for a cocktail. She seemed queerly listless now, plodding along beside him in silence, as if she were leaving a little of her life behind, there. He blurted abruptly:

"Look: with both the horses, I can't—I mean, wouldn't you use the chestnut? He'll be right next door, and any time you could—that is, I think he's a little too much for me just yet, and he'll need exercise, and—and the way you rode him this afternoon, it occurred to me that . . ." Conscious that he was making a pretty bad hash of it, he broke off, floundering.

"Thank you," she said. "Perhaps. Sometime."

Something in the perfectly courteous detachment with which she spoke, now that the excitement of the horse buying was over, made him aware of what she was thinking. ". . . *But, after all . . . the ex-husband of Mona Karrow . . .*"

Holding open the car door for her, he said:

"Oh, well. Any time you want to use him. He'll be there. I won't be having much time for riding myself."

But the second act of The Wildwood Tree was finished before anything came of his invitation. The evening he wrote the last line of that difficult and tricky

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dialogue, Vibart had asked him over to play chess, and he walked across the dark lawn to the Georgian house feeling quietly pleased with himself. Because, as most people know now, that second act is one of the best in the American theater.

He found that there was no Mrs. Vibart. Marjorie and her father were sitting in the library. Once or twice, in the long, silent pauses of the game, he caught the girl watching his face with an expression—a speculative expression—which he could not read clearly in her eyes.

Vibart moved a bishop which Tom had forgotten and looked up from the board, touching his mustache with doubtful finger tips.

"Check," he murmured, "and I'm not sure, but perhaps—"

"Yes," Tom said. "It's mate. And a clever one."

Vibart looked at the combination of pieces and pushed his tobacco pouch across the table toward Tom's hand.

"I've asked your daughter to use the chestnut hunter," Tom said, filling his pipe. "He's getting sinfully fat."

Vibart turned in his chair to look at Marjorie. "Why don't you, my dear?" he asked. "I think it's what you need."

The girl put her knitting down and got up.

"All right," she said. "I will tomorrow."

After she had gone out of the room, walking with her free stride, Vibart said:

"You know. It's damned decent of you. She's been restless lately. Prowling about the house in a way that worries me. She's never shown nerves before, even when—" He broke off abruptly and glanced at Tom. But Tom watched him calmly, knowing his face was perfectly blank of any knowledge of that affair of hers, whatever it was. ". . . Nuisance," Vibart muttered obscurely.

Marjorie came back in, carrying a heavy silver tray with a siphon and glasses and a bowl of ice cubes. Watching her, while Vibart talked about gardening, Tom was struck with the quaint enchantment of a girl knitting while she sipped a highball; especially when she presently put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles to peer at the fine type in her direction book. That was so far from Hollywood. . . .

SO IT came about that at five o'clock the next evening they were riding slowly homeward, knee to knee, along a wet country lane where last winter's dead leaves lay softly under the tired hoofs of their horses. There hadn't been much chance for talk, with the way she took them over the country, across pastures and rainy hilltops and down stony roads. What little he had said to her had been panted anxiously, because he was not a good rider and even his horse was giving trouble from being too long inactive in the stable. But now the horses were tired, too, and content to walk; and the girl said suddenly:

"You must have had a . . . different kind of time in Hollywood."

"Yes. In those interior-decorated salt mines," he said.

Another evening after they had been riding she came in for a cocktail before the fireplace. The Wildwood Tree was finished by that time, and he had just come back from New York where he had signed the production contracts in his agent's office. Rehearsals were to start the second week of September. This was late August. Standing on the hearth-rug in her riding boots, she said abruptly:

"You know. Marking time like this. We aren't very good influences on each other."

STARTLED, he looked up at her. "Marking time? I hadn't thought of it as that."

"You. You have your play coming," she said.

"On the other hand, you're a very nice influence," he said. "But I'd hate to hear you call yourself one."

"Well, you're not a good influence," she said. "I should be out getting a job. Doing something."

She lifted her glass, but didn't sip. Instead, she looked at him steadily.

"Our . . . lives have been so different. It's hard for me to understand you," she said. "I can't even imagine what your life has been like."

In the way she said it, this was the closest either of them had ever come to recognizing his life with Mona—and he was suddenly appalled by the utter impossibility of ever telling this girl of the sterility, the bright emptiness of that marriage. To him, now, those months were a slightly confused impression of too-bright lights everywhere, everywhere even in his dreams at night, and of too-expensive flowers wilting too soon with the drying of their artificial dew, and of too-perfect voices saying too-clever things too damned easily.

He said dully: "But all lives are pretty much the . . . What do you mean?"

"Well," Marjorie said. "I mean—I hate the word—but I mean glamor. Damn it!"

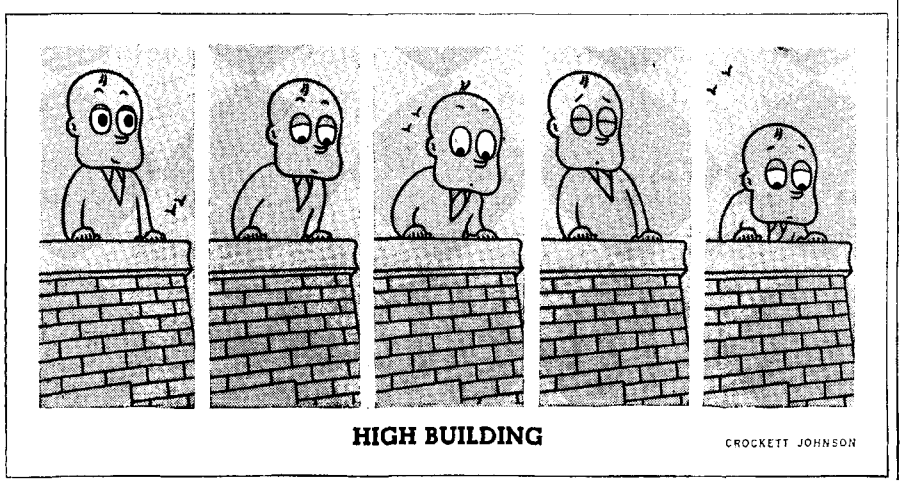
"Oh," he said, "but . . ."

But she didn't understand. Mona—Mona Karrow—was too big a name for mere glamor. Hell, a glamor girl, you made a wisecrack and she giggled, and sidled a bit, and turned out usually to be a darned nice kid.

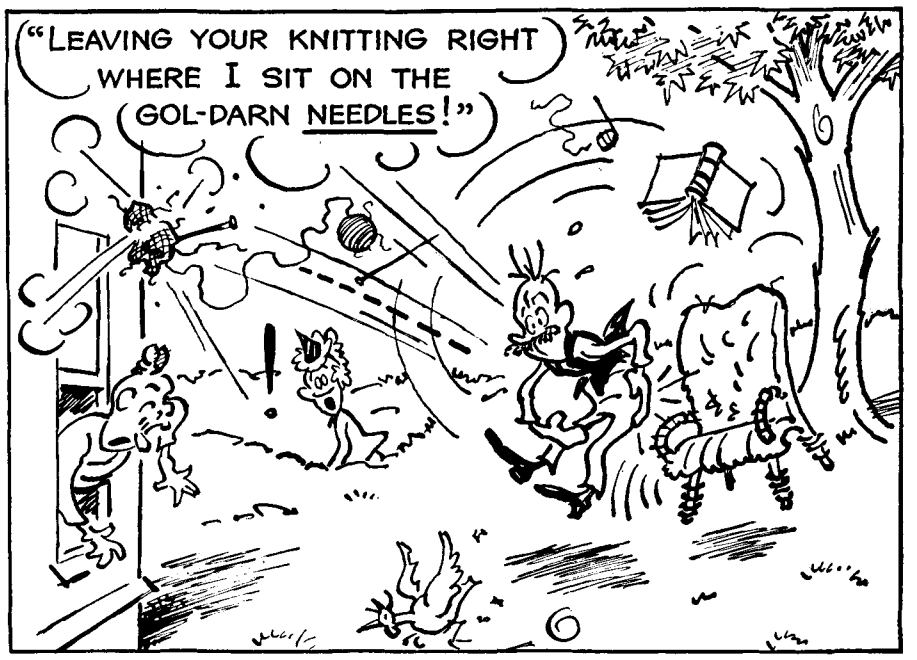
But Mona Karrow—she was so big that it was art for her to look gaunt and sad sometimes, she was so big that she was mystery and art. Trouble was, she carried over that fragile exterior, absolutely unchipped, even unto the breakfast table; and when, after months, he had suddenly realized that she had nothing, simply nothing, to say worth listening to, he threw a two-weeks glumly silent drunk in the better bars. But—he looked up aghast at Marjorie. How could he ever tell Marjorie that?

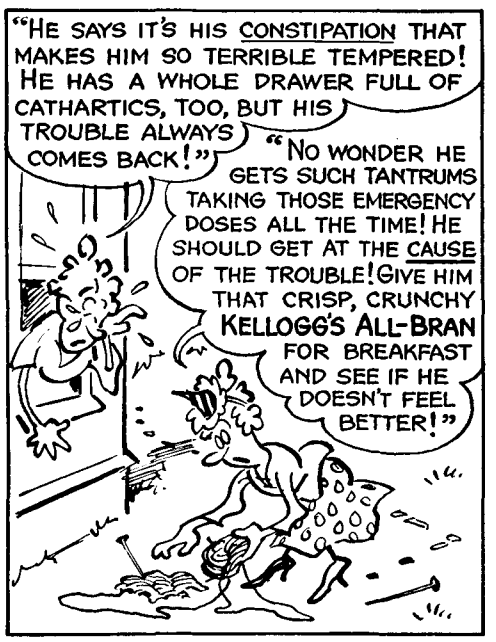
"Oh, please," he said. "I—"

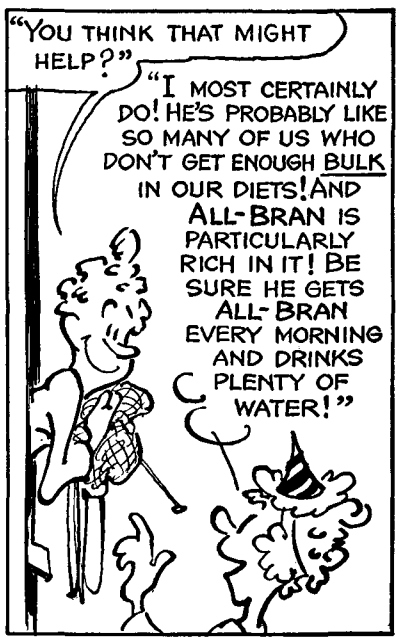
Marjorie quit looking at him and fin-

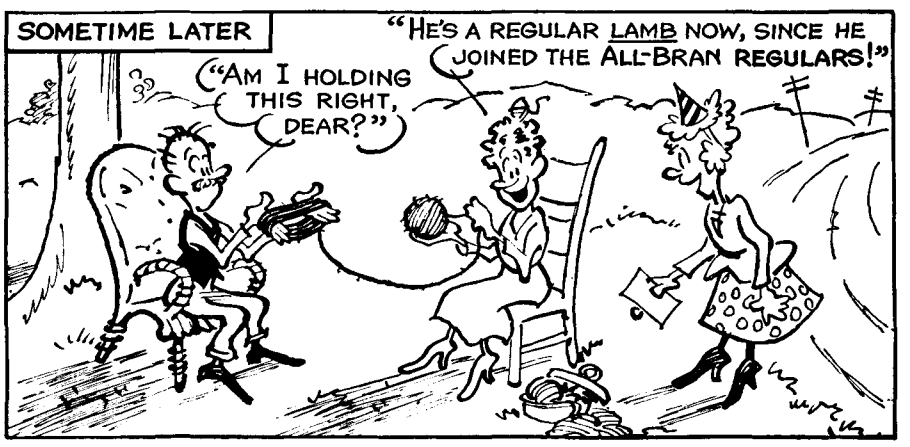


THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG —by Fontaine Fox

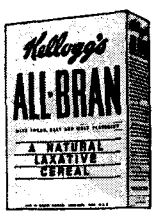



"HE SAYS IT'S HIS CONSTIPATION THAT MAKES HIM SO TERRIBLE TEMPERED! HE HAS A WHOLE DRAWER FULL OF CATHARTICS, TOO, BUT HIS TROUBLE ALWAYS COMES BACK!"
"NO WONDER HE GETS SUCH TANTRUMS TAKING THOSE EMERGENCY DOSES ALL THE TIME! HE SHOULD GET AT THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE! GIVE HIM THAT CRISP, CRUNCHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST AND SEE IF HE DOESN'T FEEL BETTER!"


"YOU THINK THAT MIGHT HELP?"
"I MOST CERTAINLY DO! HE'S PROBABLY LIKE SO MANY OF US WHO DON'T GET ENOUGH BULK IN OUR DIETS! AND ALL-BRAN IS PARTICULARLY RICH IN IT! BE SURE HE GETS ALL-BRAN EVERY MORNING AND DRINKS PLENTY OF WATER!"



WOULDN'T *you* like to avoid those dull, uncomfortable days due to constipation? And wouldn't you welcome a better way out than just "dosing up" after the damage is done? If your constipation is the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet) there *is* a better way! Go straight to the *cause* of the trouble by eating a crunchy, ready-to-eat breakfast cereal — Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter!



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Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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"I'LL BITE! How can you

Answer: He takes along beer or ale...in those easy-to-open CAP-SEALED CANS!

Listen to a reel expert!

1. "You always stow away a carton of beer when we go fishing, Ed, but how come you always get it in that same kind of can you're holding? What does a fisherman know about the difference in beer cans?"

4. "Down the hatch, Ed! Here's to the can that's a pleasure to open, and a pleasure to drink from. Remind me to stop by the store when we get in and pick up one of those handy 12-can cartons myself."

CONTINENTAL

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spot a smart fisherman?"

2. "No special tackle needed to open *this* can, Bill. These Cap-Sealed cans open with *any* opener. And you can drink right out of the can, too, from a clean, cap-protected surface."

3. "Sun's over the yardarm, Bill, and that reminds me of *two* things. First, it's time for some beer. Second, no sunlight gets into Cap-Sealed cans to rob the beer of that true brewery flavor!"

5. "All the smart fishermen aren't out in boats, skipper! Even ashore, they take along beer or ale in Cap-Sealed cans!" (P.S. For large-quantity advantages try the big *quart*-size Cap-Sealed can, too!)

Where are you going this week-end?

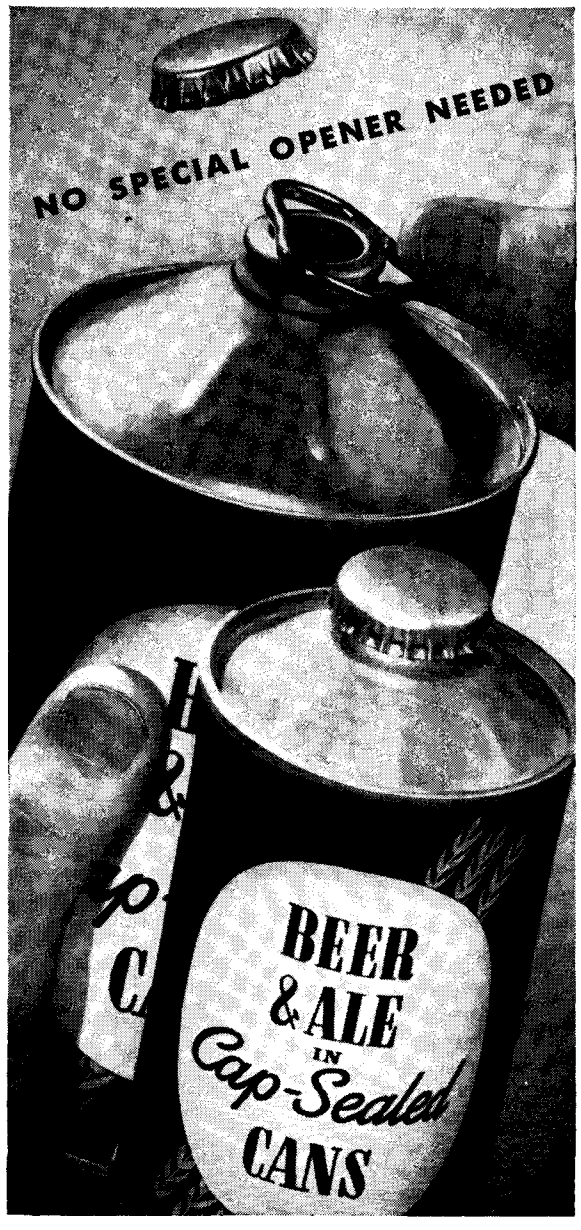
Off on a picnic? Down to the beach? Spending a couple of days at the lake? *Wherever* you go, here's a simple, 3-step recipe for having a better time!

1. Take along *beer*—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink.

2. Take along beer in *cans*—chills faster, takes less space, no deposits or returns.

3. Take along beer in *CAP-SEALED* cans—because that's the can that requires no special opener, and lets you drink right from the can, from a clean, cap-protected surface!

Cap-Sealed TRADE MARK REG



TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regulation 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32-oz.).

CAN COMPANY *New York · Chicago · San Francisco*

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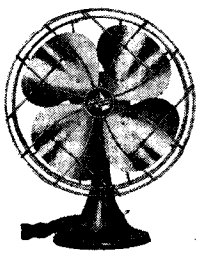
Thrifty Shoppers Everywhere are Going for

EMERSON-ELECTRIC GOLDEN JUBILEE FAN VALUES

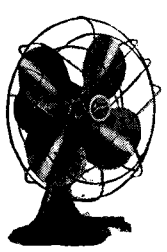
When anything creates as much excitement as have the new Emerson-Electric Fans there must be a reason. To celebrate its 50th Anniversary, Emerson-Electric offers the finest fans, the greatest *fan values* in its entire history. Join the crowd—get *your share* of the thrilling fan values that thrifty shoppers everywhere are buying.

New! EMERSON-ELECTRIC 10-Inch Oscillator

See its smart design and finish—*feel* the cooling effect of its strong breeze—*hear* how quietly it operates. Then you'll *know* why this Emerson-Electric GOLDEN JUBILEE FEATURE FAN is one of America's most talked-about fan values! 5-year guarantee.



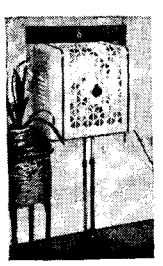
New! Popular-Priced EMERSON *Junior* Fans



The 12-Inch Oscillator pictured here sells for only $16.95! There is also a 10-inch oscillator at $9.95 and an 8-inch non-oscillator at $3.95. For fans of superb quality, smart appearance, fine performance, see these new EMERSON *Juniors!* One-year guarantee.

New Way to Cool and Ventilate *Several Rooms*

This attractive cabinet-type fan fits snugly in *any window*, and, quiet as a whisper, floods *several rooms* with cooling, refreshing breezes! For apartments, flats, small homes, stores and offices it provides summer heat-relief at *low cost*. One and two-speed models. One-year guarantee.



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ished the drinking of her cocktail.

"Late," she said. "I'm off."

He spent most of the time of rehearsals in New York, only coming up to his house in Connecticut for week ends. He saw very little of Marjorie in that time; she seemed to be awfully busy, and for the first time since he had known her she was going out a lot.

On October 9th he had a note from Mona:

"My dear:

"All my congratulations on your play. Sam Moltka told me last night that it is beautiful and strange.

"I shall be in New York on the twenty-seventh, and have already asked a number of your old friends to go to the opening with me.

"I have planned a supper for us all at Dwam's, afterward. We are all so looking forward to seeing you again—especially, your devoted, MONA."

He wired Marjorie at once:

"WILL YOU AND YOUR FATHER PLEASE SAVE THE EVENING OF OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH TO GO AND WITH ME TURN UP OUR NOSES AT THE BOOS AND HISSES WHICH WILL THAT EVENING GREET THE NEW PLAY? AFTERWARD WE CAN GO OUT AND DROWN MY SORROW AT THE ORANGE DRINK STAND AROUND THE CORNER.

"TOM BERENS."

After that, he spent the afternoon hunched in a third-row seat at the theater, trying to dope out an iron-clad but properly phrased note of refusal to Mona, while the company rehearsed.

It was noon the next day before a wire from Marjorie came up to his hotel room on his breakfast tray:

"MY FATHER AND I ARE SO SORRY BUT A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT. THANK YOU THOUGH AND GOOD LUCK WITH EVERYTHING.

"MARJORIE VIBART."

He didn't understand. Not until he had opened the morning paper to the gossip column which everyone reads:

"Mona Karrow and her X, Tom Berens, will meet again for the first time since, come the night of the 27th, when his new play, The Wildwood Tree, opens at the Davioli Theater. Her supper in his honor, at Dwam's, after the show, will be guested by a lot of the Hollywood crowd who haven't had a good gag to pass off as their own since Tom quit attending the Sunset Strip teas. This looks like make up in an atmosphere of make-up."

SO THAT was it. He recognized the relentless hand of Joe Solpin. Mona's personal public-relations counsel, in that. Joe was a good egg, one of the best, and he meant everything for the very best, but . . . Tom knew that Mona's last and most inhumanly sophisticated picture had not been too successful at the box office, and he shrewdly suspected that the studio heads in conference had decided Mona needed a human touch in publicity. Anyway, being the procrastinator he was, he never did get around to replying at all to Mona's note.

Dressing in his hotel room for the opening night, his bones felt heavy with weariness and his heart was as empty as an old glove. The tryout in Boston had gone well, but that didn't mean much except to show that the company was working smoothly in the parts. It was tonight that the coin would be flipped for keeps.

On his way to the street he remembered he hadn't had any dinner so he turned into the bar and had a quick highball instead. At the theater, no one had any time for him. He went into Ben Arondel's deserted office and sat there on a pale blue silk lounge, trying to smoke cigarettes with a casual air, listening to the movement and babble of the crowd beginning to pass through the lobby.

When the curtain went up he walked out and found his seat.

When the curtain came down on the first act he tried to buttonhole Ben to ask him how the play was going, but Ben was in a great hurry and brushed him off and was gone, fat legs running toward the dressing rooms. It was not until the end of the second act that anyone spoke to him and then it was Joe Solpin, Mona's personal public-relations counsel; but by that time he didn't mind. Because the second act played to one of those rare and utter silences that authors and players dream of over their brandy after a good lunch. Hearing the voices speak into that tense and living hush out front, his lines seemed to him so beautiful that he felt like weeping; so when Joe Solpin came hustling around backstage while the crowd was still roaring in the aisles, he didn't give a damn.

"GREAT stuff—great!" Joe said. "Boy, it's a killeroo! And not a gag in it," he said, looking at Tom with wonder.

"Thanks, Joe," Tom said, blinking at the crowd of laughing, excited players that jostled him aside.

"Mona, she's all in a heap—a heap!" Joe said in a hushed voice. "Gee, boy. It's a fact."

"Ah. Mmm," Tom said vaguely.

"Well, see you after the show!" Joe said. "In the lobby, see?"

Tom didn't even know he was gone until he turned to ask him how he thought the play was going. He spent the third act in Ben's office, and it didn't seem any time at all until a sudden dull thunder broke out in the theater and swelled, pierced by voices, and ebbed for a minute and then swelled again, time after time. He was counting the calls: ". . . *seven* . . . *eight* . . . *nine* . . ." when the door burst open and Ben came bounding toward him, blowing like a spent horse.

"Say!" Ben bawled, "what's the idea, hiding like this? Here I am looking all over the house for you, and I am finding you hiding! Ain't you got no interest in—"

"What's the matter, Ben?" Tom quavered.

"What's the matter? That's what he says! They want you. They are yelling for you ten minutes now. Come on, pull yourself together and—"

With a jerk his thick hand straightened Tom's tie and he hustled him along a side aisle and into a backstage door. He tripped over things and people's legs in the dusty backstage gloom, hands clawed at his, voices screamed in his ear—and a hearty shove between his shoulder blades sent him stumbling out into a sudden intolerable radiance of light and a huge, steady noise that had been going on and on anyway roared up to meet him and . . stopped.

The abrupt silence left his ears empty and buzzing, but he could hear whisperings in the wings to his left and then they stopped, too, and silence became faces lost and blurred beyond the haze of lights—all looking up at him.

Afterward, he remembered quite distinctly that his vocal cords had relaxed with a slight but audible click, and that he had said: "Thank you," in a thin, reedy voice. Thereafter, he had bowed, and turned to the wings with a distinctly *savoir-faire* gesture to motion back to the stage the company, to whom the credit was due. But at the moment Ben and he were storming up the side aisle again and Ben was giving him hell for not having made a speech. "Man!" Ben was saying, "here's half the authors in the world thinking up speeches to make, and here are you with the world at your feet and a chance to make—" But by that time they were in the lobby and there were thousands of faces swimming around in light and a shrill hell of voices and hands clawing at his again and slipping away and being lost as Ben pushed him along—

Toward Mona.

He saw her suddenly, standing there. She was tall, in an ermine wrap he'd never seen before, and her eyelids were still mysterious as she watched him, with the famous shadows of a smile brushing the corners of her lips.

"Oh, hello," Tom said. And his voice in his own ears sounded remarkably like a quack.

"My dear." Mona's deep, slow tones were as self-possessed as her hands on his. And they stood there looking at each other in the blinking stutter of flashlight bulbs which made Mona's eyes go alternately shallow and deep. Except that Tom wasn't looking at her face any more. He was staring past her shoulder, past Joe Solpin's jerkily supervising little figure in the background—at Marjorie.

She was standing on the stairway, caught and held by the press of people coming down out of the balconies and the galleries who had all stopped to look at Mona Karrow and her ex-husband meeting again. And her face, among all the curious, stupid faces, was suddenly distinct to him as it would have been to a camera whose lens was suddenly brought into focus.

MONA'S hands clawed too, and slipped away and were lost, and he was walking away, and out the door. It was raining outside and pools of spattered light lay on the sidewalk among the hurrying feet. He began to hurry too, and—abruptly he stopped and turned into the dark doorway of a closed shop. The shop window was full of empty gloves, like hundreds of limp hands, and the rain dripped from the eaves above the doorway, and through it he watched the people coming out the wide, bright doors of the theater.

When Marjorie came out he didn't have to run after her because she turned his way and, walking with dead steps, came down the sidewalk as he had come. Only, when she passed his doorway and he took a hesitant step toward her, she whirled with her eyes suddenly alive with startled fear.

"Oh, hello," he said. It was a forlorn sound, in the dripping of the rain.

She just looked at him for a minute. A long, quiet minute, and all the noise dropped away, and all the excitement, and all the people that passed them, staring curiously. Then, with a long breath, her lips opened, and she said:

"Where's your hat?"

He blinked and automatically felt the place where his hatbrim should be, and her hands had reached out and straightened his tie with an expert twist. And then they were walking along, side by side, not saying anything.

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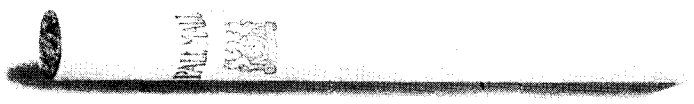

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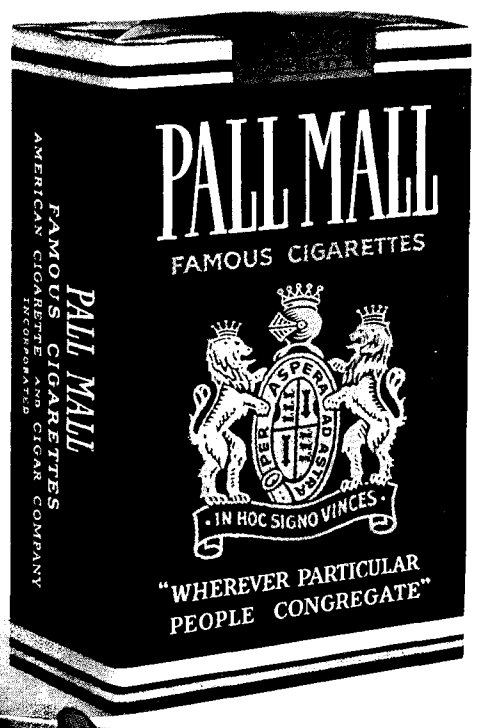

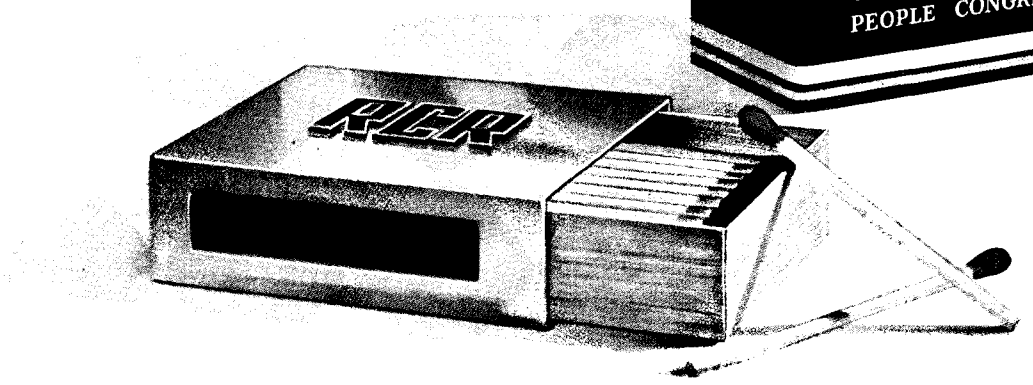

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 17

look as if you didn't get any sleep last night."

They passed through the ornate gates and down the curving road toward Wallisport.

She said, "It may work out that I'll try to get in your way," and he instantly answered, "Not if you've got any respect for me—and want to keep any." So there at last, in simple words, was an admission of all she dreaded. So she was going to get in his way. She could be as hard as he, and she could think just as straight. She was certainly going to have to think straight.

A half mile farther on, she said, "There are a lot of things you've been trying to keep me from thinking about. One of them is—it hasn't been just Bert. You want me to think that nobody would make an attempt on you. Or anyway, that any attempt on you would be sometime in the future. You see, I've got quite a good mind and I've been thinking. He has already tried to get you. Somehow he made it look to John as if you were a desperate character. Somehow he was able to work on John."

They had been together most of the time since Bert went out from her room to die and that was the subject that Caleb had completely avoided. But now he was willing to talk about it. "We badly messed things with John, yesterday. We got mad and we got him mad. It would be agreeable to know what induced John to prod the cops into searching my house."

"Do you mean who induced him to?"

The tenth part of a smile. "Heinemann hasn't been dining at Castle Gabriel distinguished as a senator—he didn't tell John over a cocktail that it would be a good idea to search my place. But there must have been some special little bit of evidence that was arranged. Something he fixed up that would grow and grow on John."

"That would be pretty clever."

"Something of the sort must have happened. But it wasn't necessarily clever. Heinemann hasn't proved himself very clever. He came to bat twice and struck out both times. He didn't land Bert in jail and the cops didn't find what was planted in my house."

But Heinemann or someone he directed—Hope remembered—had gone into Caleb's house and put that paper there. And if Heinemann had not landed Bert in jail—well, in Caleb's much too carefully careless phrase, he had come to bat a third time and that time he had not struck out. That deadly shudder set up in her again—but be wary, don't let Caleb know. Especially don't let him know that she went right on to think of the next time Heinemann should come to bat.

"What else would it be agreeable to know?" she asked. That was useless, for the thousand things they had to know and didn't had been summed up so many times that she knew them backward. Where had Bert seen Heinemann? Where had they met? What had happened to them? How had Bert been killed? What had Heinemann been doing in Wallisport that night? And before that night? Whom had he come to see? Whom had he left on guard? *Whom had he left on guard?*

Caleb said, "Who told the cops . . ." and then stopped. She said impatiently, "Told them what? Tell me!" There was reluctance in his face when he answered: "Why did they start looking for your car, the day you drove Bert to Boston? Someone must have told them I was driving him away from Wallisport. They were on his trail long before you got back to town. . . . We won't find out. All Nate Jenkins knows is that the state cops put the town cops to work on it. The state cops haven't got any record of why they did."

"Maybe John knows that too. I can ask him—I can go back and drag it out of him."

"Not after yesterday. All either of us could get from him is a sermon."

They had got to North Wallisport. Caleb hailed a taxi. Inside it, he went on explaining—with, she was sure, some purpose of keeping her from learning something: "Everything is in the dark. We don't know what's important—we wouldn't know it was important if we found out. Somebody may have the key to everything, without knowing it's the key. Maybe you and I have it right now. But we can't tell it from the idlest rumor or the most meaningless hunch—in the dark."

What was he trying to keep her thoughts away from? He shifted ground again and was speaking with intense solemnity: "Don't go to John again. Don't do anything else. Hope, I must make you understand that you mustn't do anything at all."

Did he think she wouldn't? "What could I do? . . . Nothing."

"You must not try. Stay home—get some sleep—grieve about Bert—but. . . . We've made an incredible series of mistakes. Up to now we could afford them. Now we can't. But don't do anything. The most promising or the most innocent thing might be another mistake. And we've passed the place where we can afford even one mistake more. One more might be . . . one too many."

He hadn't needed to say "might be fatal." So that kept her quiet till the taxi drew up at her house. They got out and he told the driver to wait.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Home."

He wasn't. But he wasn't going to tell her that. "Caleb, I can't let you out of my sight!" She clutched his arm but knew that that wouldn't accomplish anything. "Promise me you'll come back—here—today."

"If I get time." He loosed her fingers from his arm and got back in the taxi. It drove away.

The storm was holding off. She sat in a lawn chair, probing what Caleb had said—and had not said. Suddenly one thing was crystal clear. He had intended not to say it—and how cannily he had worded it when she drew it out of him! One of the crucial things was: Who had phoned the police that he was driving Bert out of town? That was the way he had put it—trying to head her off. But of course! The police had had the number of her car. Someone had tipped them off who had actually seen her. What of it? Just this: Caleb must think that she was still being watched. Whoever was watching Wallisport for Heinemann was watching her. "Stay home," he had said.

No matter how persuasively Caleb might lie, he thought that every moment in Wallisport was charged with danger. "We've passed the place where we can afford even one mistake more." Sinister enough when he had said it, that was ghastly now. *Who?* Who had seen her with Bert and told the police? If they could find that out, they would know—everything.

Aunt Elinor had left the yellow coupé at the curb. Hope drove off in the far from clear determination to find Nate Jenkins. But when she found him, there was nothing to learn. "Somebody called the state cops," Nate said. "They don't know who. They was too interested in gettin' Hendricks. Maybe they didn't even ask."

Her mind spun in a sudden vertigo. Here, with her hand on the gear shift to drive away, here was her chance! She could say, "Nate, you've got to watch Caleb for the next few days." and maybe she could make him see why. She could say, "None of the things anybody has suspected about him are half so incredible as the truth—he intends to kill a man if he gets the chance." Even Nate would have to act on that.

But . . . "One more mistake might be one too many." Time had run out. If she tried to save Caleb, she might make that one mistake, she might . . . kill him.

She said, "So long, Nate," and drove away, shivering.

More of the bay was walled off with haze. The clouds were blacker and lower. She stopped in front of the house and was thinking, "Where can I look for him?" when another car drew up and Greg Ashburn got out of it. Instantly her distaste and distrust awoke.

"I'm looking for Caleb," he said. "Do you know where he is?"

"No," she said.

"What has he done since yesterday?"

"He went to Boston very early this morning to see Bert's friend, George Tanner. Just that, I guess, and the funeral."

"Tanner had nothing new?" She shook her head. Abruptly he said, "What did you two see the night of the fire?"

"Nothing. What do you mean?" She supposed she had to answer him.

"How can I work with you people if you don't put all your cards on the table? I can do nothing for you unless I know all you know." Never before had she seen Greg Ashburn excited. She didn't like the sight. "If there is anything at all in Caleb's fantastic suspicions," Ashburn continued, "then your man must have been here the night of the fire."

"We know that."

"Did you see anything whatever that might be connected with him? Did you see anything suspicious? Anything out of the way? Even the slightest thing?"

"No."

The excitement in those penetrating eyes got hostile, and when he said, "You shall not lie to me!" his voice was violent. He repressed the outbreak and said, "Oh, sorry!" in his most British manner. Then: "Understand, Hope, all I'm interested in is facts—clues, if you will. Your morals don't interest me. It is nothing to me that you two chose that night for a midnight assignation. That is your business, and no doubt you had a delightful time. But I must know—before that honeymoon, or on the way to it, did you see anything that will help me find your villain?"

She must not slap that repulsive face, she must not even say, "When I tell Caleb you've said that!" Be wary! She stared at him, weak with disgust. Her silence made him burst out, "You were seen, you little fool! The two of you, in his house, half-dressed. Must I threaten to publish your intrigues, to get the truth from you?"

She moved swiftly from behind the wheel and ran up the walk.

Caleb had seen someone at the window. He had decided that that was just excited nerves, but he had been wrong. . . . She watched Greg's car disappear round the corner. "You were seen." By whom? By Greg, of course—he was talking about himself. But Greg wasn't in town that night—if he had been, he and not John would have taken Natalie to the dance.

She called Caleb's number. He didn't answer. Just as she hung up, wind and rain broke free in a tremendous gust, and thunder crashed. It was three quarters of an hour before the squall moved out to sea and she could try Caleb again.

The onset of the storm brought Natalie a reprieve. She would have a few minutes and might find some miracle of invention or defense. But her last resource had been bombed away, the citadel she had supposed impregnable had been carried. She had a few minutes; having proved unable to save herself, could she save John Gabriel from humiliation and revulsion? . . .

Yesterday he had poured out the history of his engagement, the strains put on it, the events that had broken it up. They were bound up with the labor trouble, sabotage and mysterious attacks on the mills, and Natalie was able to see how logical some of his worst misunderstandings were. Only she knew why he had misunderstood some things. She had the key to some of them; it was clear that others, Caleb among them and perhaps Hope, might have the keys to his other mistakes. And even John, shocked into humility, could understand at last that he himself might have blundered. It had taken the breaking of his engagement to teach him that.

"I've had too much pride. I couldn't tolerate the idea that I might be wrong. And perhaps I've been increasingly wrong, from week to week. . . . Thatcher has called me a fool. He's right."

She knew well enough how that barb could torture naked flesh.

"Worst of all, how stupidly I tried to dominate Hope! Who did I suppose I was—her overlord? No woman could be blamed for revolting."

She was not much concerned about any wounds he had suffered at Hope's hands. She knew he would not mourn the broken engagement very long. When male pride was affronted, there would not be much repining over love. "You ask too much of yourself—your standards are too high," she said. "More than anyone should ask of any man. And you ask much too much of women."

Caleb was a greater threat to her. John was unable to believe either his facts or his conclusions, but as he fretfully repeated them Natalie began to understand how close they came. However bewildered John was, whatever essential things Caleb did not know, dangerous discoveries were dangerously close at hand. Caleb had decided that secret agents were at work in Wallisport, and he was wrong only in identifying them as Nazi. If he had come that close, he might at any moment go all the way. He might learn about Greg. She saw now why Greg had watched him so closely and tried to find out about his activities.

Happily, the danger was about over. Greg would be done by tomorrow or the next day. Greg was safe. With Greg safe, Natalie was safe.

Caleb was wrong in connecting the fire at the mills with the activity of the secret agents he suspected. The overmastering necessity of Greg's job was that nothing whatever be allowed to disclose it. The most compelling reasons could not have persuaded him to take such a risk. Greg could have had nothing to do with the fire. . . . But the fire had happened, and if you believed anything whatever of Caleb's argument, the man Hendricks could have had nothing to do with it. Impulses of panic

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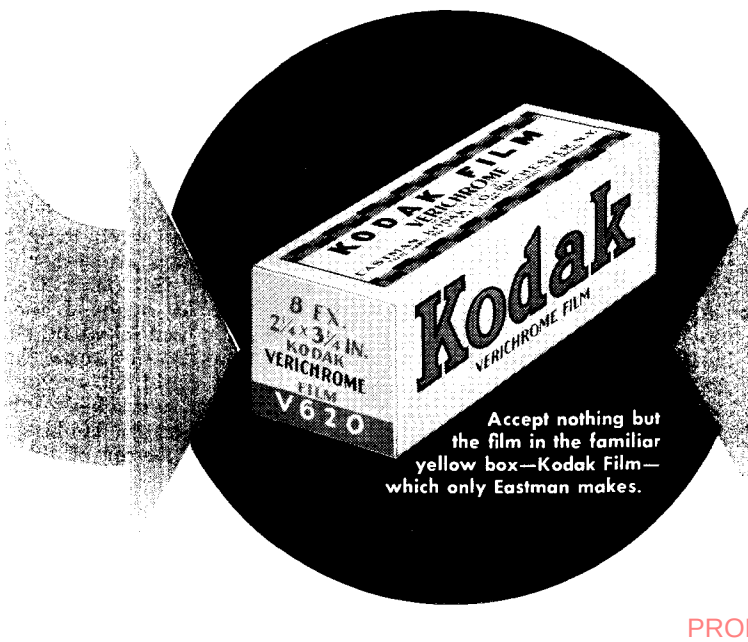

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visited Natalie's nerves. There might be more than she knew. There might be some darker meaning to that fire.

But that, too, would lapse. The crest of danger had been passed. Greg was going away. John's interests were no longer threatened, and his jealousy of Caleb would subside.

That was where they had ended last night. For the rest, she could sustain her role, uphold John's self-respect, seem to be the woman he believed her to be. The structure of deceit would stand. And it was at least kinder to John than the discovery that it was fraud would have been. It had seemed reasonably safe and secure—last night.

But this afternoon John had come home wearier still but with some perspective restored and had opened up a new danger. He must face the idea, he said, that Thatcher was right. Something much more mysterious than he had thought was going on. He had proved that he was incompetent to deal with it. The latent threat still existed and the time had come to act. He was going to call in the FBI.

If he did, he would find out about Greg. He would find out about Natalie. And that would be the end of John Gabriel. . . . And, the slow thought formed, Natalie Gabriel would go to jail. Which was fair enough.

Could she get that paper back from Greg? Not with the United States government closing in.

So she entered on the climactic fear. Or so it seemed until a greater fear was unmasked. There were no endings, it appeared, any terror or anguish was just a prelude to one still worse. Long ago she had squandered her honesty, virtue, honor and self-respect — surely she should have been able to count on them to buy peace, or at least safety. No.

Nevertheless, there might be a precarious way out. John had taken so deep a wound in his own judgment that he easily accepted hers. He had made so many errors that he was grateful for her assurance that she was saving him from another one. A talent for duplicity might now be turned to her own interest. . . . She had only to argue that Caleb was as badly confused as John. "Only, a friend of his has died and that has made him frantic." Absurd, but when she said it, John didn't see the absurdity. "The simplest explanation is some quarrel inside the labor union. With Hendricks dead, that must be over now." Grotesque to her, knowing what she knew, but not grotesque to John Gabriel, on her assurance. "Wait and see—nothing important can happen now." Silly, in the light of the facts he didn't know, but he trusted her. "The most mysterious things can turn out to be simple—let's not exaggerate them." No, let one of us hoodwink the other most affectionately.

Always the thought was running, could she get that paper back? No. The price of honor could no more be recovered than honor itself. All she could do was to push dishonor as far as it would go.

SHE said abruptly, "I'm wrong and you must not consult me. Don't ask me to decide anything or help you decide. Do what will be best for you."

He said, with a sudden burst of self-contempt, "If I hadn't been blinded by my own asininity, I would never have paid any attention to anyone but you!"

That seemed to mean a momentary release from the pressing danger, but it was the first hint of a greater one. John began to move around the room, talking, pressure steadily rising in his voice and in the movements of his hands. "One thing has been flung in my face all these weeks but I was too blind to see it. No matter what happened or how I felt, when I came back to this house, you made everything right for me. My business might be threatened, a hundred dangers might exist, my fiancée might be flouting me. . . . No matter! I came in the door—and there you were. You'd smile—and trouble would disappear. You'd touch my hand—and everything was all right. Why—" he demanded wrathfully, "why was I too dull to understand?"

The greater fear was completely unmasked. Discovery and ruin counted for very little, after all—for an instant had revealed that the man she had deceived and betrayed was in love with her. And the same instant had revealed that she was in love with the man she had betrayed. How could you tolerate love that rested on dishonor? You could not tolerate it—it was tragedy without dignity, it was disaster.

She had said, "John!" and had put out a desperately pleading hand. He swept on: "You're kind. You're generous. You're warm—there's warmth in you—a man can warm his soul with you. After being chilled by a contemptuous woman. After being frozen by his own folly."

HER hand groped for the table she was standing beside. She sat down and covered her face. That was instinctive but fatally wrong, for he crossed the wide room and touched her hair, her shoulder, her cheek. "What's wrong with that?" he demanded. "If it takes all hell to bring me to my senses, why should you cry when I get there at last?"

She got out of the chair and away from him. "John, we can survive everything but this. There's one thing you must do. You're—oh, wrong. This is the worst mistake of all. Don't—John, for God's sake, don't be victimized by another woman."

"Be quiet!" She couldn't turn her gaze from him, and what she saw was something John Gabriel had never been before. Not even in that terrible tenderness at midnight had she truly seen him, not even when she woke from a faint in his arms. She was seeing him now. An exultant thought soared above shock and fear: he never looked at Hope Shaler like this! She was not altogether lost if she could keep him from touching her, but if he so much as laid a finger on her again—"You tell me to do what would be best for me!" he almost shouted. He had picked up a book, unregarded, and was bending the covers back. A wrinkle ran along the binding, and she said, "Oh, don't!" He flung the book away and glared at her. The glare softened. "What would be best for me? I'd like to take you somewhere alone, where there was quiet music and good food and no violence and no vileness. I'd like to sit somewhere with you and hear your voice. I'd like to watch the light on your cheeks and your hair. To see how lovely you are. To realize what only a fool would have failed to realize from the beginning of things."

It was not only fear that was pounding in her heart. She moaned, "No! John, no!" But her knees had no strength in them. She had thought often enough about destruction. It would be upon her in another moment, a moment which she could not put off, which she did not want to put off.

He said, with intense derision, "Even now I'm a fool. . . . There you are, and I say what would be best for me would be to take you to dinner! That isn't even what I want. This is what I want."

There was no strength in her knees and strength was altogether gone from her purpose. So John Gabriel, the brother of the husband she had betrayed, John Gabriel whom she had betrayed, who did not know that women you desired could betray you, who was fool enough to desire her—John Gabriel had her in his arms. He kissed her. In the unalloyed horror of that moment,

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nothing was clearer than that, faithless and corrupt, she desired that kiss and answered it as she had never answered any man's kiss before. She was pliant, eager and desirous in his arms and his lips had no greater hunger than her own. This was destruction.

They drew apart. John found enough voice to say, "That's what I want. The beginning of it." Her hands went to her cheeks and the dammed-up realization began to break free. . . . And that was the moment when thunder crashed, a casement window swung in a risen gale and floods of rain shut off the outside world.

The storm broke through enchantment. They rushed to the window, closed it by main force, stood looking at the chaos of thrashing branches and horizontal rain. Rapid flashes of lightning cut the gloom and thunder was continuous. . . . It had broken the enchantment, and that would be forever. But, she knew, it had brought her only a momentary reprieve. John would not be diverted by the storm much longer. He would turn away from the window, toward her. When he did, she must know what to do.

"It's almost as bad as the hurricane," John said.

There was no hope that it would be worse. There was no hope that she could find any solution as easy as dying.

GREG ASHBURN sat out the storm in a garage. He started home as soon as the gale blew out, and got there before the rain stopped. A number of trees and many branches were down along the highway, and one had fallen at an angle in his drive, partly blocking it. That would not do, and he shouted for Smurthwaite to remove it. Smurthwaite appeared in the dripping doorway of the stable. Greg yelled at him to take an ax down the drive, and went into the house.

Sir Eric turned from a rear window. "The swine was gone from here for two hours, getting the damned dog and burying it," he said.

"So?" Greg said contemptuously. "Then what?"

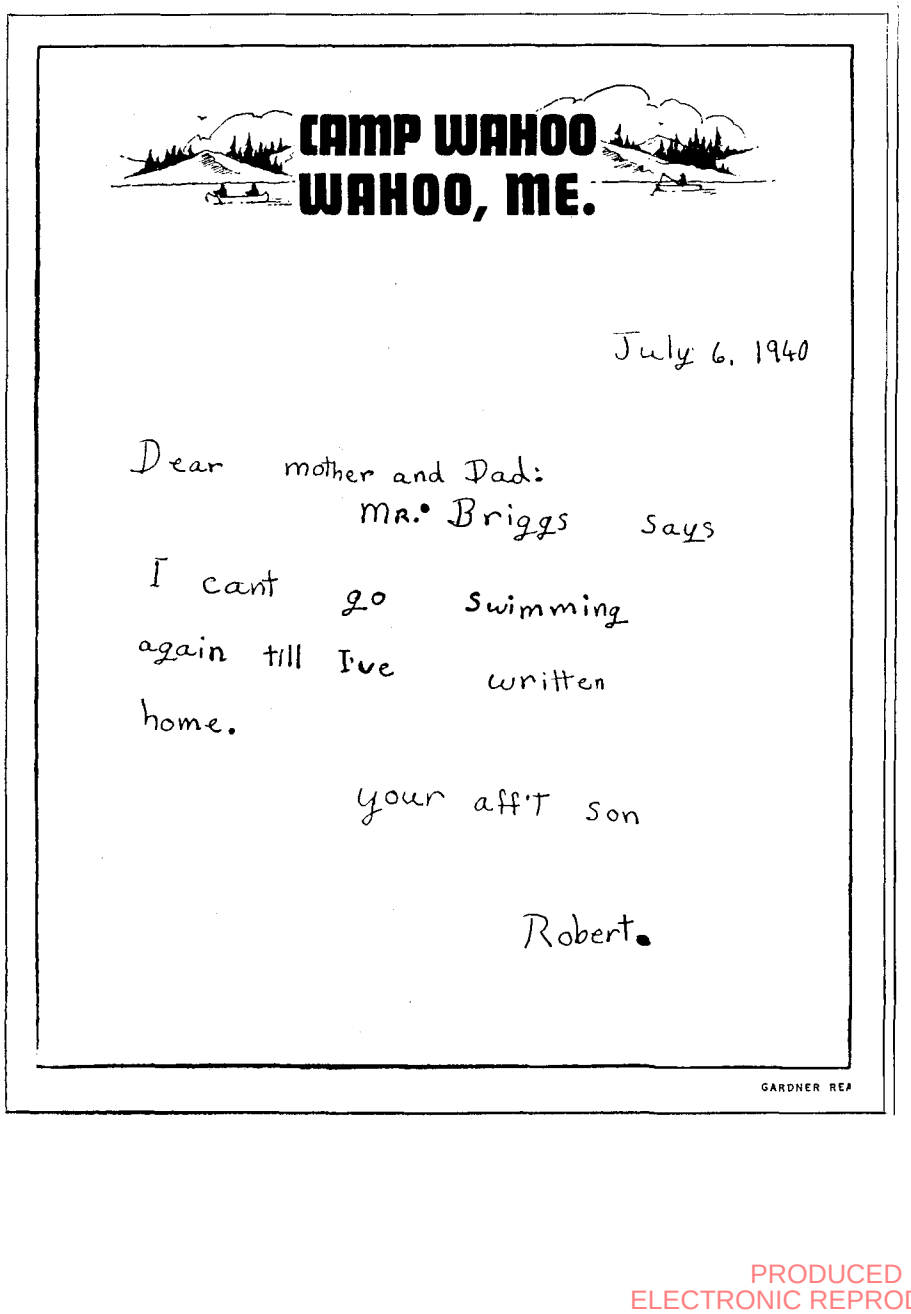
"Then did we not order him to watch this house? If someone had come, where would I have been?"

"In the attic. Under a bed. Behind the coal. In a closet. You would certainly have saved your skin."

The gross face broke up in what passed as merriment. "My little Siegfried! You would still double-cross me if you could find a way." He came close to Greg who, though a tall man, nevertheless felt dwarfed by his unwieldy bulk. He tapped Greg's shoulder, and his face was repulsive with satisfaction. "There is no way. You can save yourself only by saving me. God has made us comrades, and we must serve God together." The heavy head went back, and the vast mouth opened for hoarse laughter.

"And I must do your thinking for you." Greg looked with supreme contempt at the blunderer who had endangered everything, feeling for the thousandth time that the cause was hopeless if it had to rely on bruisers. Scorn whipped into his voice: "You have the intelligence of a gunman! You are a thug—and thuggery has done for us. You are stupid, an inept, blundering fool. Everything you have done has recoiled on you. I would not mind that—nothing would please me more than to see you in an American jail. But you are cowardly as well as stupid and that has ended in your putting an end to work that was valuable till you came along. When you appealed to me for help, you made me risk exposure. Now you have made exposure certain. I am finished here. I do not forget that. It will not be forgotten—up above."

"My friend," Sir Eric said—Bramwell, Hedger, Heinemann, what other names? "It is a great mistake to have a temper. It is bad to be so soft as you. It is much worse to get angry. I will



MAKE YOUR PLEASURE "Double-Rich" THIS SUMMER!

SCHENLEY'S Cream of Kentucky

THE "Double-Rich" BOURBON

Up to the mountains or down to the shore—wherever you take your fun it will be richer with Kentucky's fine "Double-Rich" whiskey! Cream of Kentucky is the world's largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey because it gives more pleasure to more people. Enjoy yourself!

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE A "Double-Rich" JULEP

In bowl, crush fresh mint covered with powdered sugar and just enough water to melt it. Half-fill glass with shaved ice. Add mint; then fill with ice. Pour Cream of Kentucky, to top. Stir till frosted. Garnish with mint, sprinkle with sugar. Serve!

90 proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y C.

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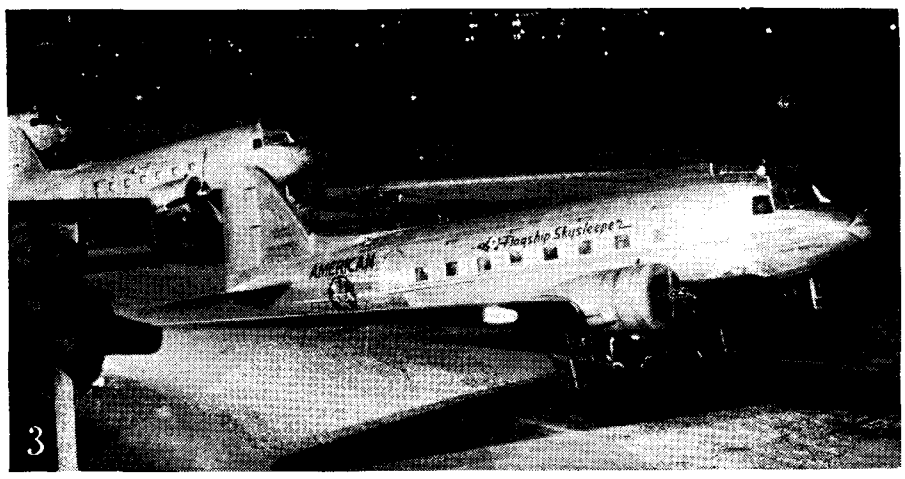
Norman Marsh, famous cartoonist and creator of the . . .

. . . cartoon detective, Dan Dunn, flies his own plane many thousands of miles every year. And for safe lubrication he uses Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil, as does . . .



. . . American Airlines, Inc., the country's largest air transport company. In fact, more than 1/4 of all the oil used by airliners in the U. S. is Sinclair Pennsylvania. This is . . .

. . . the same quality Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil sold by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania or Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil in your car. You'll find they last so long they save you money.

break your neck if you lose your temper in a tight place. But I cannot watch you all the time. I dare say you have let fly in front of someone. Your neighbor, maybe, or the exciting blonde—"

"At least I was not reckless enough to strike a servant in her presence."

Hedger grinned. "But you have seduced her. One might count on her to forgive all."

He longed to sink a fist in that leering face, but Hedger was right in saying that he must keep his temper. "You came to me with a plea for help—"

"And orders, do not forget."

Greg shrugged. "Orders to keep you informed what the mills were making—not to defend you from your own terrors. No man was ever scared worse or faster than you. I should think that the fastidious corps of saboteurs would insist on a minimum of guts. But one glimpse of a labor agitator and yellow came sweating from your pores." His resentment gathered. "I should have thrown you out—turned you over to the police—flung you into Hendricks' hands. You have destroyed the work of years—at the most vital time. It is over—it can never be repaired."

Hedger also was shouting: "And if you had let me do it as I meant, your precious job would be safe. There would have been no trouble if I had waylaid Hendricks with a club an hour after I first saw him. But no, we must be secret at any cost! It is your precious secrecy that has done for us, my friend. That and your childish fear of Americans. All must be done through someone else or the police would collar us! We must not show our hand! We must use the Gabriel ass—we must use so many people and so many things that would enable us to keep happy and hidden!"

"At least I have kept us out of jail—so far. You know nothing, you learn nothing. Do you not know that the greatest fool is the one who believes his opponents are fools? The Americans are are not fools—and there is an excellent chance that we will both be laid by our heels by tomorrow. Unless I prevent it."

"What have the fools found out?" Hedger growled. "Nothing! And you have not been so brilliant. Your pretty plan of getting Hendricks sent to jail for us—was he sent to jail? Your clever device for getting the other one sent to jail—he is not in jail, and only the fact that he is a sublime fool has kept him from realizing I am in this house. Those were your ideas. Fortunately, the Americans proved to be fools."

"I AM not responsible for accidents—"

"So you say. But it came to killing Hendricks after all—"

"It would not have come to killing him if you had the intelligence of a field mouse—if you could have kept yourself from being seen. That is what has ruined us! Up to then we were safe, we could have tried again, you could have gone elsewhere and bungled other jobs, and your betters would be free to go on working for your fatherland. You could not even conceal yourself from the man who terrified you! No! You even led him right to this house—the one place where there was refuge for you, the place where far more important work than yours was securely concealed. You let him see you—and since he was no fool he followed you here. I should have shot you both that night."

"It is good odds," Hedger said, "that I will have to shoot you before I am done."

"We are quarreling," Greg said slowly, "on the edge of an abyss it is good odds we will not get across. We had better suspend our private pleasures."

Smurthwaite's voice floated in: "Miss Shaler's car is going down the lane." Greg cautiously looked out. The rain had stopped, the west was clearing, and Hope's yellow coupé was slithering through mud toward Thatcher's house. "Is Thatcher home?" he called. Smurthwaite said, "He has not come back all afternoon."

Greg turned back to his repulsive ally: "It will be much more comfortable if they do not meet again. I will have to try." He fixed his eyes on Hedger's swinish eyes. "Have you brains enough to realize we are in deadly peril and may be already lost? If we are not taken tonight, then we must get out tonight—we two at least. And there is now nothing left for us but"—his voice tightened with contempt—"your methods. If fate had sent me anything but a fool to work with, there would have been no danger and no need to take any chance at all. Now everything has failed us but one thing. We have just one chance."

"Yes," Hedger said with satisfaction, "we can finish it now."

"AND Greg said coldly, "leave Wallisport with another crime that will quite certainly be traced to us. . . . Do you think you can do anything you like in America with impunity? Where are you going from here? Where is there for you to go? Do you believe you will not be traced?"

"Bah! Already your brilliant police have called it a drowning and forgotten it. Who is there to think otherwise?"

"For one, it took Thatcher just twenty-four hours to find out. It is an excellent thing for us both that he decided to consult me. But it is not because he has spotted you that he has to be—taken care of. There is just one thing," Greg said calmly, "that keeps me from letting him find you and taking you off my hands. He would do that very soon, though he does not think fast—our great good fortune is that the county families are more competent at sport than at deduction. But he would find you and relieve me of all responsibility for you. But he would also learn how to make a deduction. It is now proved that he saw me, or my boat."

"So!" Hedger said. "The girl told you?"

"Not in words. But she made it clear even last night when she hurried him away. And it was quite clear today. From the first, I have not seen how they could have helped it. I all but ran them down when they were swimming. That too was your fault!" He let his voice leap up. "An accident born of your terror of being choked by a man who should have choked you long before. So a harmless agreeable young man, easily worth a battalion of you, must pay for it."

"If you had knocked him on the head when you had him here last night we could be already gone."

"Would we take the girl with us? Or do you suppose that a mass drowning would be treated by the police as just the opening of the resort season?"

Smurthwaite came to the door and stood at attention. "I have discovered that the telephone wire is down somewhere. At least, the instrument is dead."

"That may be no disadvantage." Greg went to the window again. The clouds were blowing out to sea, the sky was a smooth green, the trees were dripping. "The bay will be quiet again by dark," he said. Hope's car was coming back and he stood away from the window. "She does not know where he is or she would not have come looking for him."

He hardened to the last expedient. A few hours more and—and at any rate the morass that Wallisport had become would be behind him. He had no emotion whatever about the job that remained to be done—except an enduring anger at Hedger, whose stupidity had made it necessary. And his anger at Hedger was too costly to be indulged. The rest was as impersonal as a problem in mathematics. It was necessary

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to find a way out, and there was an obstacle, and the obstacle had to be removed. It was too bad about Thatcher, a young man whom Greg even liked. But a stubborn and implacable young man. He would follow Heinemann to the ends of the earth, for Heinemann had killed his friend. He would stop at no risk and no barrier. He would kill anyone who was associated with Heinemann. And by now he knew that Greg was.

He turned to Hedger: "Get back into the attic and stay there till dark." To Smurthwaite: "Even so, nobody is to be allowed in the house, or even past the gates. Let there be no lights anywhere—the house is to look dark and deserted. Keep your eye on Thatcher's place. If I do not catch up with him, he will probably be back sometime before dinner. Watch him. You will get the boat after I come back." He let his lips make a smile. "This time, you had better not choose Gorham for the car."

He looked at his watch. "Four-thirty. It will be very pleasant for us all if I reach him before his lady friend does. I think he is on the verge of a deduction he is sure to make before long. If I don't find him, I also will be back by dark. If she finds him—well, it may be the police who will arrive. . . . And if he returns before I do, well," he said slowly, "I sincerely hope you both understand that he must not be allowed to come out again any farther than this house."

IT WAS deep twilight when Caleb got home. Small branches littered his lawn and he stumbled over some bricks in the drive that had probably been blown from a chimney. A disorderly yard would once have demanded his attention before anything else, but that was long ago.

Coming into the house, he suddenly realized that he was ravenous. He had eaten nothing since breakfast. And with that hunger, a sharp rebellion roused in him. He might be taking Hope to dinner! That, he thought, would be in a kinder world than his world would ever be again. But need it be? Was there any reason why he should not forcibly put everything away from him for one evening and give himself the delight of a last few hours untouched by anything? Why not take her to dinner? Find some quiet place beside the water, or drive to Boston where there would be music. One such evening, even, as they and Bert had had in any dingy diner. He would watch the subtleties in her eyes change and deepen. He could . . .

He went to the telephone. But he wasn't going to take Hope to dinner, for the storm seemed to have fetched a wire.

Just as well. And that kind of impulse must not be allowed to master him again. It was the kind of impulse that he must root out at all costs.

He set water heating for coffee, got out eggs and bacon, bread, butter, stood looking with intense repugnance at the cans on his shelves. If he had been dining with Hope!

Something creaked somewhere, and Caleb's nerves clanged. The impact of that instantaneous fear was, once it had abated, probably more alarming than the fear itself. He had had no idea that he had got so jumpy. He had supposed that he was in excellent shape, ready for anything, completely in control. This suggested that he was far otherwise.

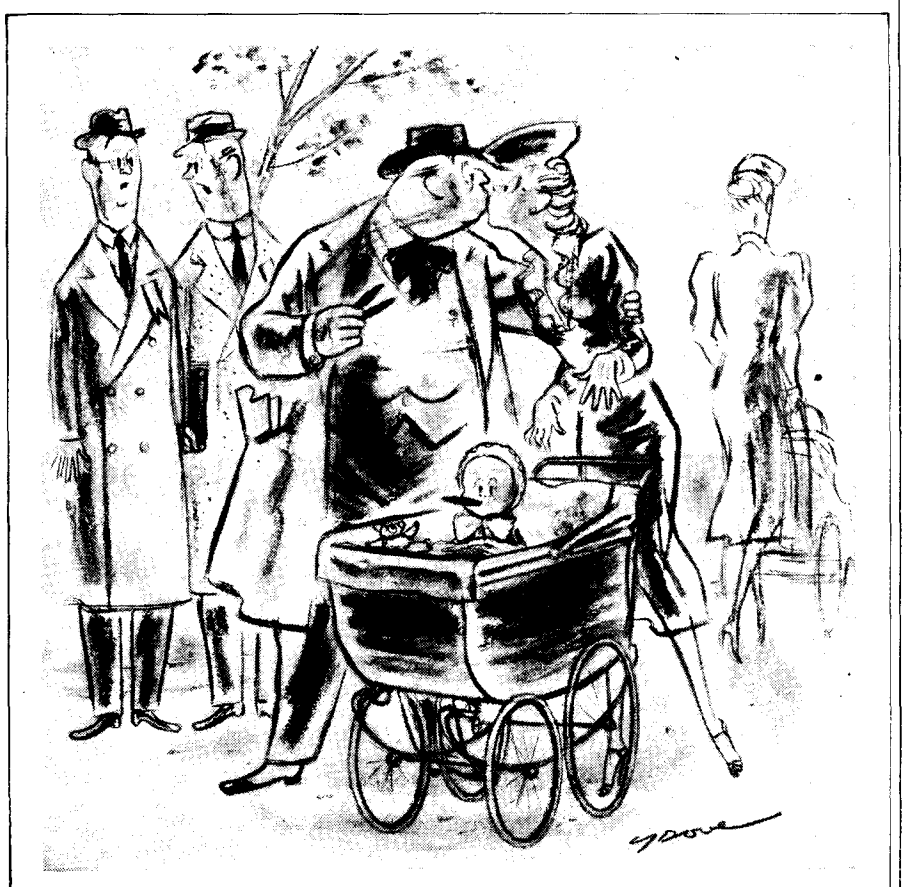
There was something to be learned from that. He went to the cabinet in his bedroom and got out his automatic. He would feel better with that in his pocket, probably. It would have been good sense to arm himself long ago. He tried the action, glanced down the barrel, got out a package of cartridges and began to fill the clip.

He was interrupted by steps on the front porch and a knock at the door. He went out and there was Smurthwaite. "Mr. Ashburn told me to bring you a note, sir," Smurthwaite said.

Caleb carried it in to a desk lamp. The two lines said, "I think I've located the girl in the bathing suit. Come and talk it over."

The coffee was beginning to give off an aroma that made him wet his lips. But he wasn't going to eat for a while. "Okay, Smurthwaite," Caleb said, "I'll go back with you."

(To be continued next week)

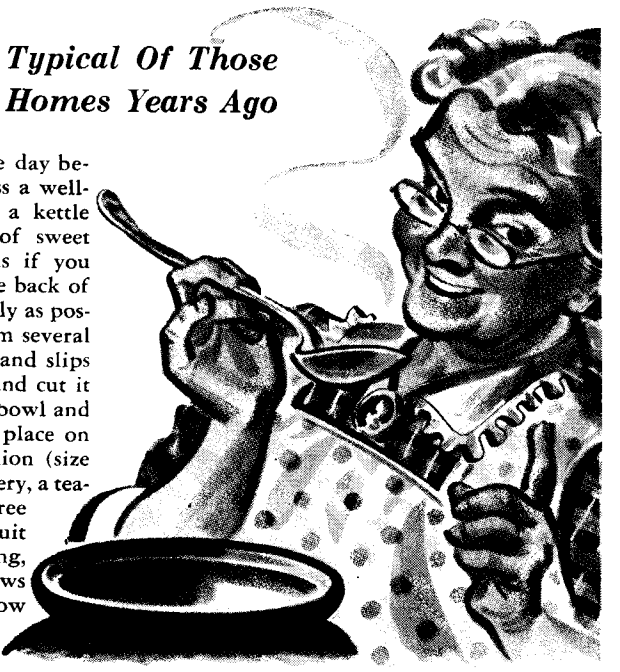


"This campaign has made a nervous wreck out of the senator"

LEONARD DOVE

This Vermont Farmer's Wife Knew A Thing Or Two About Soup!

This "Receipt" Is Typical Of Those Used In American Homes Years Ago



Mrs. Raeburn's Chicken Soup. The day before you want the soup, dress a well-fattened hen and put it in a kettle with cold water, a bunch of sweet herbs and some peppercorns if you have them. Set the pot on the back of the stove so it may cook slowly as possible—upwards of 3 hrs. Skim several times. When meat is tender and slips from the bones, take it out and cut it up. Cool soup in an earthen bowl and put back chicken. Next day place on stove again. Add a small onion (size of walnut), some sticks of celery, a teacupful of rice washed in three waters. Season and salt to suit your taste. Just before serving, thicken the soup with the yellows of 2 or 3 new-laid eggs. Throw in a little chopped parsley.

Now Heinz Recreates This Famous Country-Style Soup With Tender Chicken And Fluffy Rice In A Rich Savory Broth

1. When Heinz chefs make soup, they follow, step-by-step, old-time home methods and prized recipes—passed along from neighbor to neighbor—from one generation of good cooks to the next. That's why these soups taste homemade.

2. Today Heinz Country-style Chicken Soup, newest addition to Heinz 23 home-style favorites, is fast becoming one of America's most popular ready-to-serve soups. Rich, savory, fragrant—a soup that makes a man eat like a boy again!

FOR SUCH a soup as Heinz Country-style Chicken Soup—housewives once began their preparations the day before! But now it's ready—waiting—in "57" tins at grocers everywhere. Finished, perfect soup needing no additions—complete in every savory detail—even to the seasoning of sweet herbs, the egg yolk, fluffy rice, tender chicken. . . . *Heinz Soups cost less than like soups made at home.*

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"You Look Lovelier Every Day"

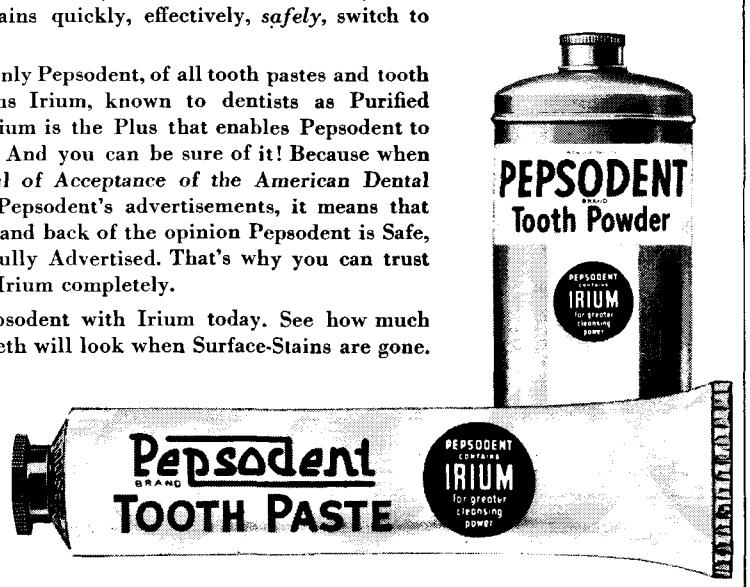
Use Pepsodent with Irium to Remove Ugly Surface-Stains that Discolor Teeth!

Official dental opinion, backed by 47,000 dentists, declares Pepsodent to be Safe, Effective and Truthfully Advertised . . . It removes Surface-Stains that make teeth look dull, dingy.

IF you want to see the true beauty of your teeth, remove ugly surface-stains that glue themselves to naturally sparkling surfaces. But if you want to be sure that you remove Surface-Stains quickly, effectively, *safely*, switch to Pepsodent.

Here's why! Only Pepsodent, of all tooth pastes and tooth powders, contains Irium, known to dentists as Purified Alkyl Sulfate. Irium is the Plus that enables Pepsodent to do a *better* job. And you can be sure of it! Because when you see the Seal of Acceptance of the American Dental Association on Pepsodent's advertisements, it means that *47,000 dentists* stand back of the opinion Pepsodent is Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised. That's why you can trust Pepsodent with Irium completely.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium today. See how much brighter your teeth will look when Surface-Stains are gone.


PEPSODENT
Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT contains IRIUM for greater cleansing power
Pepsodent BRAND TOOTH PASTE
PEPSODENT contains IRIUM for greater cleansing power

This Seal is Proof PEPSODENT is ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

✓Safe ✓Effective ✓Truthfully Advertised

Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 21

Maria hurried to it, even as Carola said, "I'll answer." Maria stopped and frowned and Carola took the telephone.

A woman's voice said, "This is Senta Mainescu. May I call on you?"

Carola hesitated, then remembered that Blaerchen had told her to see the woman. She looked up and saw Maria standing near by, listening to every word. "When would you like to come?"

"Tomorrow afternoon?"

"Very well."

Carola sat down uneasily, reminded again of Blaerchen's laughter when she had spoken with him in the morning. It was the laughter of someone pleased at a dreadful practical joke.

Pfennerstrasse is near Alexanderplatz, in the poorest part of Berlin. On it was a large seven-story apartment house, with eight entries off a dirty courtyard. The windows looking down on it were grayish. The vestibules and landings were crowded with boxes, trunks and possessions that the small apartments could not contain. On the dark stairways people frequently stumbled over baby carriages. The air smelled of cabbages cooked some time ago or, at times, the damp vegetable odor of a root cellar.

A sign at the entrance, Room for Rent, giving an apartment number on the sixth floor, attracted Karl. It was a detached single room. He took it.

BECAUSE he was out of a concentration camp he had to register with the police; that was done. Now, perhaps, they would shadow him to see what he did in his first days of freedom and who his friends were. Anyone who shadowed Karl followed a man who, to all appearances, was just wasting time, a man who walked the streets aimlessly, never stopping to look in shop windows, a man who shivered in the bitter winter wind as he returned to his room, his thin coat wrapped tightly around him.

A shadower would have noticed only one break in this routine: on the first morning Karl mailed a letter.

Until an answer came Karl could do nothing. He knew he should find a job and earn a living but until his letter was answered he could not concentrate on job hunting. He still had forty marks left and that would last a week. The answer to that letter would satisfy an appetite deeper than hunger.

One letter did come to the hotel where he had stayed for two days before finding his room. It was from Carola, breaking the luncheon engagement and saying, "I do hope we meet soon." Probably Blaerchen had told her about his prison record. Karl had thought so often about her in Buchenwald. On dark and damp nights in prison when a man could keep from going mad by flight in imagination to a happy past, he had remembered her jonquil-colored hair, her deeply blue eyes, the cadence of her voice. Now they had met and she was a friend of Blaerchen. That was natural; Blaerchen and her husband had been friends. Karl knew that he and she were on opposite sides, without bridge or approach between them. To think in bitterness of such things only made a man restless. They could be forever forgotten when an answer to his letter came.

In these days of waiting he talked to only one person, a large fat-faced man who knocked at his door one evening. "Herr Dietrich? I'm Hans Kreitz." He said it as if the name should be familiar. "I'm the house warden." Without waiting for an invitation Kreitz came into the room. House wardens were petty Nazi officials, assigned to check on the dwellers in one house or one block of houses. Kreitz now looked down on Karl as if he were seeing some particularly unattractive subhuman specimen. "You're just out of prison, *nicht wahr?*" Kreitz scowled. "Look here, Dietrich, I don't want any dirty tricks from you, understand? I'm responsible for you. You get yourself a job at once and behave yourself." Then he frowned. "Have you a cigarette?"

"I gave them up," Karl said shortly. "Too expensive!"

Kreitz hesitated, as if that deserved a reprimand for being an anti-Nazi remark, then went downstairs.

Karl shrugged his shoulders. He had seen that type of Aryan ox among the guards at Buchenwald. There were more important things to think of. Tomorrow might bring the answer to his letter.

It came two days later, an ordinary picture postcard saying, "Meeting you at noon today." It was signed "Richard." The card gave no hint of where any meeting would take place nor of who would be there. Karl understood very well the reason for secrecy in this but he wished it were a little more understandable. He turned the card over and saw an ordinary view of the statue of Frederick the Great near the Palace. Then, looking at the picture again, Karl was sure he understood.

Just before noon, in icy sunlight, he waited near the statue.

On the curb across the way a man watched the statue casually, an elderly man who looked as if he had escaped for a few minutes from his desk and the routine of years. Karl waited at the base of the statue, studying it as if to memorize every small detail on it. Then the elderly man left his place and came toward the statue. He was about to pass Karl when he asked quietly, "Herr Dietrich? Follow me to a bus!"

A few minutes later Karl sat beside him in the rear of an uncrowded bus.

"I am Hans Klauss." The man's voice was low. "How is our friend in Buchenwald—Doctor Rorer?"

"As well as the guards permit him to be."

Klauss nodded thoughtfully. "How did you get to know him?"

"I stumbled out of line a year ago while the guards were running us around an enclosure," Karl explained, his deep voice steady. "One of the guards kicked me for falling." He saw Klauss' face. "Oh, I was fortunate! I have seen men beaten to death for some such mistake. After that I could do no more heavy work and I was assigned to the infirmary. Doctor Rorer was there. He had been beaten around the head."

KLAUSS said quietly, "He was a great doctor. He saved thousands of lives during his career. He has a right to be cynical today."

Karl shook his head. "He is the one hopeful man I met in prison and the kindest. When my back hurt, he used to save the grease that they gave us for our bread and he rubbed it on my back." His voice was suddenly tender: "I shall never forget him."

Klauss watched two people enter the bus, then said, "I understand."

"He gave me your address and told me how to write you."

"I'm glad he did." Then Klauss hesitated. "Is there something I can do for you?"

Karl understood the hesitation. Klauss might think that Karl was a provocateur, sent to act on something forced out of Doctor Rorer. The doctor had foreseen that. Now Karl looked carefully around the bus. No one was

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near. He lowered his voice: "I would like to help in your work." That did not alter Klauss' look of hesitation. "The doctor told me that if you doubted my sincerity I should say to you, 'Aunt Helen permits it.'" He smiled. "I do not understand that but Doctor Rorer said you would understand."

Klauss nodded and looked relieved. He leaned back. "It is hard to know whom to trust!" He looked out to see where they were. "Let us go somewhere to talk."

Twenty minutes later they came down the street along the Spree. It was clear and cold. The weathered barges on the little river looked, as ever, as if they had always been there, as permanent as the old apartments behind them. Then Klauss led up a little street and into a *Kneipe,* a small bar in the basement of an old house. It smelled of cooking cabbage, of sour beer. A dozen tables were occupied and no one paid attention to the two men who took a table in the rear.

As Klauss signaled to a waiter, Karl studied his face. He was older than Karl had realized. His face had few wrinkles but they were deep ones. It showed his years but it was not so much worn as hardened; everything about it implied strength. His deep-set eyes were kindly and understanding.

As Klauss ordered beer, Karl looked around the low-ceilinged room. At every table men were talking, but there was no loud sound of conversation; more striking, there was no laughter.

ACROSS the way one man sat alone at a table. He toyed with a glass of beer but from time to time he glanced at Klauss with a questioning look. It was a look of recognition yet the man made no move to speak and Karl was uncertain whether or not to call Klauss' attention to it. Then as the waiter withdrew Klauss looked at the man and imperceptibly nodded. Karl saw that and wondered whether he had blundered into a trap.

The stranger left his table and joined them.

"This is Franz Ranke, my son-in-law," Klauss said pleasantly. "He is a journalist."

As Karl relaxed, Ranke extended his hand. He had waited until Klauss had assured him that Karl was not suspect. "I'm very glad to meet you," he said quickly. He was young. His was a sharply pointed face, weighted with heavy glasses, the kind of face seen at the public library, bent over the reading tables until the last second before closing time.

"Doctor Rorer sent him to us," Klauss said significantly.

Here were two men who fought on that other side! Karl felt that he was with friends for the first time in years.

"Why did they let you out of Buchenwald?" Ranke asked.

"I was injured slightly a little while ago and couldn't do heavy work," Karl explained. "And they've been filling up Buchenwald with prisoners so they let a few of us go."

"You were lucky."

Karl nodded. "One of the guards said, 'Why should we feed you? Get out and feed yourself—if you can!'"

"You must let me lend you some money until you find work," Klauss said, as if reminded of something.

"Thank you. But more than money—!"

Klauss understood. As a matter of habit he looked around the room cautiously. Then, in a low voice, "You asked if there was something you could do. We must be honest. At this stage of the war any underground movement must go slowly. The German people have not yet had enough of the privations of war."

Ranke interrupted impatiently, "The army—"

"With Hitler leading to one victory after another, the army will start no revolt," Klauss said. "If Germany is defeated, there will be a popular revolt and the army may take that over. If Germany wins—"

"Won't that end underground work?" Karl asked.

"On the contrary," Klauss said confidently. "The Nazis will never agree on a division of spoils. Never! If they should win, what do they get? Bankruptcy in all Europe and a chase for spoils. More than ever, that will be our opportunity."

"We should do something definite, now," Ranke said sharply.

"My son-in-law and I do not always agree," Klauss smiled. He seemed restless. "Let's go outdoors." On the street Klauss said apologetically, "I can carry on a conversation indoors just so long."

Karl understood. It was safest to assume that no place was really safe. As the three men swung into step, he wondered how many thousand people in Germany at this moment were walking through cold streets with friends, to be able to say things without fear of listening walls, lamps, telephone, radiators and picture frames.

Klauss took up the conversation again: "Underground groups must avoid detection, they must keep their contacts with friends abroad, they must gather information here, they must keep contact with other underground groups of a dozen different persuasions and beliefs. But most important, they must hold on! Time is on our side. The Nazis are the best allies we have—the corruption, the cruelty, and the selfishness of those men!"

They walked on in silence then, while Karl tried to fit himself into the situation, "What can I do?"

Klauss smiled at him as if he were an impatient schoolboy. "There is much to do, but I should say the important thing is to get a job for yourself."

"That does not seem important if I can help you."

As if following his own thoughts, Ranke interrupted: "It's this doing everything slowly that wrecks men's nerves."

"Yes, Franz," Klauss said as if to quiet him. Then, to Karl: "Do you know any person here with connections who could help you find work?"

"I KNOW Blaerchen in the Foreign Office," Karl said. "But I should prefer not to ask him for anything."

"Blaerchen!" Ranke snorted. "Men like him should be destroyed."

Klauss smiled gently. "One man does not make a system. The system is what we must aim at, the system on which Blaerchen and his friends fatten. That has been one weakness of our underground work. We have aimed too much at one man, at Hitler."

"Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Blaerchen," Ranke broke in. "What difference? If we could only do something at once!" Ranke had the amazing quality of a man who is always talking to himself. It was in the aimless gesturing of his hands, in his glance which was never fixed anywhere, in his colorless tone of voice.

"Blaerchen is one of the group that Ribbentrop brought into the Foreign Office." Klauss said. "Naturally, the old Foreign Office men hate them. Blaerchen helped to set up the so-called Ribbentrop Bureau, a very active espionage group."

"Why, with the Gestapo—?" Karl asked.

"This is espionage chiefly for Ribbentrop's benefit," Ranke explained. "The most important fight in Germany today is the fight of Ribbentrop against Goer-

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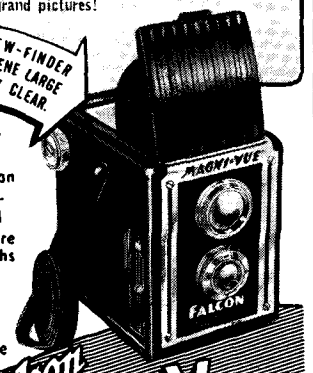

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ing and Himmler. Remember, Herr Ribbentrop was left out of Hitler's plans for his successors. Hitler named Goering, then Hess, and Hitler won't last forever. Ribbentrop does not approve of that order."

"That explains a story I heard in Buchenwald," Karl said. "Someone there said that Ribbentrop had caught one of Goering's men opening his files and had him arrested. Goering demanded his freedom. Ribbentrop told him, 'First, send back the two of mine you caught last week!' "

No one smiled.

"Blaerchen and several others have been the leaders of the Ribbentrop Bureau," Klauss added. "We've had information about many of his agents."

"Many of them are women," Ranke said. "I met one once, a Rumanian named Mainescu."

For just a second Karl thought of Carola. She, too, was a friend of Blaerchen but, after all, that was her choice. There were more important things to think about.

The three men reached Potsdamerplatz, and Ranke said, "I must leave you here."

"My son-in-law is on one of the newspapers," Klauss explained.

"My work used to be called journalism," Ranke said. "Today there is another and uglier name for it."

Then Ranke said goodby and turned up the street.

"If you'd like to walk a little more—!" Klauss said.

"I'll be glad to."

They continued down Potsdamerstrasse.

"By the way," Klauss said, "in the future any contacts between us will have to be through my son-in-law. You must never come to my house. You can telephone but always say Cousin Karl is arriving. I'll understand and arrange a meeting for you and Ranke."

Karl nodded. He was disappointed that Klauss had not offered him definite work. He had waited long for a chance to do something. Hesitantly, he asked, "Isn't there anything I can do for you?"

KLAUSS smiled warmly. "You are very eager, Herr Dietrich. Why?"

"The police took me from the stage of the Krokodil one night," Karl explained, "and charged me with making anti-Nazi remarks. I was only echoing what men in the street were saying and without their malice. That's why I'm eager to help you, to do anything."

"I understand," Klauss said paternally. He looked at Karl, then said slowly, "I can offer you a specific job at once but it is dangerous. I can only tell you what it is and leave the decision about doing it up to you." He smiled warmly. "If you refuse, I shall understand."

"What is it?" Karl asked quietly.

Klauss did not answer directly. "I should tell you first, frankly, that my son-in-law offered himself yesterday but I would not permit it. It needs a cooler, less excitable man."

"What do you want me to do?"

"One of our friends told me of a person in the Foreign Office who is willing to work with us," Klauss said. "I have no guarantee that he is sincere. For all I know, it might be a Gestapo trap."

"And if he is sincere?"

"It would be a valuable contact. We have friends in government ministries but it has been difficult for us to get information from the Foreign Office. It may mean walking directly into the hands of the police."

Karl nodded. "You want me to meet the man?"

"If you wish."

Karl thought of the years in Buchenwald, the odor of the cells, the cries in the night, the shuffle of lamed feet. But someone had to take risks, or Blaerchen and his kind would be forever safe. He answered, "Tell me the details."

Ten minutes later Karl left Klauss and walked briskly, no longer aimless. The first thing was to find a public telephone booth and he saw none near by. It was a crisp January afternoon, clear and fresh, fresh as the air at Buchenwald never was. He passed a cellar saloon. There would be a public telephone here. He hesitated before entering, as if this were the decisive step.

In the saloon a middle-aged woman stood behind the bar. All the tables were empty. "Have you a telephone?" Karl asked pleasantly.

The woman gestured to one in the corner.

Karl had memorized a number and knew what he had to say. He asked the operator for a number, hoping that this call was not going to a man in uniform, seated at a desk in the Gestapo office.

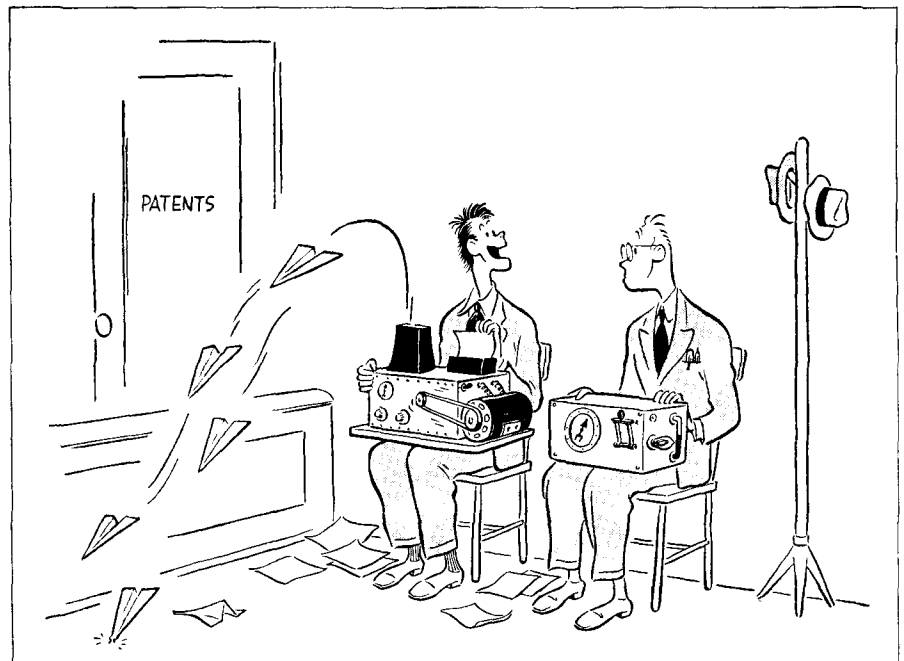
A man answered, "Hello!"

As he had been instructed, Karl asked, "Are there any plays worth seeing in town?"

The voice at the other end said quietly, "There is Manon Lescaut at the Volks Oper."

"Very well. When would you like to go?"

"How about tomorrow night?"



"What does yours do?" PAUL MC CARTHY

"Tomorrow night will be convenient."

That was all the conversation necessary. Karl left the barroom hurriedly before anyone could possibly trace the number.

While Carola waited for Senta Mainescu to come, the echo of Blaerchen's laughter over the telephone stayed with her. This, she was sure, would be more than a polite social call. She spent a long time at her mirror, combing her long hair smooth and smoother, as if every detail of the impression she would make was important.

THE presence of Maria was a problem for the first time. Whatever was said in the living room could be heard clearly in the kitchen.

Shortly before four, Carola said to her, "Will you please do some shopping for me?"

"Certainly, Fräulein. Now?"

"Yes." She had a blouse in her hand. "Would you try to find some of this same material?"

Maria shook her head vigorously. "There's no material like that anywhere in Berlin. If there was they would not sell it without a ration card."

"Please do as I say!" Carola exploded.

With the air of one going on a fool's errand and going suspiciously, Maria left the house.

Mlle. Mainescu came on time. "You are so good to let me come," she said. "Berlin is no place for a lonely woman, *nicht wahr?*" She looked around the room. "You have a nice apartment."

That was a little too casual. Carola was sure that the woman was not here to talk about apartments.

"They're so hard to find," the woman added. "Nothing is very easy here today. Berlin changed while you were away."

CAROLA was sure that this was the indirect approach to some subject, as carefully planned as the first few minutes of a play. In the next twenty minutes the woman touched on night clubs, singing, the opera, and a performance of the Brahms Requiem, which she had just heard.

She even turned to the subject of ration cards, as a housewife in market would do. "It makes life difficult but I suppose we should not complain, *nicht wahr?* But I have heard that if you know important people you can get around many restrictions. Your old friend, Rolf Blaerchen, could help."

Carola would not let herself be caught by surprise at that name. "I suppose so," she said colorlessly.

"I should think he'd be on your doorstep eager to help, after all your husband and you did for him." Again, that same aimless sort of remark.

"He hasn't been," Carola said, sure that an answer was expected. "I've seen him once quite casually."

Senta rambled on. "Of course, he's in politics now," she went on rapidly. "That takes him far from the entertainment world."

"I suppose so."

The woman came forward in her chair as if to tell an important secret: "Men in Berlin have changed! You'll find that out. Politics and the war are all that matter." She pouted, "They don't even notice an attempt at a new hat, though, God knows, anything like that is hard to get."

The woman had no reason to complain. She was well dressed.

"Of course, I can't blame them for being absorbed in politics," Senta continued, "considering the prizes."

"I know little about politics here or anywhere," Carola said.

"You don't need to know about politics," Senta laughed. "Men prefer to talk to us about other things! But when they're by themselves they talk nothing but politics. That's all that interests

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them. Each one is ambitious, of course. In the old Germany, government promotions were custom-bound. A man knew what he could expect every year until he retired. Today an ambitious man has no limits!"

For forty minutes this conversation had been almost a monologue and Carola was still suspicious. Yet there was a chance that this was all harmless, simply the chatter of a talkative woman.

"It makes a woman's part difficult, sometimes. An ambitious man is eager to get all possible help and he may enlist his friends."

That was an indirect reference to something specific. It might refer to Blaerchen!

The woman looked up, as if to see whether that had made any impression.

She laughed.

"Then that man's enemies will approach her and be glad"—she smiled and then with emphasis—"be very glad to have her aid them!"

THERE was not a suspicious word in the remark but the way she said it made Carola sure that she was fitting it to some one certain case.

"So a woman has a career in politics" —again the emphasis—"if she wishes it."

And any questions that Carola might want to ask would be cheerfully answered, she was sure!

A key turned in the front door lock and Carola was startled. That would be Maria, home before she was expected. Surprisingly quick the Rumanian woman was on her feet.

"Maria!"

"Fräulein Mainescu! I—thank you—I'm well." Maria stammered.

Carola looked confused.

Then she heard Mainescu say coldly, "So you have only seen Herr Blaerchen casually! What a careful choice of words!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I presume you found Maria at an employment bureau, *nicht wahr?*" She turned at the door and her coolness was gone. Now she was hot angry. "In the days when I knew Rolf Blaerchen and was engaged to him, Maria was my maid, too. And when you report this conversation to him tell him for me I do not fear him any longer. Tell him I am going to marry a man from an old family whom he will not dare to harm!"

The closing door jarred the apartment.

"Maria!" Carola was able to control herself. "I want you to say nothing about this to anyone." The point of Mainescu's conversation was clear. She could find employment working for Blaerchen's enemies! Certainly, Mainescu worked for them. "I myself will speak to Herr Blaerchen."

Maria was staring at the living-room wall. She looked helpless, ready to cry. Her red, chapped hands were fumbling with her shoddy coat.

"Now that we understand each other, bring me come coffee!" Then Carola's nerves snapped: "Hurry! Hurry up!"

Maria waddled toward the kitchen. Carola watched her go, suddenly realizing what that walk recalled. It was the waddle of a person with a ring of keys hitting at her belt, the waddle of a jailer.

(To be continued next week)

The Wounded Don't Cry

Continued from page 9

flames from the burning part of the town. But that was half a mile away. The darkness partially hid hundreds of still forms lying on the ground in front of a long shed where the wounded were first brought.

I picked my way among them and went into the shed. Three nurses and one doctor were there. There were eighty-four men there and three civilian women. The three nurses were examining wounds and putting disinfectants on the wounds and then bandaging them. They were very wonderful. They gave their patience and kindness and skill in the same abundance to a dull-witted Senegalese and a handsome young French captain. One of the nurses stopped for a breath and she told me proudly that she and the other two were from this city; had been born in it and had learned nursing in it and would die in it. I was getting a warm, friendly feeling for this city. This, after all, is the story of the city and I mention the wounded and the hospital merely as incidents connected with the death of the city, symptoms perhaps of why it was killed.

The night was alive with little noises —the sound of the ambulances coming in, the whispers of the stretcher bearers, the "Easy boy, you'll be all right," of the American ambulance drivers. Now and then they would have to wait for a load and I would have a smoke with Larry Morgan, whom his pals called Man Mountain Dean because of his black beard, and with the ridiculously youthful-looking Jon Thorenson, with Carl Quigley and Dave Stetson and the others.

Peter Muir, in charge of the drivers, was everywhere giving directions. "The train is about full," Montgomery said gloomily. "This'll be our last load. These poor devils will have to stay here."

I went down to the station with their last load. The long train stood there patiently and perhaps two hundred wounded lay on the platform waiting their turn. But there was only room now for the badly hurt. It was very quiet at the station. We unloaded three of our four wounded into a car.

"No more room," the man in the car said tersely.

"We'll find room," James said.

I walked through the cars with him. Each one was filled. The wounded lay on stretchers three high and then they lay on the floor. There wasn't an inch of room left on the train. We had to bring one lone casualty back to the hospital. We sat there in front and James said, "I haven't nerve enough to tell him."

The Bombers Strike

He and Montgomery looked at me but I looked away. Montgomery lit a cigarette, took a deep breath and got out of the car. He helped the stretcher bearers take the boy out. He put his cigarette between the boy's lips and he said, "There's another train in a few hours, kid. Don't worry."

We drove back to the camp the boys had made under a large shed that had recently sheltered horses. The night was just beginning to get tired of it all and there was a glimmer of gray in the east. We sat under the shed on straw and smoked and had a drink of whisky and muddy water, and it was good. Some of the boys flopped down on the straw and went right to sleep. I wished we could have taken the stretchers out of the ambulances and slept on them but the stretchers were full of rather horrible reminders of the many wounded who had lain in them today and even at the front it is silly not to consider infection. Who wants to get killed by a bug?

I had been at or near the front with

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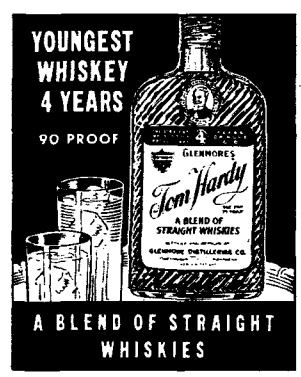

the French army for some time and it was exciting to be with these Americans. We talked of colleges we had been to and of football and of a man named Roosevelt. One of the Boston men said, "Tonight I'd slug anyone who made a crack about Roosevelt." I liked that and I took out a pack of American cigarettes I'd been hoarding and gave it to him. I regretted it later and maybe sometime I can get it back from the President.

We were on a hill and from it we could see the city dying. The light from the flames was dull now because the dawn was thinning it out, so we slept after a fashion, but in an hour a man blew three notes on a bugle and that woke us. In this city that was the "*Alerte*." That meant German planes are coming.

We walked sleepily out from under the shed and into the open field. It was bright daylight although it was only five-thirty. We heard the drone of the planes and knew without looking up that these were the two-motored Dornier bombers. But we looked up. There were only six of them flying in their familiar triangle with the odd two following the base of the triangle. We yawned. This hadn't been worth waking up for. But then we saw another formation of six following and another and another. . . .

They weren't high. They started dropping bombs. They were big bombs. We lay down in the fields, for there were no ditches, no holes to get into. We lay there looking at them. A few antiaircraft guns began to bark foolishly. The planes came over us. The bombs dropped close to us. They made a heavy noise and you shook your head to clear it of the concussion.

"There's a hundred of them," someone called from behind a bush.

"I count 120," someone else said.

The bombs fell and whistled loudly and then exploded and you wished you were somewhere else. They were falling on our city. Thank God that one train had pulled out! The bombs kept falling forever. Five minutes can be forever. Then the planes disappeared into the sun. They hadn't been interrupted once.

Someone made coffee. We all felt tired now. A French artilleryman who had been manning an antiaircraft gun in the next field came over for coffee. He had strong glasses with him. He had counted 126. That's a lot of planes.

Jack James said, "Anyone who says he isn't scared up here is either a liar or a damn' fool."

Courage Through Fear

We all nodded agreement. It was nice to know that James had been scared a little. He was the best of us, we all felt, tough, hardworking and with the gentleness of big, tough men. Once he said that he had been scared, we all felt better and we could lift our filled coffee cups without spilling more than a few drops. The planes came back three times within the next two hours. The tension drained us of vitality. In disgust James and Larry Morgan and Fuller pulled straw over them and went back to sleep.

Now a lazy column of black smoke came up from our city. Our city had been given its death blow and we knew it. It could never be proud of its lovely cathedral again. Its few small factories were smoldering sullenly.

Two hours after the planes had left for the last time there were three dull explosions. The planes had dropped delayed-action bombs. That isn't good, because the ambulance men go into wreckage as soon as the planes leave, trying to save some people, and the thought that these time bombs may be lurking underneath a destroyed wall makes you work very quickly and sometimes you can't work as efficiently. Mind you, it doesn't prevent them from going into the buildings which are still hotly writhing in their death agony, but it forces them to work too quickly.

Edwin Watts was hurt by one of these. He was in a building when a delayed bomb exploded near by. The wall of the house began to totter and somehow Watts braced himself against the wall and held it upright until the injured were gotten out. He wasn't badly hurt but he won't drive an ambulance for a month or so.

Orders came from somewhere for us to leave the dying city. We wanted to ask questions: What of the boy we couldn't get on the train last night? What of that smiling nurse who had said she was born in the city and would die in it? What of the big Senegalese? We had orders to get out.

Farewell to a Dying City

That meant that there was nothing the boys could do. They and their twenty ambulances had to move back a few miles. They hated to leave this city because they had come to love it and if that seems silly maybe we all get a little silly hearing guns all the time and watching bombers drop death encased in steel containers. Silly or not, it is true. I hated to leave it and didn't have the excuse the ambulance drivers had. They thought they could still do something. I was a parasite, watching things, giving nothing, helping none. But I hated to leave this dying city.

You act quickly when you get orders at the front. Ken Downs, the American newspaperman, was with me. We had virtually been stowaways in the ambulance driven by James and Montgomery. We had no right to stay but we did make an effort. We saw the colonel in charge of this section of the French army. We said that we couldn't leave; we had no means of transportation. We would have to stay for a while. "You can walk," he said abruptly.

I pointed to what is perhaps the healthiest ankle in France and said, "*Mais Mon Colonel,* the ankle you can see . . ."

I often wondered what it took to make a French officer lose his temper. I was a nuisance to them a hundred times but their exquisite, smiling courtesy never deserted them. Somewhere in this world or the next there may be a more magnificent body of men than the officers of the French army. I doubt it very much. The colonel expressed sympathy and he smiled with his gray-blue eyes and he said: "I will arrange transportation."

He gave us a car and a driver but after we'd gone a while we asked the driver to stop. We wanted to take another look at this little city. It was dying, all right. Those four ugly columns of black smoke were thick now. Mind you, in the military sense, the loss of this little city meant nothing. There were no munition factories here. It wasn't any kind of military base. It was just a small, insignificant French city that fate had tossed into the path of the ruthless god of war. Its death did not help the German cause in the slightest.

We watched it burn for a little while and then told the driver to get on. It was a pretty silent ride. It may be that those American ambulance drivers had so flavored the city with their presence that for us it had become a part of our country. All I can say is that it was mighty tough to watch it die and some day I'd like to meet those who killed it. I'd like to have Downs and James and Morgan and Thorenson and Montgomery and the rest of them with me. Yes, that would be nice.

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Girl from Home

Continued from page 15

photographers in New York." She put the tray down on the small table near the sofa. "I met him a month ago when he came in to buy photographic supplies where I work. He'll probably be here any moment now. He's developing some shots of a summer street scene he took early this morning."

There was something revealing about that portrait—something about Dora's slender young neck and her breast that seemed to explain Sturgess' interest in her.

"Nice composition," Doris said. "I suppose Clinton wouldn't understand it."

"No, I guess not!"

Hugh soon discovered several things about Dora Appleby that Clinton wouldn't understand. They sat there in the warm room which was filled with a pale blue twilight and the sad rumble of summer traffic. It was funny, she seemed so new and strange with the unfamiliar and wise-sounding expressions she had picked up and the new way of dressing and fixing her hair. And yet he caught himself thinking: She's got a scar on her left shin from falling from a tree behind our barn when she was eleven years old.

He had almost forgotten about Sturgess when the door pushed open and he saw a tall, wiry man with a pale, handsome face. He stood in the doorway for a moment, hat still on, and stared at Hugh.

DORIS walked toward him, almost tiptoed; and the way she walked toward the tall, silent figure gave Hugh a funny feeling. It was as if she walked in a trance—had to walk toward Wade Sturgess.

"Doris," Sturgess said, "the films are magnificent!" His voice was smooth, rich, emotional.

"I'm so glad," Doris said, her own voice lower, almost reverent. Then, with one of her quick, birdlike moves, she turned to include Hugh: "Oh, Wade—this is Hugh Barlow—you know—I told you he was coming today."

Sturgess remained in the doorway and Hugh found himself walking toward him. There was only a second's hesitation before the tall man brought up his hand, but it was long enough to make Hugh conscious of it.

"Hello," Hugh said. "We were just talking about you."

Wade Sturgess bowed his head slightly. Then he turned to Doris: "I can't stay, little pigeon. Some of the others are coming to the studio to work with me tonight. You're not going out, are you?"

Doris said, "Why, Hugh thought we'd go out for a while."

Sturgess looked annoyed. He turned his slow, dark eyes on Hugh and there passed between the two men that understanding challenge of one male to the other.

It was only a moment, but it was significant—happening there in the soft light of the feminine room.

Wade Sturgess moved around as if he owned the place and he talked a lot about himself and their friends and his talk made no effort to include Hugh. After a time, he turned to Hugh: "Where you going tonight?"

Hugh said in his slow, even speech, "I don't know, yet. It doesn't make much difference, does it, Sturgess?"

For an instant Hugh saw the other man's eyes shift quickly and his whole character appeared there on his pale, handsome, selfish face and he felt a growing antagonism. Then Sturgess said to Doris, "I have to go back to the studio." Something like suspicion was in his eyes, as he walked to the door and went out.

A silence followed the closing door. Then Doris said, "That's Wade Sturgess. You didn't like him."

"How'd you guess it?"

She walked to the sofa and sat down. She tapped a cigarette on the lid of the aluminum box and Hugh held a match for her.

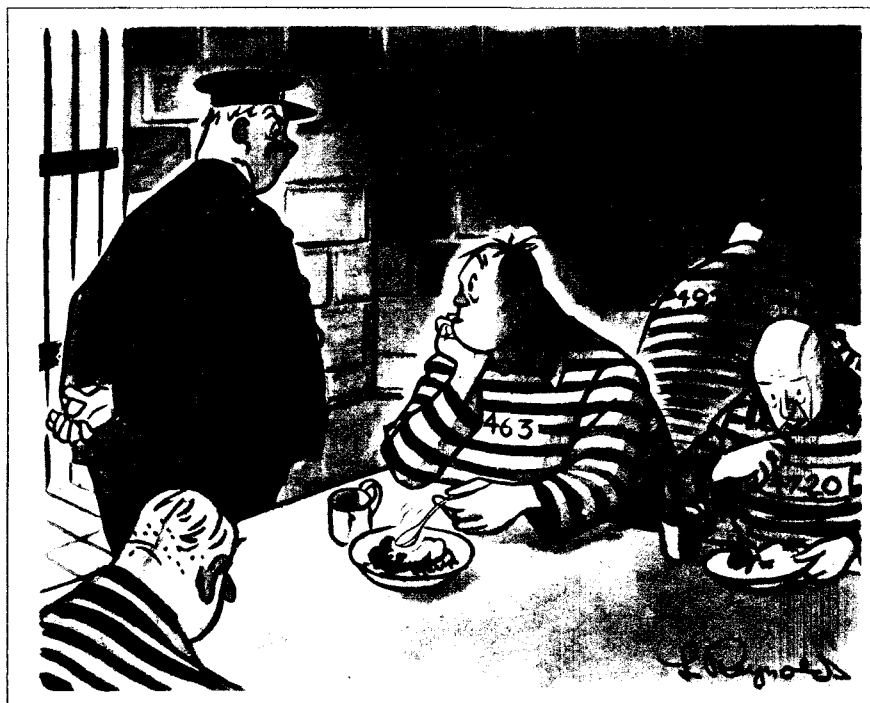
"You don't understand Wade," she said quietly.

"I suppose not," Hugh said. "But I know you, Dora."

She looked up at him then, a funny, little, wise smile on her lips. "Think So? Well, I've changed a lot, Hugh. Sometimes I wake up and laugh at the way I used to be."

Hugh said, "You've lived! Is that it, Doris?"

"All right, Hugh Barlow, but it's true. I've changed. I want to tell you some-



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"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel — you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line — with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

thing. This may shock you. It will shock Clinton too—if you want to tell the town about it. I don't care any more what they think. It's this. Wade and I are going away this week end together."

Hugh turned his glass slowly, watching the small ice cubes bobbing in the beady liquid.

"Getting married?"

"No."

Hugh put his glass down.

"Scared?" he asked.

"No." Then she said, "I just want you to know, Hugh. We're not going to be secretive about it."

"I see," Hugh said, "you want to be aboveboard."

HUGH looked at her hands. They were moving nervously.

"Little Dora Appleby," he said, thoughtfully. "Well, well . . ."

A policeman's whistle cut through the roar of traffic and somewhere in the building a telephone rang and rang. Hugh got up. He walked to the kitchenette with his empty glass. He put it down in the sink. When he came back he saw Doris leaning against the pillow, looking at him. For a second he saw a curious, astray expression on her face. Then she smiled at him quickly.

Hugh said, "Come on, let's get out of here. Let's go eat."

They had dinner at a quiet restaurant. She was wearing a sort of flowery thing, low cut, with lace or something on it, but she looked good in it. He liked that kind of dress, it was so feminine. He said, holding up the glass of wine, "Well, good luck to you on your big adventure."

She seemed uneasy for a second. She laughed a little. Then she said: "You don't really approve, do you?"

He wanted to say, "Why the hell should I? I think you're a damn' little fool. That guy Sturgess is a fourflusher if I ever saw one." Instead, he heard himself say flatly, "I think it's a swell idea."

Doris said, now talking excitedly, explaining things, a challenging light in her eyes, "I can't go on being just a dull little virtuous girl. I think they're impossible. Wade says no woman is interesting until she's had a lover."

"He would say that." It was funny, he thought, how the city, which might have brought them together—two of a kind—had really come between them.

There was a long silence. Then Hugh said, "You've been to the Fair?"

Doris shook her head. "No," she said, "we natives aren't as excited about it as you out-of-towners."

Hugh smiled. "Well, it's a pretty fine thing, I guess from what I hear. I want to see it. How'd you like to take it in with me tomorrow?"

AS IF it were a great lark, a sort of slumming trip, Doris said, "Why, I think it would be very amusing."

"Good," Hugh said. "Look, it's sort of business with me. I'm due there at eleven at the L. J. Connett exhibit in the Home Furnishing Building. I've got a couple of passes. I'll pick you up at the apartment at ten."

Doris liked the idea of seeing the Fair that way—as someone who belonged inside—with passes.

It was only nine when they finished their dinner. Hugh let Doris pick out a musical comedy which they enjoyed very much. But the night club afterward was his idea. "To celebrate," Hugh said.

It was a pretty swank place and he wasn't dressed, but Doris was, and hell, a guy could go anywhere with money in his pockets.

The headwaiter greeted them with a little bow that stopped them a foot or so from the entrance to the floor.

"What is the name, please?" The headwaiter held a large card in front of him on which he was tap-tapping a gold-headed pencil.

"Barlow. Why?"

"I have no reservation down for you, Mr. Barlow. There are no tables left."

"Full house, heh?" Hugh said. "Well, maybe someone will leave soon. We'll wait here, okay?"

For some reason that annoyed the headwaiter. His eyes dropped lower and examined Hugh's single-breasted coat, the crease in his trousers, the tan rubber-soled shoes. Hugh felt those eyes as if twin streams of cold air went down his front, leaving in their wake wrinkles, broken buttons, stringy laces.

Hugh waited a minute and then he said to the headwaiter, "Oh, I get you." He reached into his wallet and without hiding it, held out a bill. He said, "Here you are."

The headwaiter looked past Hugh at some people who were just coming in. He said to Hugh icily, "*There are no tables left.*" He was already bowing to the others.

Hugh felt sudden, hot anger surge through him. He wanted to take the waiter by the collar and throw him to the floor. He saw a smartly dressed woman in the group glance at Doris. There was amusement in her eyes. She murmured something to her companion and Hugh caught the word "quaint."

He turned to Doris. "Let's get out of here," he said.

With dignity, without hurry, he escorted her down the long lobby, as if she were a Hollywood star—as if she were the most important woman in the world.

They took an open-top cab. For two red lights neither spoke. Then Hugh said very quietly, "Meet Hugh Barlow, hick, from Clinton, Iowa."

He reached his hand over to shake hers. Her hand touched his for a moment and then held his.

"Man!" Hugh said, "I sure came near pasting that guy."

"I almost wish you had," Doris said. "It would have been some satisfaction—instead of a perfect blank. I suppose I have lost out completely."

"How?"

"With you."

Doris said nothing. She turned crosswise on the seat and pulled her legs up under her. Then she said, "Do you care?"

"Yes, I do. I was just getting ready to like you."

"And then you heard that I was quaint?"

Hugh didn't say anything for a second. Then: "Forget it. She was an old sourpuss. You were the best-looking girl there."

"You're swell, Hugh."

"You're not so bad yourself. The only trouble with us is that we're just a couple of hicks. I feel like gawking—"

"Hugh, stop it."

"'Fraid the driver will hear us?"

"No, but it's not true."

HE TURNED to her: "The funny part about it, Doris, is that it is true. It's true with me—I know. Something I did today proves it—but that's the way I am anyway. And now you're proving it."

"How?"

"By thinking it's necessary to spend the week end with a guy like Sturgess to get your diploma as an A No. 1 New Yorker."

"Why are you bringing that up? Are you going to preach?"

Hugh laughed. "If you loved that guy and couldn't live without him, I'd shut up. But to me, a girl like you, I don't know—maybe I'm all wrong—but you should have something special, something real. Do you love him?"

Doris was silent. Then, without moving, she said, "No. But that's not exactly your business."

"A couple of hours ago it wasn't my business. Things have changed since then."

Doris looked at Hugh from her corner of the cab. She said, "Have they, Hugh? Have things changed?"

The taxi had stopped in front of her place. Hugh said, "Yes." He turned toward her. He stared at her for a long minute. He leaned nearer her. Then he said, "This is your house."

They were standing on the sidewalk. The brownstone fronts looked somber and lonely in the night. Suddenly Doris said, "There's a light in my room."

Hugh said, "I'd better go up with you."

They hurried up the three flights. Doris took her key from her little white evening bag and opened the door. She looked in. Hugh heard her catch her breath.

"Wade!"

Hugh heard someone in the room. Then Sturgess' voice said, "Come in, my pigeon. I've been waiting a long time for you."

Doris opened the door wider, and Hugh saw Sturgess walking across the room toward them. He was in shirtsleeves—the collar was open. He kept

"... an' my kid musta took mine by mistake" JAY IRVING

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looking from Doris to Hugh. He said, "Well, the boy from home keeps late hours, doesn't he?"

Doris said, "What is it, Wade? What are you doing here?"

Sturgess laughed. "You can't get away with it, little one." He spoke precisely. "I suppose you are trying subtly to convey to your rustic there that I never come here except by invitation."

Doris stepped back. "Wade—please. Why are you talking this way? What's happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. I've just been thinking. . . . So this is your football hero from the corn belt you talked so much about. You wrote poems about him: 'Oh, man of iron strength—' "

"Please, Wade. Stop it!"

HUGH put his own hands behind his back. The right caught the wrist of the left and held it. He said, gently, "Hold your horses there, Sturgess."

Doris stood in front of Wade. Anger possessed her. She was trembling. "Go away, Wade. Please go out—go out."

A sour smile went across Sturgess' face. He walked to the table where he picked up his coat very deliberately, like a slow-moving picture. He stood at the door, still smiling. Then he swung the door open, went out and very gently closed the door behind him.

Hugh turned to Doris. She was standing there in the middle of the room, tense, furious. "Oh," she cried. "This is awful—awful."

Hugh said, "What a little stinker a guy like that can be."

"Hugh Barlow! I hate you. You can't say those things. I never wrote a poem to you in my life. It's all a lie."

Hugh stared at her. "What have I done?"

"What have you done! You've done all this." She threw out her hands. "All this . . ." Then, as an afterthought, "Who are you to stand there criticizing people? What do you know about the way we live here in New York?"

Through the open window came the clatter of the Third Avenue El. Then Hugh said slowly, "If that's the way you feel about it I guess I'd better go."

Doris didn't answer.

Hugh looked at her, turned away and went out. It took the taxi only fifteen minutes to get across town to his hotel. The night clerk gave him his key and the envelope from Manton containing the two passes for the Fair. Hugh shoved them into his pocket and went up to his room. He stood by the window looking out over the sleeping city. He lit a cigarette and took a deep drag. After a minute or so he removed the passes from the envelope and examined them. He walked across his room once, twice and then stopped at the writing desk. He flipped the pages of his notebook. And then, with sudden decision, he put one of the passes into a hotel envelope and addressed it to Doris Appleby. He phoned for a messenger and told him to deliver it immediately. "Take a cab—hire a plane—anything. But get it there at once."

He tucked the other pass in the inside pocket of his coat.

A little after eleven the next morning he was standing near the information desk of the L. J. Connett exhibit in the Home Furnishing Building at the World's Fair. He could see down the curved length of the cool, air-conditioned corridor and could watch the entrance from Fireside Row. Every time the door swung open his eyes nailed the entering individual for that fraction of a second for identification.

Something had stirred him. Something had made New York's streets, restaurants, taxis a series of records on which were etched the quick tap-tap of a girl's high heels, the sudden birdlike turn of the head, the powder-sweet smell of an evening wrap. He saw her everywhere—in shop windows, in subways, crossing streets, in passing cars. Something had happened to him—and Hugh Barlow knew just about what it was.

Four people came in at the same time: a large man and two old ladies in black, and a little behind them, a girl in a white dress with a red hat and a red belt around her small waist. She came into the cool corridor, looked up and down, and walked with heels tap-tapping toward the desk.

Hugh leaned against the wall and watched her. He folded his arms on his chest and crossed one leg over the other. He was standing that way when she saw him. She stopped, and a man almost bumped into her. She looked at Hugh without smiling—looked at him with relief, with tenderness, which made Hugh unfold his arms and start for her. She came halfway, and they met in front of the desk. Both her hands lifted toward him, and both his hands reached for hers. Their hands didn't meet. Their hands went slowly back to their sides.

They said things that meant nothing, which were useless. How-are-you? You-got-the-pass-all-right? So-hot-on-the-subway!

Hugh took her arm, turned her and they walked out of the building into the drifting crowds on Bowling Green. Her arm was cool and smooth. He looked down at her.

He said, "Got time to look around and see the sights?"

She said, "Yes—I have all the time in the world." Then she faced him, and said, "I talked to Wade this morning on the phone—for the last time, I guess."

"You did?" he said casually, suddenly becoming aware of the colors around him, the noise, the laughter, the smell of fruit gum and flowers, the feel of the sun on his back. "Let's go!" he said, and she almost had to run to keep up with him.

They climbed on board one of those trains of cars with rubber tires, which brought sight-seers around the grounds. They sat in the front seat. It was good and hot—baking—and the flat walls, pink and blue and red, reflected the heat in waves, and made Hugh take off his coat, which he slung over his shoulder, and made Doris' upper lip dewy, and brought color under her eyes.

SHE sighed and stuck out her legs. "I like this," she said. "It's nice to be yourself. I feel as though I had just come from Iowa."

"I do too," Hugh said. Then: "It's funny—do you realize that we haven't said anything about it?"

"About what?"

"About what's happened. About the way we feel—I feel. I mean the way we met here just now—about my seeing you all over New York in taxis, in shop windows, crossing the streets . . ."

"Do you feel that way, too?"

"Do I? I've been nuts!"

She leaned nearer him. "Careful, Hugh—the couple behind us are listening—"

"Do you mind?"

"No."

Hugh turned around. The young man behind him was looking far off toward the city. Suddenly he turned to Hugh: "Pardon me, Mister. What's that bridge over there?"

"That's the Triborough."

Hugh heard the girl behind him say, "Oliver! You oughtn't to ask so many questions. They'll think we're hicks."

Doris caught Hugh's arm. She whispered, "Bet they'll ask us to tell them where there's a nice little place to eat—with atmosphere." Her eyes crinkled up when she looked at Hugh.

Presently they both turned back to the sights of the Fair with the cool, casual acceptance proper to people who know their way around.

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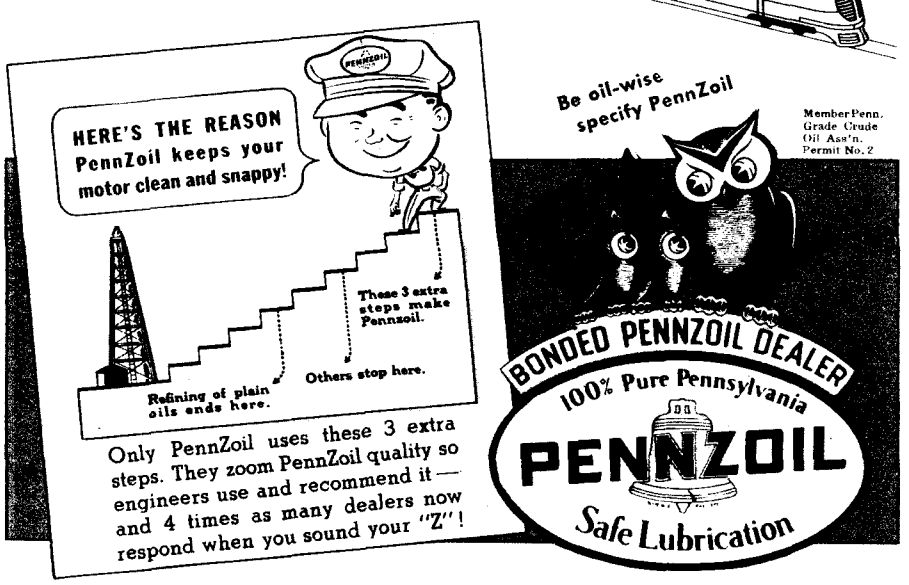
Why not get the same oil? U. P. engineers tell me these 100-mile-an-hour bullets use regular PennZoil. That's why I use it in my car, and she runs clean as a whistle!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These Our Rulers

Continued from page 23

tion and make a trip out to the junk yard on Kedzie Avenue. If you do not know the great junkman personally, you get properly introduced. With his okay and after some other details are settled, you are ready for business.

Mr. Skidmore will tell you how much you must pay each month. And thereafter every month, before the tenth—you go out to the junk yard and pay your tax. As long as you do that you seem to be able to operate without molestation from anyone. If you default in that payment by the tenth—you are out of business.

The Internal Revenue boys played a rather dirty trick on Mr. Skidmore. Quietly they stationed a couple of operators with a movie camera, effectively camouflaged, opposite Mr. Skidmore's junk yard. Day after day gamblers, public officials, police entered the door of the junk yard. And as they did, the heartless film recorded the scene. It makes a wonderful movie.

The Tie That Binds

Skidmore apparently makes plenty of money out of this. For instance, Uncle Sam's bookkeepers worked out that Mr. Skidmore in 1938 had an income of half a million dollars ($511,150.87). He made only $2,996.40 on his junk business. He is a partner of Billy Johnson and he made $31,300 on gambling. But there was a little matter of $167,733.58 in currency and some more income amounting to $303,000 which was unaccounted for—mysterious income from some unknown source, but actually connected with the beautiful movie that the officers made.

Now why do these gamblers pay Skidmore all this money? He must give them something. And the something that he gives them is protection.

But protection from whom? Who can hurt a poor gambler minding his own business? Nobody but the police, the courts, the politicians and the gangsters. It is against the law to run these shops. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Skidmore protects them all by himself. Whom does Skid do business with and how much does he pay? Whom, in short, does he represent?

Well, to begin with, there has always been a curious cordiality between the gentlemen who run the joints and the gentlemen who run the city of Chicago—and perhaps in your town too. One of the Kelly-Nash judiciary luminaries once said: "Whenever crime and politics are united, the illegal gambling enterprise is the link that binds them."

It's an old cordiality. Political bigwigs acted as pallbearers at gangster funerals. Al Capone could keep his dog tracks open for two years under protection of an injunction by a machine judge—an act branded by the higher court as utterly "repugnant to the theory upon which courts of justice are organized." Such instances can be multiplied abundantly.

These things mean nothing, perhaps, save that they exhibit the kindly friendliness of the rulers of the town and the rulers of vice. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Mike Flynn, City Clerk, mighty ruler of the old Lucky Thirteenth Ward. As becomes a great chief, Mr. Flynn has his outing each year. One year it was held at the Lincolnshire Club. Of course there was a program. And the pages were sold to persons who would pay forty dollars a page. And there you see page after page of "good wishes" to good old Mike from Denny Cooney, the vice lord of the South Side, from breweries, taverns, gamblers and even from a Republican police court judge, who sent $40 of good wishes to Mike—all mixed in among wishes from "Mamie," Mae's Tavern, Mae's Cozy Grill, Nellie Carey, Finnegan and McGovern, gambling joint owners, who shot the good wishes for $80. They're just friendly—that's all there is to it.

But who protects them from the cops? I talked with Police Commissioner Allman about that. He is a rugged, blunt, straightforward Irishman with a heavy brogue, who has all the marks of an honest man. "What can the police do against bookies," he asks, "save to arrest them? Look at the records of this department. You will find not hundreds of arrests every year but thousands. We can bring them to court, produce the evidence—that is all we can do."

And that is true. The police do make arrests. But the courts have discharged them as fast as they come in or have assessed fines so small as to be negligible. Yet this is not the whole story. For instance, when the government went over Mr. Skidmore's books they found one investment in a mortgage—a $10,000 note on the home of Police Captain Thomas H. Harrison. Captain Harrison gets $4,000 a year. A home with a $10,000 mortgage is quite a shelter for a $4,000-a-year man. It's a handsome brick structure worth plenty more than $10,000—nearer twenty or thirty thousand. Captain Harrison said the mortgage was arranged for him by Mr. Jake Arvey, the Number Three Kelly-Nash boss. And he explained the fine home by saying that before he was a cop he was a bricklayer, hadn't forgotten his art, and had built it with his own hands.

Captain Joseph Goldberg is a supervising captain. He lives in a magnificent home on his $5,000 salary and has two airplanes — airplanes being his hobby.

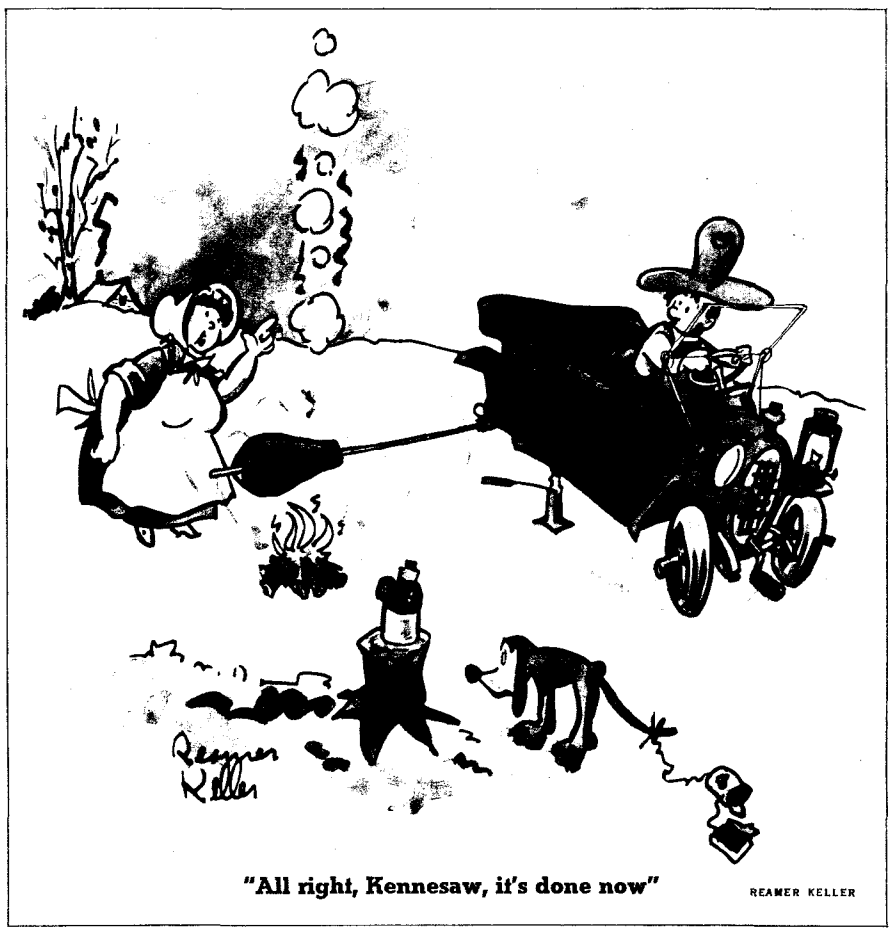
Captain Laird, chief of the county police, also a Kelly-Nash subsidiary, was haled before the Grand Jury. He wouldn't talk. So the gentlemen of the jury put on a little movie show for him. And there Captain Laird had the pleasure of seeing himself as a movie actor—walking as friendly as you please into Billy Skidmore's junk yard, several times. Then the Captain, who is charged with enforcing the anti-vice laws in the county, admitted he had visited Mr. Skidmore twice a week for years. No special reason, of course; just dropped in twice a week to say hello, how are you and ain't this a terrible winter we're having?

The Captain Can't Remember

And the Captain also made occasional calls at Billy Johnson's beautiful Glen Ellyn estate—no special reason, not interested even in Mr. Johnson's health, didn't even know him, just went there to ride Mr. Johnson's horses around his estate. And he liked it so much he bought himself a riding costume. And in his bank account was a deposit, when he was only a lieutenant, for $5,000 cash all in one lump. And Captain Laird couldn't remember where he got it for the life of him.

Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Daily News, Republican leader in Chicago, told me this story. After Kelly became mayor he talked with Knox. In a friendly chat he told Knox that in six months time he, Knox, would be for him 100 per cent because he intended to give Chicago that kind of administration. Later Colonel Knox had the goods on a police captain. He didn't put it in the paper. He put it up to the mayor. The mayor was indignant. The captain would be out before nightfall, he swore. But the captain was not ousted. Instead he was promoted.

It's all a bit baffling. There's the law, the cops, the courts—all Kelly-Nash servants. When occasion requires, the heat can be turned on for a day or week or month—and presto! everything closes. For instance, at intervals during the past year a federal grand jury has been hauling the bookies before it.



"All right, Kennesaw, it's done now" REAMER KELLER

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Johnson, Skidmore and many others have been indicted on income tax cases. But all through these proceedings the racket has run full blast, even though crippled by the loss of the Annenberg wire service.

But around March of this year the grand jury's hunt was getting hotter. The primary election was coming on. The Kelly-Nash machine was out in a big way for "Roosevelt and Humanity." The Daily News was hot on the pursuit. Dwight Green, Republican running for governor, was throwing hot shells at the machine. I was able to locate fifty-three places in the Loop along West Madison, West Adams, West Randolph, West Lake, West Washington, North Clark, North State, North and South Wabash, North Dearborn—all a stone's throw from the Hall, all owned or controlled by the Capone Syndicate.

Hymie Levin had a luxurious place at 29 West Randolph—the Four Hundred Club, with about $25,000 worth of chromium and leather furniture. He had six other places.

Vanishing Act

Then one night Mr. Billy Skidmore, Mr. William Johnson, and a high official of the County Committee were in confabulation in the Morrison Hotel, Democratic headquarters. I came upon them there. And the situation must have been grave. Mr. Skidmore's bland round countenance under his bald head was drawn in grave perturbation. The county committee official was no less stern. The heads were all together—and for an hour—and in the lobby of the hotel for all to see. I felt something serious was in the wind. Next day the "Loop Holes," as Dr. Elmer Williams calls them, were closed. Word had gone out from somewhere. It is possible to close them. No axes were needed, such as States's Attorney Courtney used; no cops, no arrests. Just a word from somewhere.

It was several days before the pressure eased. Then some of the joints opened very quietly. Passing the Four Hundred Club—run by Hymie Levin and Chew Tobacco Ryan—I found its doors closed. Some detectives were there—either guarding the portals or waiting for a trolley. Against the wall outside the door sat a very small person reading a paper. I leaned over him and asked: "Where're they runnin' today, brother?"

"No. 10 North Wells Street," he said. I went over to 10 North Wells where, without the slightest difficulty, I walked in and watched about a hundred people studying the boards, the tip-sheets and placing bets on the ponies.

I journeyed out to Cicero, unaccompanied, unguided. There in the afternoon I walked into the Rock Garden Club, another Syndicate joint, where at least five hundred ladies and gentlemen were shooting craps, playing blackjack, roulette and betting on the horses in a big casino that filled almost an acre. At night there were five crap games—big tables with twenty-five or more crowded around—four blackjack games, two roulette wheels, a klondike game and poker game running—all requiring the services of about forty attendants. Not far away the Paddock Club was in full blast and, I was told, there were several others. I could find them without the slightest difficulty and watch the law being fractured into little pieces. But the police can't. Heigh-ho! How blind are our rulers!

This bookie racket has produced some bad blood in the never too happy Democratic household in Chicago. Tom Courtney, once a machine senator, now rebellious State's Attorney, back in 1928 took an ax brigade and smashed up bookie joints at the rate of several a day. Cases were prepared with the most exacting care. As fast as Courtney yanked them into the municipal courts, the lawyers yanked them out again. The judges denounced the prosecutors for entering bookie joints without a warrant—one of the weirdest jests of the decade.

So Courtney turned his guns on Kelly. He ran for mayor against Kelly in the Democratic primaries. "The mayor," he thundered, "is part and parcel of the Syndicate which controls gambling." He said: "No syndicate could operate here under the eyes of the mayor if he wanted it stopped." He told the voters that "the fact that Kelly permits a hoodlum syndicate to control gambling in itself establishes that he is part and parcel of it. The fix is in at the top," he cried.

But the mechanized legions of the dreaded Kelly-Nash machine rolled over him. Now either he has become good, or something has happened. For he is running for State's Attorney again and the man he denounced as the partner of killers and gangsters is supporting him for re-election. Queer fellows, those politicians.

Of course there are the ward committeemen. They might well make it difficult for a mayor who took the law too seriously. A ward is a little principality. It is a kind of five- or six-ringed circus containing numerous concessions, designed to minister to the frailties of man. The great river wards are called the rich wards—rich in the opportunities of those who serve humanity on its lighter side—taverns, bookie joints, houses of prostitution, dope merchants.

Richest of all perhaps is the old First—over which broods the gentle authority of the aging Hinky Dink Kenna, now eighty-one. It includes the Loop and much besides—gambling palaces in hotels, Syndicate bookie joints, twenty-five-cent bookies in cigar stores, honky-tonks, night clubs like Blondie's on Michigan Avenue or the Coo-Coo Club and Frolics on Wabash or the taxi dance halls, dope peddlers and flop houses where votes are stored—everything from the peep show to the ten grand bet on a horse. The old Hink is shy, frail, vanishing—one hears rumors that Frank Nitti is beginning to exercise unseen the sovereign powers of the principality.

There is the Forty-Second Ward of Botchy Connors—well-stocked with taverns, bawdy houses, slot machines, dance halls, bookie joints. And the great Twenty-Seventh, called by some the "riveriest" of all the river wards.

More Laws—More Money

All these enterprises—all lawless—can operate only under a charter of protection from someone. And the racket fastens itself on everything.

The tavern is an endless source of graft. Chicago has plenty of laws regulating them. The more laws they make, the more there are to break. There are laws regulating entrances, the windows, the light in the bar, the hours of opening and closing, and prohibiting ladies from acting as hostesses therein. Bars must close at 2 A. M. But those hours from 2 to 5 or 7 A. M. are very profitable to thousands of taverns. Hence they remain open—with someone's permission.

The racket does not end with the tavern, the brothel and the bookie shop. A new and interesting type of murder has appeared in Chicago. It is called the Goon murder. It signalizes the presence of the gangster in the business of leading labor unions. The special weapon of the Goon murderer is the baseball bat. It prevents identification of bullets. It is noiseless and cheap.

Indeed the strange mixture of business, labor, gangsterism and politics is

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nowhere so beautifully developed as in Chicago. The surface of the labor racket in Chicago has scarcely been scratched.

Take the teamsters. Since around 1908 there was a Chicago Teamsters' Union—which had broken away from the A. F. of L. It was a fairly good union. But slowly some very bad boys penetrated it. It had numerous groups —coal teamsters, ice cream drivers, laundry drivers and so on. The president of the Coal Teamsters' Union around 1932 was Daniel Dean. He had a brother-in-law named George Red Barker. Barker and Three-Finger Jack White were gangsters and, like others in their profession, were looking for a new racket as the dry era dribbled to its end. They turned to labor, selected the Coal Teamsters' Union, walked in one day and announced they were taking over.

During their brief regime they collaborated with the Coal Merchants' Association to organize what was called the Truckers and Teamsters Exchange but was better known as the TNT. It turned out to be veritably that. The coal merchants were represented by a high official of the Kelly administration. And the object was to create a monopoly for those merchants that would be policed by the teamsters under Messrs. Red Barker and Three-Finger Jack White. Of course managers like Barker and White very soon ran the show and collected $2 a month from every coal merchant for every truck he operated.

Who Gets the Teamsters?

In good time the firm of Barker and White was dissolved with a sub-machine gun. The union reverted to Jack Sheridan, its business agent. But not for long. One day in April, 1933, the Touhy mob walked in with drawn guns, and announced: "This is the Touhy bunch. We're taking charge." They seized the officers and locked them in a basement where they were kept several days.

The next chapter happened swiftly. Mr. George Roy Baker, another gangster, saw the possibilities of this racket. Also State's Attorney Tom Courtney decided to break up the weak and corrupt rule of the union's officials. And so while those officials were imprisoned in the basement by the Touhy gang, Mr. George Roy Baker walked in, supported by the State's Attorney's men. "On your way, Jack," said Mr. Baker to Mr. Sheridan. "You're out." So the teamsters had a new leader—George Roy Baker.

But apparently Baker needed money faster than the teamsters promised. So he went out one night to get it on the highway, got caught, and was sent to the penitentiary for burglary. It was now necessary to get a new leader. So, under Mr. Courtney's sponsorship, an election was held and Mr. James (Lefty) Lynch was made head of the teamsters. Mr. Lynch had once been sent up for twenty years for murder and indicted on other occasions for lesser offenses. He is out now and a new leader—a former teamster—is at the head. But this is the Chicago way of dealing with gangsters and labor rackets. The teamsters are now an appendage of the machine.

There are the barroom workers. The white bar flys are ruled by Louis Romano; the colored by J. Livert Kelley, known as St. Louis Kelley. Romano has been indicted three times for murder—all connected with gang operations. But each time the charge has been nolle prossed. Kelley has faced forty-four charges in twenty-eight courts in many fields of endeavor—from assault with intent to kill to malicious mischief and pandering. And now we have the amazing spectacle of the former head of the bartenders' union getting an injunction against Romano, Murray Humphreys, Paul Ricca, Little New York Campagna, Capone gangsters, and Frank Nitti, the gang head, to prevent them from operating the union. And there are accusations in the legal papers that the gang is interested in breweries, distilleries, liquor distributors—all legal, mind you —and uses its control of the union to exploit their products.

The building service employees are ruled—or were until recently—by that George Scalise who was convicted as a pander many years ago. The hotel service men are ruled by an ex-bootlegger, the flat janitors by Frank Diamond, Capone's brother-in-law, the moving-picture operators in Chicago by Nick Circella or Nick Dean, known as Nickelodeon, another ex-pander, the retail clerks by Max Caldwell, an ex-Capone man. The laundry drivers are dominated by Murray Humphreys, another Capone hoodlum. These gentlemen ply their activities as the guardians of labor in Chicago with no more molestation than the bookies and maintain the closest and friendliest relations with the great machine which rules Chicago.

I have on other occasions in Collier's referred to that priceless leader of labor, Mr. Mike Carrozzo—merely calling attention to his palatial estate at Hobart, Indiana, which he bought with $170,000 in thousand-dollar bills and which he subsequently improved with at least another hundred thousand dollars in currency. Mike Carrozzo, who started life as a street cleaner, became head of the street cleaners' union and now rules a score of unions covering everything connected with streets and roads, from the building to the maintenance and sweeping thereof.

Carrozzo tells Chicago that it cannot use ready-mixed cement on its streets. While I was in Chicago the city took bids on 100,000 yards of asphalt. The Illinois Asphalt Company was lowest bidder, but too small to handle it all. The city took other informal bids, and got prices from 26 to 45 cents a yard lower than Illinois'. It gave the contract to the lowest bidders. Mr. Carrozzo promptly called a strike of the asphalt workers. Sam Kart, official head of the union, was once president and an incorporator of the Illinois Asphalt Company.

Carrozzo, like Bioff and Scalise and so many other Chicago labor leaders, began life with a charge of extortion against him, which was never tried. He was tried along with Big Tim Murphy for the murder of Mossy Enright, gangster. A huge defense fund was raised and both were acquitted.

Later Big Tim was convicted of the Dearborn Station $320,000 hold-up. Carrozzo was charged also, but released on bail and never tried. When the CWA put thousands of hungry men to work in 1934, Carrozzo compelled them to pay $1 a month to the union for the privilege of working. He, too, is now under indictment for income-tax evasion.

Chicago Wonders

Fine as it may be for Chicago labor to command the talents of such able men, there are still some Chicagoans who go so far as to say it is a pretty kettle of fish. The idea seems to have gotten around that Chicago, like your town, is among other things a large human society which has a life of its own to live, which life it is living under the highly advertised processes of democracy. They wonder, perhaps because they are timid people, and lack faith, whether a democratic society can hold on under this kind of management. If they don't like it they seem pretty helpless against it. Countless thousands of tavern keepers, their help, bookie joints and their help, contractors, businessmen, gals and their managers find themselves on the same side of the street as some fifty or sixty thousand job holders. All together, with their friends and the unhappy poor whom they befriend with public money, they make a mighty host. They seem to be able to rule.

"Of course I enjoy a slight advantage over you fellows—I'm married to her" MICHAEL BERRY

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Dusk to Daybreak

Continued from page 11

pleasure is enjoyable in exact proportion to the attention one is able to pay it.

The general's private sentry passed by the corridor outside the cell. He looked in, according to orders. The purpose of the sentry was, of course, to prevent his escape. But also it was his duty to forestall any such unseemly act as suicide. The sentry was a plump-cheeked peon lad, perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two. His eyes were large and round and fascinated as he looked in at General Moreno, smoking composedly on the cot. Later, he would undoubtedly tell in awed tones that General Moreno had waited for his execution as he might have waited for breakfast. Such a legend would be useful to those who continued the struggle from which General Moreno had been removed. But it was of little importance to him.

He blew smoke rings, enjoying the leisure he could devote to so trivial a pursuit. Presently the sentry passed again. His eyes again were round and fascinated. The general was possessed by a whim to explain to him that one does not worry when one's worries are automatically at an end. But to speak to the sentry would frighten him.

Frighten him. There, that was an oddity. The sentry could be frightened, but General Moreno was not. He had been afraid, of course. There had been times when his tongue moved stiffly in a gummy medium; when stark panic hammered at him; when terror yammered at his will, demanding that it yield and allow him to flee. Those times he had resisted, appearing outwardly serene when within him was utter cravenness. Naturally he had always assumed that men were frightened when they knew they were to be shot. Now he found it remarkable that he was not. True, he'd seen other men face firing squads with complete composure. Most men did, when you thought of it. Some ground their teeth and were white-faced and resolutely brave. But an amazing number literally did not seem to mind. At least they did not flinch more than they would if they expected—say—to have a tooth pulled.

General Moreno found the problem infinitely interesting. He refused to think of professional matters. His officers—Viznega and Cervera and Gomez and Calderon and all the rest—were competent. One of them would take command and the fight for liberty would go on. But he was to be shot in the morning. He had hours of freedom, with absolutely nothing to distract his mind. It was fascinating to debate the question of whether he would be frightened.

FAR, far away, and filtered through many thicknesses of wall and much resounding corridor, he heard a bugle's notes. The sound was infinitely familiar. He had heard it so many times, at so many places! At a little camp by bad water when his whole force was no more than a hundred men. And then more than half of them were wearing filthy bandages and many were barely able to walk or ride, and all were weary and feverish and sick at heart. And then he had heard the bugles blow from the governor's palace of a broad and fertile state—the greatest of the republic—when it seemed that victory for his cause was secure; when his troops were well-fed and paid and almost adequately equipped. Now he heard it from his death cell.

But he was not frightened. Looking forward to battle, heretofore, he had very often been too busy for fear. However, in that little affair at Ensenada—with no more than fifty men under him, so low had his prospects sunk—then he had been sick with terror while waiting for the time to strike. His throat was dry, then. His heart pounded. His legs felt like jelly. Yet nobody had guessed, and the affair was quite successful and led to many recruits' joining him and definitely was the turning point toward what had promised to be decisive victory.

That particular fit of terror, he reflected, was because of uncertainty. The affair at Ensenada had been a gamble. And he was not inherently a gambler. When defeat was likely, he prepared to minimize it. Victories could similarly be foreseen and prepared for with much tedious effort. Only the uncertain was alarming.

Yet he was not frightened now, and what was more uncertain than death?

HIS cigarette had burned short. He crushed it out, and, rising, glanced out the tiny barred window. The window itself was too small for his body to pass through, and it was barred besides. He noted the fact abstractedly. Escape was not actually in his mind. He had seen too many prisoners kept safe, and had known of too few escapes. He did not clutch at straws.

He found, however, that there was no profound meditation in which he wished to engage. Considering the merciless fashion in which he had driven himself these past few years, it was not to be wondered at. But it was wryly amusing that since it was plainly futile to worry about the cause he had fought for, he had nothing left to think about at all. He was apt to become bored by his own freedom to think of whatever he chose, pending the moment of his execution.

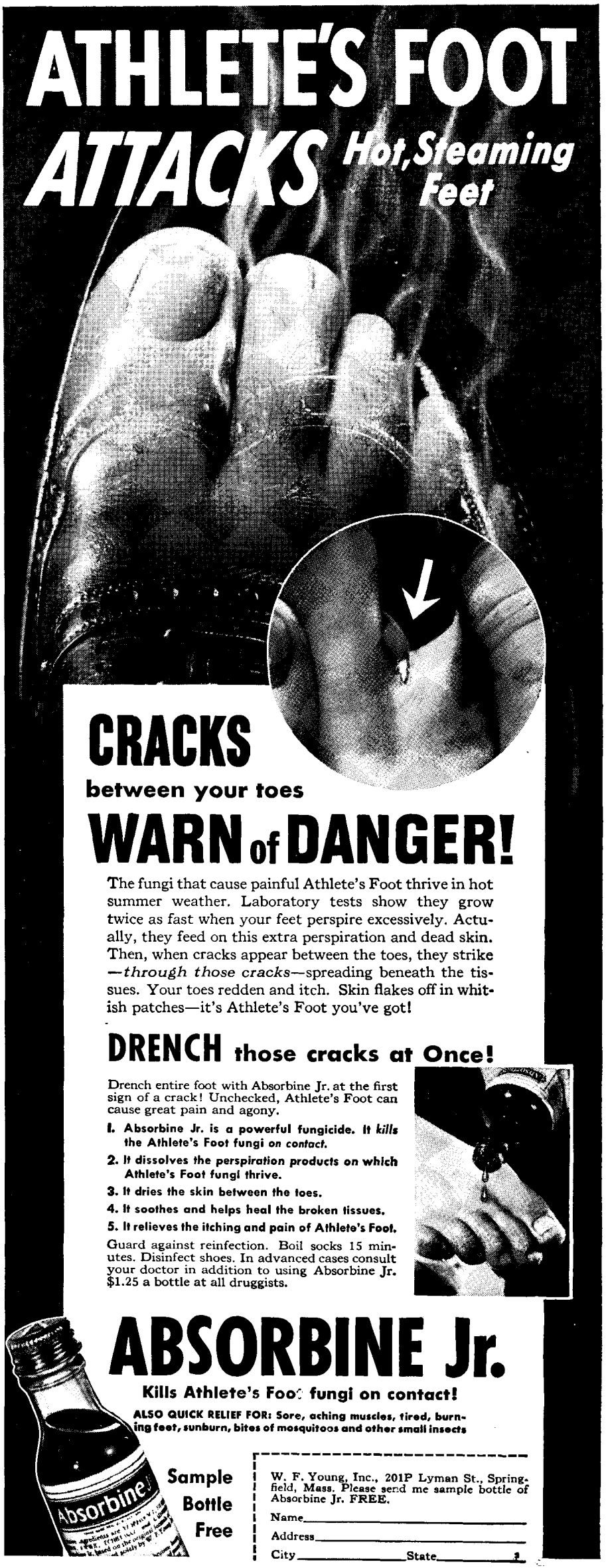
He seated himself on the cot again and lighted another cigarette. He looked at his hands. He moved his fingers. He made the motions of writing. He reflected upon the pleasure—which he had not enjoyed for years—of doing something with one's hands when that thing is done well. There is a satisfaction in doing a thing precisely and efficiently. He could see, suddenly, that a carpenter shaping a timber might find the same almost esthetic pleasure that he had felt in seeing an action develop under his hand to victory. And then, too—his thoughts pursued the subject—a carpenter would admire another man's honest woodwork as he had admired the strategy and tactics of generals of the past.

He smiled a twisted smile. It was humiliating to reflect that out of all his victories he had secured no greater satisfaction than a peon carpenter might find in the fashioning of honestly made bullock yokes! But was it not appropriate for him to think at this time of the vanity of all earthly things?

General Moreno now honestly grinned at his own thoughts. For the first time since childhood he had leisure to think freely of anything he chose. And he tended to return to childhood solemnities! There was no reason to avoid such thinking if it pleased him, but—

He became abruptly aware of the sentry, staring at him. The sentry had halted in his passage, seeing an expression of genuine amusement upon the face of the condemned prisoner. He stared at General Moreno with suspicion and alarm. He looked hurriedly about the small cell. Then he hastened away.

General Moreno shrugged. He crushed out his cigarette carefully. The sentry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would now undoubtedly report him mad.

But it was not so simple. In minutes only—and General Moreno had barely lighted another cigarette—there was the sound of hurrying feet. Soldiers. An officer. He gave curt orders, unlocked the cell door and came suspiciously inside.

"General Moreno," he said politely, "I regret to disturb you, but there has arisen a doubt. I feel it necessary to make sure that no communication has reached you."

General Moreno found this, also, humorous. Because he was not frightened, he was suspected of a hope of escape. He stood up, his lips twitching, while the officer searched the little cell. It was not possible to hide anything in it. It became evident that if anything was hidden it was upon General Moreno's person.

The officer regarded him uncertainly.

"I do not wish to be discourteous," he said uncomfortably, "but it is important—"

"If you wish to search me," said General Moreno dryly, "I have no objection. But if there were a communication I would be foolish not to burn or swallow it."

The officer made a decision. If there had been a communication, General Moreno had certainly read it. And as certainly, if it contained anything important, he would have destroyed it.

"Pardon me," said the officer, "I regret the intrusion. Is there anything—"

"Nothing," said General Moreno as politely, "I have only been amused."

The officer said shrewdly:

"But would you not wish paper and a pen?"

General Moreno shook his head. "If I grow bored," he said tranquilly, "I shall go to sleep."

He knew, serenely, that it would be quite possible. Indeed, it would be easy. But he was enjoying himself in a fashion that had long been denied him. He refused the responsibility of pen and paper. He would continue to smoke and breathe and meditate in blessed idleness and freedom. If he felt sleepy, he would go to sleep. Assuredly he felt no obligation to leave behind a solemn, patriotic document his enemies would find themselves moved to destroy.

HE SEATED himself upon the cot again and smoked contentedly. Even the intrusion had its value. It had come about because he was not frightened. And why was he not frightened.

He settled down to debate the matter with himself. He had, quite seriously, no faintest hope of escape. Mercy from the dictator was, of course, out of the question. A rescue was equally absurd. It would cost too many men and its chances of success would be practically nonexistent.

General Moreno had trained his subordinates adequately. If they carried on as he had taught them—and he had proved the truth of his teachings—they would end with victory and freedom for their country. He would be dead, to be sure, but there were enough other men dead of the fight for freedom.

No. They would not attempt to rescue him. It would violate every principle he had taught them. And therefore he could smoke comfortably and enjoy the six hours which now remained in the freedom he had been denied because he fought for freedom.

But he heard bugles blowing outside. He heard the hurrying, rustling noise of men assembling with their accouterments. Presently he heard the muffled, measured sound of marching troops. Listening, he knew even about how many men had been mustered. There had been no shots. No alarm. There was no artillery in motion to accompany a column setting out upon a march. It was an alert, a posting of troops in posture of defense.

And General Moreno knew that this had come about because he was not frightened. A grin at an amusing thought. A sentry who saw that grin and could not understand it. A fruitless search of his cell. It all added up to suspicion of an attempt at rescue, and preparations to prevent it.

It was humorous. But it did pose again and insistently the question of why he was not frightened. Of why so many other men faced firing squads with complete composure. General Moreno remembered two men shot for cowardice who had died bravely against an adobe wall. Why? How did it happen that men smoked zestfully on their way to execution? Why did men have appetite to eat when presently—?

General Moreno was enormously curious. He puffed at his cigarettes and went over and over the problem. Courage was not the answer. He had been afraid, but he was not afraid now. Those two men shot for cowardice had found serenity with an adobe wall at their backs. Perhaps, of course, the ministrations of the padre had helped. But his recollection of other and scoundrelly persons did not bear that out. Most men, pious or pagan, died bravely when they had time to foresee it precisely.

WHY? General Moreno began to be annoyed with his brain for refusing the secret of its own tranquillity. He could visualize the entire process of his own execution, from the binding of his arms in this small prison cell, to the moment when he would stand facing his executioners. He would most probably be conceded the privilege of having his eyes left unbound. Sitting on his cot and smoking comfortably, General Moreno could literally see the leveled rifles that would face him, with the hang-dog peon faces behind them. He could hear the hoarse, barked commands which would end with billowing wisps of smoke and flame from the rifle muzzles, and he could feel the impact of the bullets. . . .

He knocked the ash from his cigarette again, absurdly puzzled. He had been wounded more than once. The execution volley would not be painful. He would merely feel numbed, crushing impacts and then see the world reel crazily as his body crumpled. But then what?

He blew a smoke ring, frowning interestedly. He went through with the execution. He saw himself—his body—on the ground. And still he was not frightened.

Presently he found himself yawning. He settled himself luxuriously on the cot. His breathing became deep and unhurried, like that of a child.

Footsteps roused him. He sat up and yawned again, reflecting that he had not had so untroubled a sleep for years. He turned his head, expecting a file of soldiers. But it was merely a guard and the padre.

He made a slight grimace. One should be polite, but he had not been a pious man. Among other things, he had been literally too busy ever to think of anything but the task he had set himself. He looked at his watch. An hour yet.

The padre entered the cell. The sentry retired out of earshot. Half an hour later the padre left, promising to return. General Moreno had asked to be left alone. He felt a trifle rueful. It had been in his mind to stand on his dignity, explaining that since he had ignored religious matters for so many years, it seemed not quite honorable to attempt to evade the consequences of that neglect by a last-minute attempt at penitence. But there was the urge of curiosity, and now he could assuredly do as he pleased! So he told the padre

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frankly that he could not summon tears of penitence for anything he had done. Some matters he regretted. Some he deplored. But he would make no hypocritical attempt to curry divine favor by protestations of repentance.

"A peon might weep or howl to prove his sincerity," said the padre dryly, "where a gentleman would say but a single word. I do not pass upon such matters. *Nuestro Padre* is a gentleman. He will understand you."

Now General Moreno felt that he had somehow been ridiculous, but whether by the attempt at dignity or not, he was not sure. But still it bothered him that he was not frightened.

He heard the steady sound of marching men. The rattling of equipment. More marching men. Companies halted and were dismissed. More men and more and more. It had at last been realized that General Moreno's failure to be frightened — however inexplicable and however customary—was not an indication of any suicidal attempt on the part of his subordinates to rescue him. The whole camp was in confusion as the men who had been under arms were returned and dismissed.

THE sound of their return and dismissal was a continuous, monotonous noise. But then there were men marching down the corridor outside of General Moreno's cell. And that was not monotonous. It was his summons to execution. He lighted a last cigarette.

The padre was with the soldiers. General Moreno smiled at him as the soldiers bound his arms behind him. The cell door opened. He marched out, his head up.

Out into the open air. The sky was gray and as yet was colorless. There was the wall before him, pock-marked visibly at something near breast height.

Here was the firing squad, peons all, with the inevitable hang-dog look of such men on such occasions. Their officer moved jerkily back and forth, his handkerchief fluttering nervously as he wiped sweat from his face.

For the fortieth time General Moreno envisaged the thing: the gun muzzles flaring suddenly, the little mist of smoke, the numbed, violent thrustings of bullets striking and then his body lying on the ground while his death was made certain. He could foresee it in infinite detail, even to the exist of the stretcher through the narrow door with his body upon it.

Then, abruptly, he said:

"*Por Dios!* That is it!"

The padre looked at him.

"I can forsee everything," said General Moreno in the tone of one who has solved an extraordinarily vexing problem. "Everything up to the moment the rifles speak. And then I see my body on the ground, and I see it picked up and carried away—*but I am standing up and looking down at it!*"

He looked triumphantly at the padre.

"Do you see? It is not possible for me to imagine myself as dead. Only my body. Nobody can imagine himself as dead! So that, no matter how defiant a man may be of your ministrations, padre, at the end he is forced to picture only his body lying crumpled on the earth—while he stands apart and regards it!"

The padre said simply:

"But of course. He probably does. And—"

Suddenly, over the wall, a voice shouted hoarsely above the confusion of marching and countermarching men in the grayish half-light. Abruptly there was an incredible, a savage, an intolerable tumult. Rifle fire broke out, furiously. Not at the edge of the dictator's position, where an attack should have developed. Here in the very center of the enemy's forces. A machine gun blasted savagely. Rifle butts pounded resonantly upon a door that opened in the wall. A hand grenade exploded.

General Moreno stood rigid. He turned slowly and rather terribly pale. The officer in charge of his escort stared blankly, and then his hand went irresolutely to the revolver at his hip. The padre said quietly:

"If you shoot him, my son, we will all be killed."

Figures spilled to the earth from the wall crest. They came racing toward General Moreno, yelling joyously, rifles ready to kill any man who menaced him. Outside, the noise of battle rose to a prodigious roar. Then came a distant screaming sound that drew nearer and ended in a terrific explosion. The uproar redoubled.

Cheering men burst in the shattered door. Yelling men. Officers and troopers alike, roaring with triumph and the lust of battle. A young officer, laughing hysterically, slashed the bonds that bound General Moreno's arms behind him.

"General!" he cried. "General! We did it. Cervera said it could not be done! He said we risked the revolution for you! He said that you would have forbidden it! But he led one regiment when we overruled him! We marched into camp from the rear in column, while they were marching and countermarching without sense. They did not even look at us, thinking we were more of themselves! Now Viznega is pounding them with artillery from the hills; we have three regiments right in their midst; there'll be a frontal attack all along the line—"

General Moreno silenced him with a gesture.

"Get your men under cover," he ordered crisply. "If there's any discipline left, they'll try to crush us and then face about to drive off the outer attack. Send a runner—"

A distant roar of battle. It spread and spread and spread. Men poured in the gate, dancing, to yell hilariously and then force their way out again. There was surprise, inevitable disorganization and overwhelming victory.

Three hours later, General Moreno sat at a desk before which officer after officer appeared to report—usually with documents. He was very busy consolidating the victory, which was final. There was now no authority in existence to combat the forces which under General Moreno had fought for liberty. Liberty, freedom—everything he had fought for was at his disposal to give to his fellow countrymen. But, of course, he was not free, because he had to make very many decisions of far-reaching importance.

WHEN they brought before him the dictator, his late antagonist, General Moreno rose to his feet.

"Señor," he said politely, "I regret that the fortune of war—"

His late antagonist regarded him stonily.

"It is my fault," he said harshly. "I should have had you shot last night. Now you will have me shot instead."

General Moreno said regretfully:

"If you were imprisoned, señor, you might escape. If you were free, you would revolt. As I did. I fear, señor, that it is necessary. Shall we say tomorrow?"

His late antagonist shrugged, his eyes hard. General Moreno sat down at his desk again. Work had piled up for his attention and there was mountainous labor ahead. But he had had sound and untroubled sleep the night before. He looked up, already thinking of something else.

"Tomorrow, then," said General Moreno abstractedly. He added: "I assure you, señor, that it will be a most interesting experience. I found it so."

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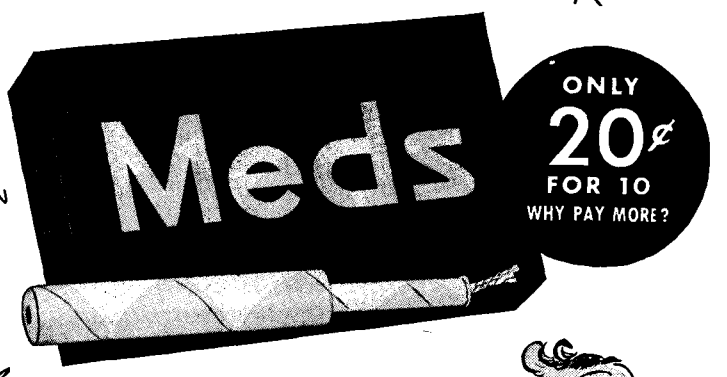

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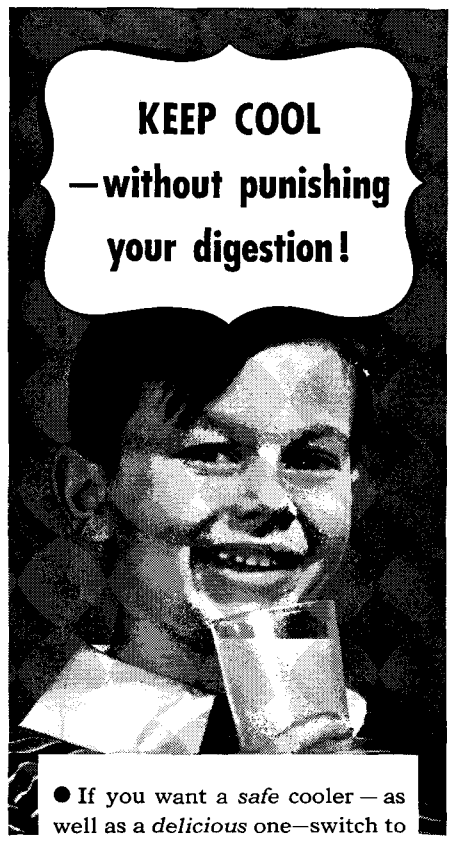

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Caught with Our Guard Down

Continued from page 19

assume that in modern equipment the militia is about twenty per cent efficient you wouldn't be hopelessly wrong. And much of what they've got would fail to make an enemy pause and reflect. For example, they have a fairly complete allotment of 75-millimeter field guns. But only a few of them have been modernized. To back up these World War 75s there should be 105-millimeter guns and howitzers. But they're still on paper. And there should be an array of the more potent 155s—nice heavy belchers to keep the invader at home. In our whole Initial Protective Force we have exactly four of these dependable brutes, although the National Guard has at least seen pictures of them.

Theoretically, the National Guard has 90,000 automatic rifles—the Garand or M1. Actually they have about 7,500. As war goes today, the .30-caliber machine guns the militiamen have are demoted to the tickler class. They have almost no .50s and won't have more before November, 1941. Of course there are a million fine Springfield rifles in the Army's lockers and perhaps 700,000 Enfields, that is, if they haven't been turned over to the Allies as part of our "surplus." And very good rifles they are too—provided we're to fight as we fought twenty years ago. However, if we can stall the enemy off until June, 1942, these sixty per cent of our Initial Protective Forces may be able to lick somebody. Even Mussolini, although we hate to boast.

That gives you the idea. That the National Guard, upon whom our permanent military establishment counts so heavily when there's work to be done, should be a sort of Army stepchild is not hard to understand. Until the President calls the National Guard into federal service it is a state and not a national instrument. And although the militia is as old as the nation it was not until 1903 that even the President had the power to muster it into the United States Army.

It Pays to Be Nice

But even since the National Defense Act of 1903 the United States Army has no direct control over the Guard. The Army Staff has found it convenient to be good to the Guard for political as well as military reasons, the Guard having vote influence with its congressmen who, in turn, are besought by the regulars for fat appropriations. Not that it got the Guard much. Yet laws subsequent to 1903 established a National Guard Bureau within the General Staff and it is the duty of this bureau to write the Guard's budget and see to it that the militiamen get their fair share of what Army appropriations buy.

There are eighteen divisions of militia—all of them of the old, heavy, square type. No attempt has been made to reform these ponderous divisions, far too unwieldy for prompt and effective action in modern warfare, into the new triangular speedster divisions. The full war strength of one of the square Guard divisions is about 27,000. The more mobile triangles will take in only twelve or thirteen thousand. Just how these two formations could be welded into a cohesive army is not at all clear even to the General Staff.

To modernize the National Guard—reorganize it—might not be too difficult in the populous state of New York where the present personnel of the Guard is about 20,000. With a little recruiting and the addition of New York's four independent or nondivisionalized military bodies, the 27th (New York) Division might readily be enlarged to two triangular divisions. Incidentally we'll have more to say about those nondivisional units.

If the state of New York agreed to it, her own National Guard could be mobilized within her own borders without a word from Congress or a presidential call and the transformation might be effected. It would mean, of course, the breaking up of old regiments, some of which are held together by sentiment and little more. It would be asking units to sacrifice traditions. It would mean the building of new armories and violent alterations of old ones.

Units That Won't Mix

But the problem of making a 1940 model out of, say, the 41st Division, National Guard, would be much more difficult. The 41st represents Wyoming, Montana, Washington and Oregon. All the barriers to streamlining existing in New York State would obtain in each of these states. Then you'd have to add the reluctance of the military authorities (largely political) of the four states to agree to any one plan of mobilization. Moreover, the commander of the Oregon unit might not become madly enthusiastic were the commander of the Wyoming Guard given precedence or higher rank. In the meantime both Montana and Washington would be convinced that their lads were far superior to the militiamen from the other two states.

Then there'd always be the question of each state's quota to the new setup. For example, Wyoming has only 797 enlisted guardsmen and sixty-one officers. But Oregon produces 3,333 men and 251 officers. Washington has but a few less than Oregon, but Montana has only 1,200 militia. Of course, before any sort of a division could be built out of these slim pickings, considerable recruiting would have to be done—and done at home. Illinois, for example, might have enough guardsmen to build a division and a half but you couldn't very well move Illinois' extras to Montana, Wyoming, Oregon and Washington.

All of which may have a silly ring, which is precisely the kind of ring it's supposed to have. It would be even sillier to try it. The fundamental reason for the new triangular division, aside from mobility and speed, is mechanization. Why, therefore, reduce the Guard divisions to a triangle when you can't put them on wheels? As we've already hinted broadly, many of the Guard units haven't anything as mechanized as a good old ten-ton truck—or any truck.

Of course, had we the equipment, the National Guard could be modernized to formidable proportions. It would be necessary to mobilize them as on the Mexican border in 1916. If the President and the General Staff got tough about it, the results might be extremely military and the militia would cease with considerable speed to be a laughing matter. But the General Staff, with its right eye searching the horizon for a potential enemy and its left on Capitol Hill from whence cometh its strength, has been at some pains to avoid responsibility for a mobilization order. If Congress can be convinced that it's necessary and the President issues the call, General Marshall and his G's (General Staff sections) will, of course, be tickled to death. In about five months the Guard would be physically fit for active duty, foreign or domestic. All they'd need is something to fight with.

Although the National Guard is more than sixty per cent of our somewhat less than dependable Initial Protective Force, the General Staff's ability to do much to make it as useful as it sounds is quite limited. For example, there is nothing we need more at the moment than a dependable coast-defending antiaircraft force. To be sure, we haven't got much equipment to arm such units with, however dependable the lads might be. And it would take us a couple of years to fit them out for this highly spectacular patriotic service. Furthermore, it is a rather specialized job, calling for men of some mental elasticity and capable of learning rapidly and forgetting slowly.

They Like Their Independence

But there are throughout our National Guard some thirteen or fourteen Guard units from brigades and regiments to lone companies which are not parts of the eighteen divisions. For example, there are the 10th, 14th, 165th and 369th regiments in New York—all but the 10th located in the city of New York. Then there are such outfits as the 56th Cavalry Brigade of Texas, Minnesota's 92d Brigade, the 8th Illinois, the 1st Arkansas, the 3d Battalion of the 372d Illinois Infantry. And so on.

Six of these units, including the 369th New York, are Negro troops. They're not included in the National Guard divisional make-up. Some are the developments of once swank outfits which considered themselves socially a bit more desirable than the common herd. Some are sentimental perpetuations of famous Civil War regiments and have been able to keep their independent status. And, of course, the Negro troops are set aside for the same noble reason that the big-league ball clubs don't hire Negro players.

The nonmilitary mind has no trouble with all this. He settles it forthwith by saying, "Convert them into antiaircraft troops." The answer is prompt: "Who's going to convert who into what?"

It has to be done on a voluntary basis—unless, of course, the President calls them into federal service when, alas, they'll do what they're told and try hard to like it. Up to the moment scarcely any of these troops have shown any disposition to volunteer for antiaircraft service—not because it's a mean job nor an extraordinarily hazardous one. It's merely that these independent organizations are jealous of their independence.

At any rate, the General Staff is putting on its best manners and oiling its most persuasive tongues to convince these nondivisional troops that the antiaircraft stations need them, that thus they can most pleasantly serve their country and demonstrate their skilled patriotism. And there's another and more guile-laden argument ad-

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vanced. Antiaircraft troops will serve at home and not be packed off to outlandish parts where the beer isn't good and the gals wear lisle stockings. Moreover, it's nice, clean work in the presence of a large, enthusiastic home audience. And instead of carrying a nine-pound rifle and sixty pounds of assorted junk through mud, water, snow and ice, the antiaircraft gunner will be bungling away with three-inch, 37-millimeter and .50-caliber guns, to say nothing of heaven-stabbing searchlights.

We've said nothing about the National Guard's air force. There are twenty-one air squadrons on paper. There should be fourteen planes in each squadron—all observation. So what? We may as well let it go at that. They'll be equipped in time. After all, the National Guard's contribution to our national defense is not aerial. The regulars didn't call the militiamen fiddlefeet for nothing.

Perhaps we should notify you, too, that the National Guard is innocent of parachutes, flame throwers, tanks, collapsible rubber boats and that Lorelei gas that lulled the Liege forts to sleep. And, of course, no dive bombers. Perhaps it's just as well. If they're anything like they were on the Mexican border in 1916 they'd be using them on one another. All except the flame throwers, that is.

We forgot to tell you that there are no barracks for the militiamen at the various training camps. The boys will be in tents. They'll use those flame throwers, if they get them, to keep warm with during those lovely Southern winter nights.

Comeback

Continued from page 16

That put a crimp into everything concerning DeLancey around the camp and he could feel the eyes on him all the time. It was only when his finger began to heal and he started to bang the ball around with his old vigor that they finally decided they might be wrong about him. Curt Davis was the first to break the ice. He came up to Bill in the lobby of the St. Petersburg hotel one night.

"You're going to make it, kid," he said, and that changed the attitude.

Soon after that Branch Rickey came down and signed DeLancey to a contract. By this time he was throwing briskly and hitting well, although he has always been a slow starter in the spring. Then he had a conference with Rickey and Ray Blades, who was manager of the club. DeLancey was to work out every day, warm up pitchers, labor in the bull pen during the game and act as an occasional pinch hitter.

Above all else, Bill was not to try too hard the first year. If he happened to hit one when he was sent up in a pinch, he was to trot it out. That advice sounded all right until the day in Cincinnati when Bill was inserted in the line-up in the eighth inning. Both Owen and Padgett had seen action and there was nobody else to use, but nobody expected that DeLancey would have more than an inning to work. However, Johnny Mize tied it up with a homer and the game went fourteen innings to no decision. The Cards might have won that game if Bill hadn't missed a third strike on Bucky Walters but it was recognized as something that could happen to anybody. What was important was that DeLancey worked six innings without distress and came through with two hits, one of them an infield hopper that he beat out with a great sprint.

Catching is Harder, Now

"You forget about trotting when you hit one like that," says Bill, ruefully. "All you think about is putting down your head and making tracks."

In short, Bill still retains his speed and his wonderful throwing arm. When seen in New York during the summer, he was plastering the ball into the right-field stands during the batting practice in his old-time style.

As a Rip Van Winkle who comes back from his sleep and thus has a view of big-league pitching from two eras, DeLancey has thoughts on the subject.

"Down at Columbus we had one of the best minor-league teams ever known," says Bill proudly. "Bill Lee and Paul Dean headed that staff and we won the pennant by something like eighteen games. At St. Louis we had Diz and Paul and Wild Bill and they had stuff to burn. Coming back now, I find that most of the new pitchers have developed trick deliveries. They throw the screwball, the slider, the downer. That makes it tougher on a catcher."

DeLancey is not a believer in the cult that a big-league catcher has to be a combination of Houdini and the Encyclopedia Britannica. The theory that a receiver can only learn his craft after long years leaves him scornful.

"If a guy couldn't learn most of the weaknesses of batters after two turns around the circuit, he'd be an awful dope," says Bill.

Because he didn't want any psychological hang-overs bothering him, he sold the ranch when he left Phoenix to join the Cardinals.

He says, "I don't want to have any doubts about it. I'm going to make it."

There have been reports that the pleurisy hangs on and that he must submit to regular tappings but he denies it and most certainly has the look of a healthy man. His cheeks are rosy and he moves with the agility and swift reactions of a first-rate athlete. As an indication of what the fans in St. Louis think of him, he was given a special Bill DeLancey day in early June and presented with an automobile. The way that club was going, they could have used anybody in the line-up and particularly a DeLancey.

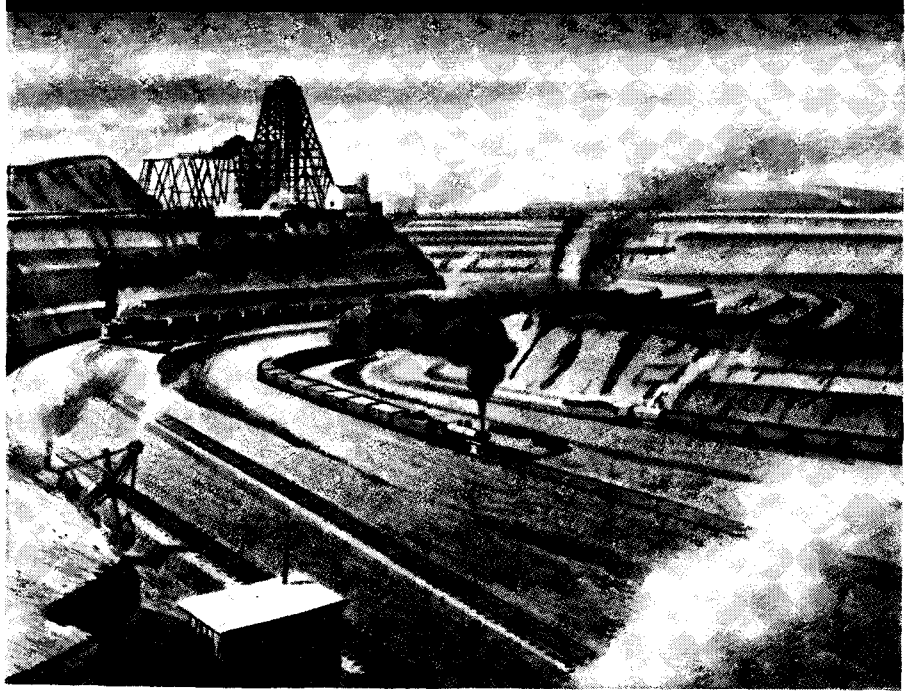
So every afternoon he takes his cuts at the plate, fools around with the ball and then wends his way to the bull pen. Anybody who thinks that the bull-pen job with the Cardinals is a cinch is out of his mind. During the regime of Blades, the relief pitchers began warming up as soon as the game started. Any day that saw less than four St. Louis hurlers in the box score was counted lost. When Billy Southworth took over the management, he may have had intentions about preserving his staff but he soon found that you couldn't make finishing pitchers out of so-so pitchers. As a consequence, Mr. DeLancey has seen most of the games while standing on his feet. This was wearisome. It showed that he could stand on his feet.

Next year, if the plans work out, he will be doing the bulk of the St. Louis catching. Any doubts about DeLancey's condition will be solved by Bill himself.

"They won't have to tell me this time if anything is wrong," he says. "I'll know it myself and I'll be back there with the chickens so fast I'll be three traffic blocks ahead of the Super Chief all the way out."

Coming back at all was a miracle; staying back will be a historic event. Old roly-poly says he can do it.

IRON ORE from MINNESOTA



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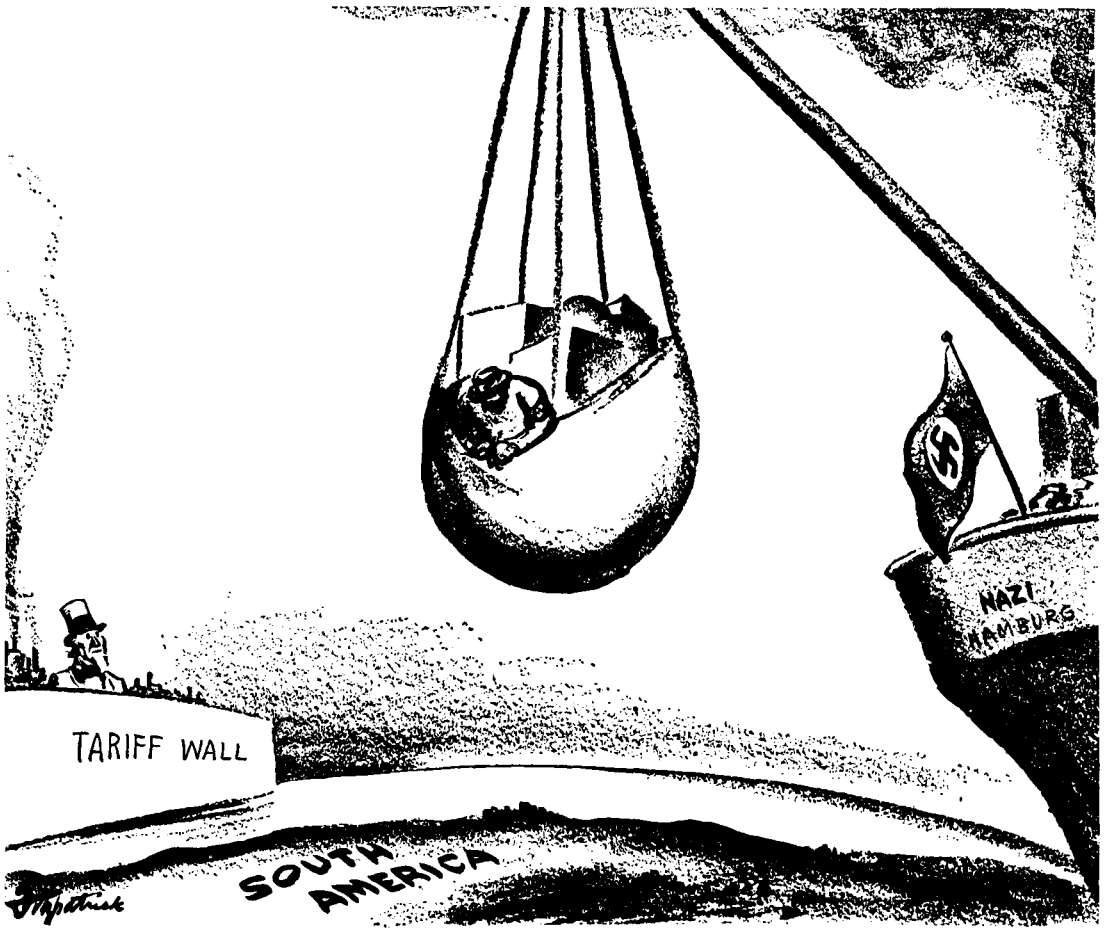

ADOLF HITLER, of course, is unpredictable to everybody except his astrologers. However, the majority belief (and it seems logical) is that if Hitler wins this war he will not attack the United States for a long time afterward, if ever.

What he is generally expected to do is to try to muscle into various rich South American countries, either with arms or with fifth columns. If Hitler has such a program, the likeliest headliners on it would seem to be Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay.

An early armed invasion anywhere in the Western Hemisphere looks improbable. German war wounds and war weariness would take some time to repair, even if Hitler should win soon in Europe. Which means we ought to have time to build up our defense forces to a point where we can give a good account of ourselves—IF we keep hammering away on the job of building those forces.

The possible fifth-column problem in South America, though, isn't so easy. After all, if a lawful Nazi party builds up enough strength in Argentina, for example, to elect its own government, we can hardly order that government not to take office. We'd probably refuse to recognize some South American government established by a regular shooting revolution; but on the other hand we'd probably not send marines to overturn the overturners and set up a government we liked.

It looks to us as if the most promising key to the fifth-column problem in South America is to be found in figures such as these:

The European territories Hitler controls at this writing have normally bought from Argentina 60% of all that country's corn exports, 56% of all its hides and skins exports, 55% of its linseed exports, 50% of its forest and timber products exports, 40% wool, 25% wheat, 10% meat.

For such customers, the Argentines are bound to have felt no little affection. And because we have heavy tariffs on those articles to keep down foreign competition with our own producers of similar articles, the Argentines are bound to have correspondingly less affection for us. Similar statistics are obtainable for several other South American countries.

So our best anti-fifth-column medicine as regards South America would seem by all odds to consist in plans for building up our imports from South American countries as rapidly as we can and for keeping that business after the war.

That would mean knocking down tariffs on various key products, which would make some of our domestic producers of those things pretty mad. The thing to do about that, though, would be to slip these people some kind of subsidies or other compensation and tell them to button up their lips. What we've got to do, if we can, is to bolster up our Western Hemisphere right wing, meaning Latin America; and it's just too bad if some of the home boys are hurt in the effort to insure the independence of the entire nation.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
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Treat the Guard Right

PLEASE, will some employers kindly take to making life a little easier for National Guardsmen on their pay rolls?

Most employers, we believe, treat these men fairly; but some don't. Some make it as tough for them as they can, within the law, when it comes to granting time off to attend camp, overlooking minor slips on a day after a strenuous evening of drill, and so on.

Such treatment is dirty business in the quietest of peacetime. It is unpatriotic, to put it mildly, in times like these.

After all, the members of the National Guard (251,000 men and officers) are trying to learn how to put up a fight for the country in which their employers live and do business, in case necessity for such a fight ever arises. The least any employer can do, it seems to us, is to stretch various and sundry points here and there in these men's favor, as a means of making them feel that their country is worth fighting for.

One for All—or Else

SOME blunt remarks seem called for on the initial reactions of various leaders of capital, labor, politics and the farmers to the national resolve to arm to the teeth. We hereby nominate Collier's, as the National Weekly, to make those remarks.

The moment the President requested the four-billion-odd for defense this year, numerous employer spokesmen demanded that labor forget about the 40-hour week, the Wage-Hour Law's pay scales, etc., and return in mass to sweatshop days. Assorted labor leaders said labor wouldn't give an inch, and a sudden though short-lived strike was instantly pulled at a Kearny, N. J., shipyard working on six fighting ships. New Deal high-brows were inclined to sniff at Henry Ford's sensational and encouraging statement that, given six months and a minimum of political meddling, his plants could reach an airplane production rate of 1,000 a day. And numerous farmer spokesmen yowled for more and bigger benefits in the face of the President's request that nonmilitary spending be cut 10%.

Leaders of our four most important social groups, in a word, went on record as favoring sacrifices by everybody but their followers.

That isn't democracy. It is mobocracy; government by organized mobs, each fighting for itself and against the common welfare.

We cannot tolerate it in this country if our defense program is to succeed in insuring us against the dangers that threaten to bloom from this war. Those dangers can come home to every one of us, can hit us right where we live, if we don't arm against them, and arm fast.

We have all got to be prepared to make sacrifices for the common welfare. If we go on standing for mobocracy—well, Hitler observes in Mein Kampf that the United States, though potentially mistress of the world, has been for generations a push-over for a divide-and-conquer artist like this same Mr. Hitler.

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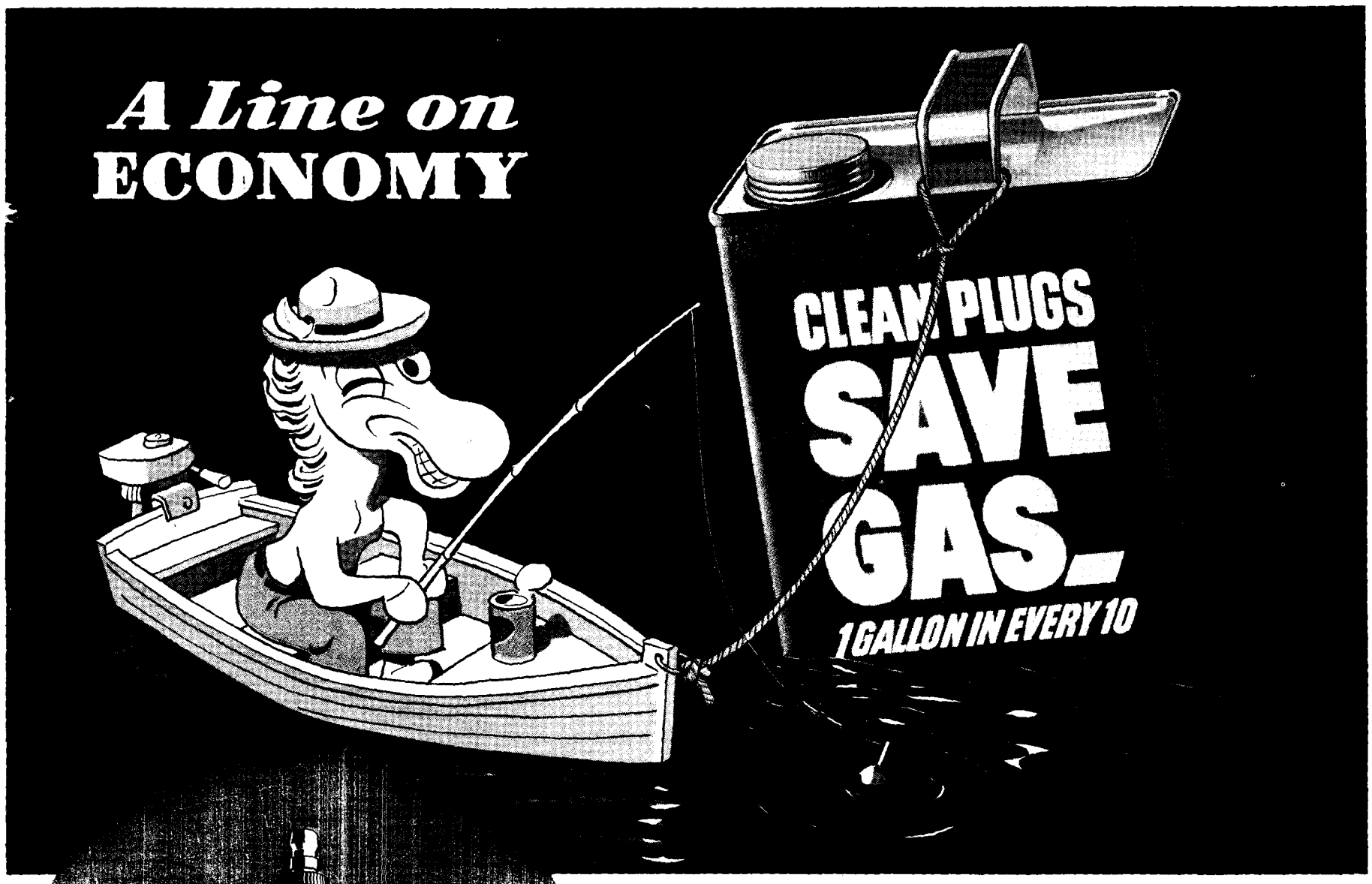

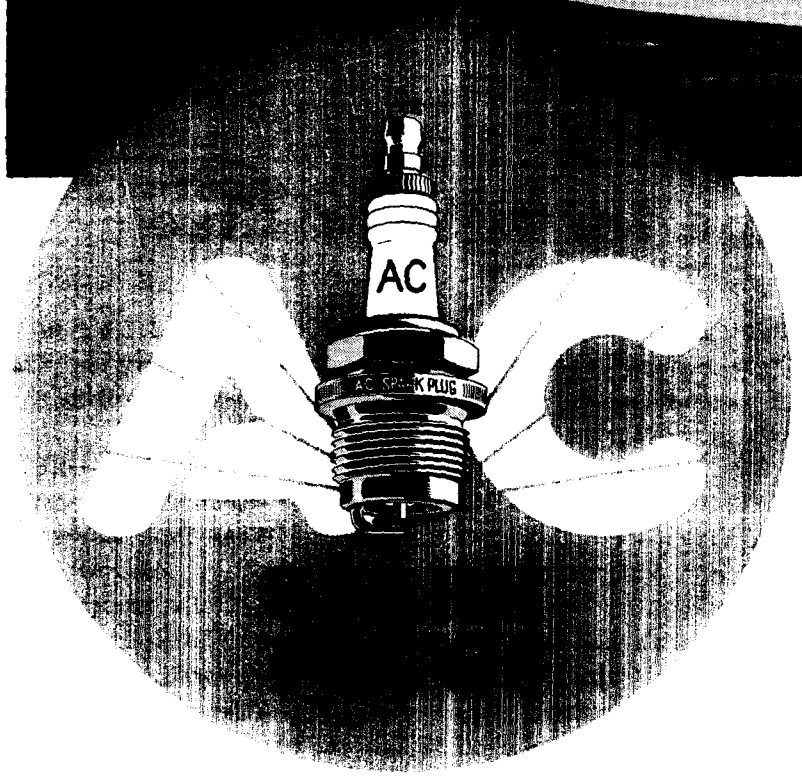

For More Than 31 Years
THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, LaSalle, Nash, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac motor cars; Chevrolet, Diamond-T, Federal, GMC, and International Trucks; Allis-Chalmers, J. I. Case, Cletrac and International Harvester Tractors . . . these are some of the well-known cars, trucks, and tractors which use AC Quality Spark Plugs. Trust your spark plug requirements to the same brand of spark plugs which the leading, big-volume manufacturers select.

Get a Set—and Get the difference

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation*
FLINT, MICHIGAN

CLEAN SPARK PLUGS *give you a smoother, snappier engine*

A nickel never bought you more driving satisfaction than it does through spark plug cleaning and regapping "by the AC Method." Dirty plugs not only waste as much gas as one gallon in ten, they also make engines sluggish, rough, and hard to start. For better motoring all summer, have your plugs cleaned today.

Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance

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DUMB DORA
SHE'S NOT SO DUMB!
ROD, THERE'S A BURGLAR DOWNSTAIRS!
HUH?
OH— ALL RIGHT. ZZZZZZ DORA..... ZZZZZZ I'LL SEE!
WELL-- IF IT AIN'T OMAR, THE TENTMAKER!
D-O-O-ON'T S-H-OOT— MISTER!!
YOO-HOO, MR. BURGLAR, HAVE SOME BREAKFAST BEFORE YOU LEAVE!
DORA!
SHREDDED RALSTON!--IT'S THE GRAND NEW CEREAL WITH THE BRAND-NEW FLAVOR. SEE IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER
GREAT STUFF! WHAT DIDJA SAY IT IS?
AND--- WORK BETTER
AND LOOK BETTER
IT'S BITE SIZE!
THANKS FOR A LOVELY EVENING. THAT SHREDDED RALSTON RANG MY BELL!
BUT AREN'T YOU TAKING OUR SILVER?
NAW LADY! I'M TAKING SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT. I'M TAKING THIS BOX OF SHREDDED RALSTON!
GEE DORA— YOU'RE NOT--
SO DUMB!
YUM! YUM! SHREDDED RALSTON TASTES SO SUPER-DUPER DOUBLE DE LUXE I EAT IT RIGHT OUT OF THE BOX!
AND IF YOU WANT SOMETHING TO START YOUR MOUTH WATERING TRY IT WITH FRUIT. THAT BITE SIZE IS MADE TO ORDER FOR FRUIT!
DON'T FORGET IT'S WHOLE WHEAT. MY MOTHER USED TO SAY WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY HELPS KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY!
12 OZ.
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Shredded Ralston
UMMM! SHREDDED RALSTON AND PEACHES
IT'S BITE SIZE!
NO MUSS, NO CRUMBLING

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Flavor process U. S. patent No. 2098544

NOW A CEREAL FLAVOR SO NEW, SO DIFFERENT, IT'S GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK

HERE'S A flavor so sensational it's protected by U. S. patent. A flavor so delicious it makes a hit with everyone in your family—or you get your money back. The money-back guarantee is printed on the bottom of every package.

And flavor's only half the story. Made of whole wheat with all the wheat germ and bran left in, Shredded Ralston is rich in energy, mildly laxative, easily digested. Order a package tomorrow.

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